This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08232732 5

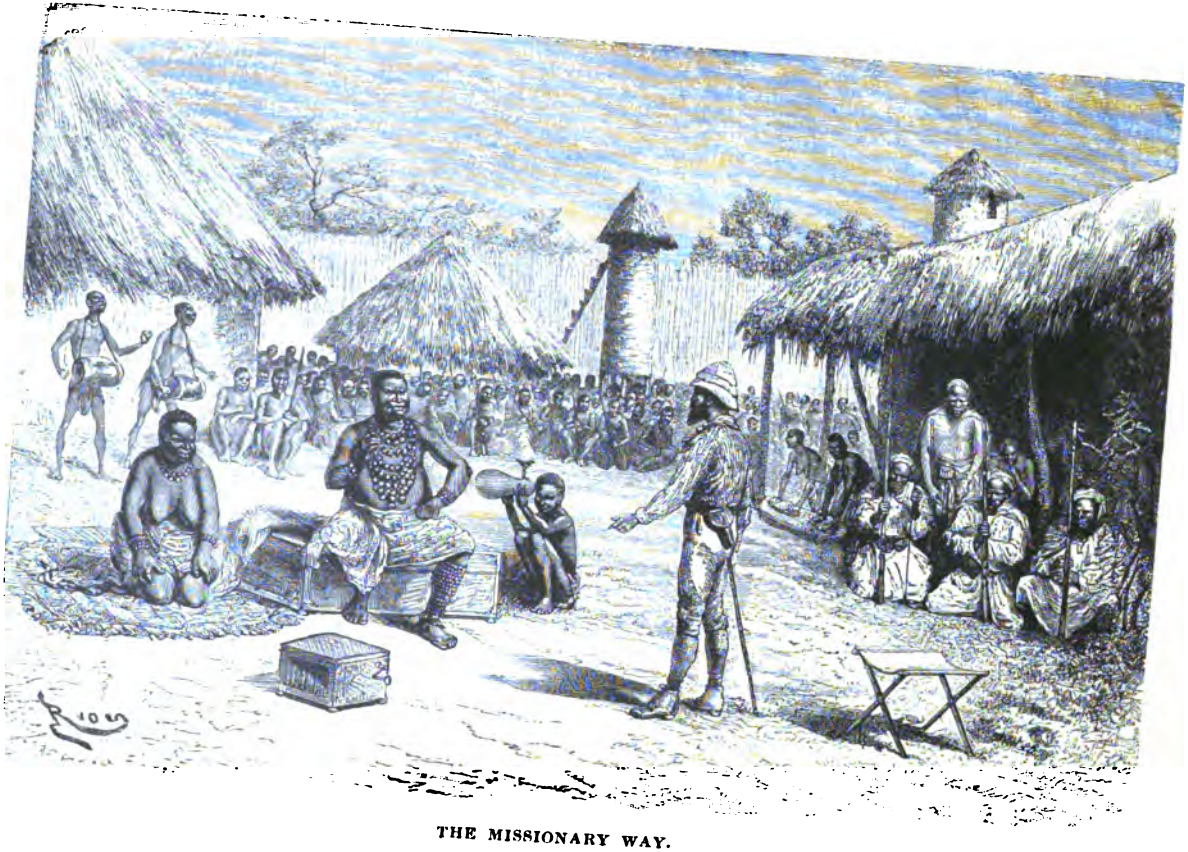
EME
B

TRAVELLER TALES OF SOUTH AFRICA

ENE
B

BNE
Butterworth

TRAVELLER TALES OF SOUTH AFRICA



THE MISSIONARY WAY.

Educational Travel Series
OR, TRAVELLERS' TALES OF NEW LANDS

TRAVELLER TALES OF SOUTH AFRICA

OR

STORIES WHICH PICTURE RECENT HISTORY

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

ILLUSTRATED

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
NEW YORK CITY

BOSTON
DANA ESTES AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
294831A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1927 L

Copyright, 1900,
BY DANA ESTES AND COMPANY

UNIVERSITY PRESS · JOHN WILSON
AND SON · CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

PREFACE.

MANY years ago I wrote a series of books, some seventeen in number, which had a sale, I am told, of something like a half-million copies, entitled "Zig Zag Journeys." They were intended to encourage educational travel, and related the stories of different nations that were connected with representative life and history. I tried to select the stories that had a charm in them. I am asked to begin a new series of such books, that shall contain interpolated stories that picture countries of living interest. Folk Lore is the truest history, and most correctly pictures the life and progress of a people. Books like the Arabian Nights, Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," Zangwill's "Dreamers of the Ghetto," hold the past in vision; and in the tales of a country one finds the heart of a people, which is the source of the true stream of life.

My purpose in this book is to present by a connected narrative, with interpolated stories and many illustrations, a picture of the present political condition of South Africa, and the manner in which this part of the austral world has become so active and important a factor in the progress of mankind.

It is intended these discursive stories shall, as a whole, explain and illustrate South African history in a manner to leave an impression of the connected history of important events since

colonization, and so as to interest the reader in more adequate works of the land of new destinies.

The writer and compiler does not expect that all his readers will follow his own political views, but he hopes to stimulate all to seek a larger intelligence on topics about which people of right inspirations differ in regard to methods of accomplishing results.

H. B.

CONTENTS.

Chapter		Page
I.	Let us go Story Gathering again	11
II.	Our Boys — The Story of the Witch Doctor — Old Mr. McFinney	15
III.	Mr. McFinney's Old Trekkers' Stories: The Inhabited Tree — The Snake Stone — The Serpent in a Spider	27
IV.	McFinney tells him a Secret that awakens our Boys' Curiosity	34
V.	Swapping Stories	44
VI.	A Plan for the Journey — The Apple Cart of Cecil Rhodes	53
VII.	The Story of Pretorius, the Founder of the Dutch African Republic	62
VIII.	Paul Kruger: the William the Silent of the Transvaal	69
IX.	Which is Right?	80
X.	Mr. McFynney's Strange Discovery	84
XI.	The Strange Tales of Early Missionaries	90
XII.	The Dwarf Bushmen — An Explorer's Story	107
XIII.	African Mysteries — Swapping Stories again	116
XIV.	The Jew of Kimberley	133
XV.	Kimberley, by Natal — The Story of Majuba Hill — The Jew's Story of Cecil Rhodes, and of the Disappearance of Vert	138

Chapter		Page
XVI.	Hallowe'en at Kimberley — The Three Ghost Seers — Cetewayo, the Great Zulu King	154
XVII.	Johannesburg, the Golden City — Mr. McFynney's Christmas Story	182
XVIII.	Pretoria amid the Hills — "The Bechuana Boy"	205
XIX.	Tales of the Great Thirst Land	215
XX.	In an African Tree — Vert	229
XXI.	The Search for Vert in the Kalahari — The Lake Country	238
XXII.	The Arrow Makers' Den in the Dark Trees — Vert again	256
XXIII.	Rhodesia, a Land fulfilling a Dream	261
XXIV.	Vert	282
XXV.	Vert desires to become a Linesman	287
XXVI.	British Central Africa — The Land of Destiny	303
	Flag Song	325

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page
The Missionary Way	*Frontispiece*
A South African Railway Station	13
A Boer Farm	16
An African Storm	21
A Kaffir	24
Out-spanned	33
A Tavern and Post-house on the Orange River	35
Lion Attacking a Camp	41
Half-breeds	56
Karoo Landscape	58
The Boer's Queer Neighbors	63
Paul Kruger	71
Tropical Weather	74
The True Way to a Peace Treaty	81
The Roman Amphitheatre of Thysdrus	82
David Livingstone	91
Kaffir War-dance	93
A Scene on an African River	97
The Nobler Type	108
The Little People of Lake N'Gami	111
Johannesburg from Hospital Hill	117
Street Scene in Johannesburg: Stock Brokers	118
Bushman Stalking Ostriches	136
Ruins in the Kalahari Desert	152
A Zulu Chief	172
A Street in Bloemfontein	175
Kaffirs in Town Costume	176
Boer Farm Pond	177

PAGE
KAFFIR MINERS 178
AFRICAN CATTLE 179
BANK BUILDING: JOHANNESBURG 183
THE GRINDING OVER YOUNG 189
THE MUMMY BEHIND THE BUSH 216
THE GREAT THIRST LAND 217
THE MOTHER ELEPHANT 225
KAFFIR POLICEMAN 227
PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES 231
A LAKE NEAR THE BORDER OF KALAHARI DESERT 232
THE DESERT COUNTRY 233
A HERD OF ANTELOPES 235
TRAVEL IN THE LAKE COUNTRY 251
VILLAGE IN THE LAKE COUNTRY 254
GIANT REEDS 255
THE POISON DANCE 257
MOUNTAIN CASCADE, RHODESIA 263
DIAMOND FALLS 267
THE VILLAGE OF CONDE 269
CROSSING A TORRENT 271
A NARROW ESCAPE 273
AN ANGRY RHINOCEROS 275
THE FIERY FIELD 279
RUINS OF KARNAC 288
THE CITY OF MOROCCO 289
REMAINS OF ROMAN AQUEDUCT, CARTHAGE 291
MOORISH CEMETERY IN MOROCCO 293
ON THE NILE 297
TRAVEL IN THE LAKE REGIONS 301
AN OASIS IN THE GREAT DESERT 305
CAPTURING A CANNIBAL 313
EGYPTIAN GARDEN AND TEMPLE 317
FOREST NEAR SENEGAL 321

TRAVELLER TALES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

LET US GO STORY GATHERING AGAIN.

THIS time to the Diamond Mines of Kimberley and the Gold Mines of Johannesburg, and beyond.

It is a long way from green old Southampton to the Diamond Fields of Kimberley: —

From Eddystone to Cuna Island, 1158 miles; to the Canaries, 300 miles or more; to Cape Verde, 817 miles; to Cape Town from Cape Verde, nearly 3500 miles, or twice the distance from New York to Liverpool in all.

I give only the approximate figures, for it is a zigzag way, and ships go on varying lines to the green inns of the sea.

We will go with "Our Boys," about whom I will presently tell you.

September is a good season to set out for vine-clad Madeira, the first stage of the journey. One sails from summer to summer, and leaves the winter lands behind. One will have a year of summers, and so baffle the god of the seasons. He may spend Christmas in far diamond-crazed Kimberley, — far Kimberley, where the sun planted her treasures in dark mines epochs ago, and where restless people are now discovering her doings and wondering about it all.

People lie in ships under Teneriffe sometimes and do not see it. The fog veils lands before the sun. It was not so with "Our Boys." Teneriffe, 12,180 feet high, shone clear above us in the burning sun, but no longer heaving and panting and sending forth streams of fire. It terrified the sailors of Columbus, and we cannot wonder; they were told that an ocean of monsters stretched beyond, — sea monsters into which they would sail, and from which they never would return. The world was dark then. What secrets were then unrevealed!

"Our Boys" left Southampton in the cool shadows of fall.

But the sea grew hot, the sky burned, the sunrise flamed, and the ship broke the waves as the old scythe once levelled the rippling meadows in the July hay-fields. The Southern Cross blazed out in the shady sky like a sign of gold, and the sea itself was in places phosphorescent. We were indeed in the regions of living light.

And so "Our Boys" crossed the Equator, and sped on, on.

Cape Town loomed up in dusky air after twenty-one days and after nearly two million revolutions of the engine. It had been a bright voyage. A land of mystery lay before them now, — a continent where once wandering herders exchanged cattle for wives, and where their gods were like themselves, and themselves were as the animals.

It was a story-telling voyage. "Our Boys" wished to learn as much as possible of the strange and mysterious land to which they were going; about the times of the elephants and lions; about the Hottentots, the Great Trek, Pretoria, and Oom Paul. They had brought with them a library of books on South Africa, and they found on board, as shall be told, two natural story-tellers, and one of these was a Dutchman.

A SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAY STATION.

ION

CHAPTER II.

OUR BOYS — THE STORY OF THE WITCH DOCTOR — OLD MR. McFINNEY.

"Our Boys," who were they? They were two English students and a young American from one of the best institutes of technology, who were going to the Diamond Fields and Gold Fields of South Africa with a mineralogist to study practical mining. Their teacher had taken companies of students year after year to the great mining districts of the world. His name was Goldstein, — "Master Goldstein" he was called; and three of his boys — "Our Boys" we will designate them for book purposes — were nicknamed Going, Being, and Doing. Doing was an American.

They plied good Master Goldstein with questions all the way from Eddystone Lighthouse to Cape Town Harbor. There were many things that they wished to know about the great valleys, or veldts, that they expected to visit.

What were some of these?

The English boy, called Being, began the catechism which led to the story-telling voyage.

What was his question?

This: —

"*Who found the first diamond in Kimberley?*"

"It is a strange story," said Master Goldstein. "I tell it as I have heard it, and it is substantially true."

THE STORY OF THE WITCH DOCTOR AND THE STAR DIAMOND.

THE year 1867 was long remembered in South Africa as one of drought. The valleys are dusty in the hot months in most years, but this year found the earth waterless and turning to dust. The great herds of antelopes roamed about for water,

A BOER FARM.

amid clouds of dust, with lolling tongues and withering feet. For you must know the valleys of South Africa were once alive with antelopes. The Dutch farmers killed them for their hides, and great herds have almost wholly disappeared now.

Famine reigned over the burning plains. Money was almost as scarce as vegetation.

"The country is God-forsaken — we are ruined," said one adventurer to another.

"Cabo de Boa Esperança," said one mockingly to another; and a college-bred adventurer as sharply said, "Africa semper

aliquid novi offert" (Africa always offers something new); we have it now, a land without water, where even the cactus dies. If in all the world there be a place where there is nothing, that even the sky shuns, it is here."

So it was once said of the American Desert of Tarapaca.

"There is no place that produces nothing," said O'Reilly, a Spanish or Portuguese fortune-seeker. "We could find something here if we had eyes to see."

Children will play even in a time of famine. O'Reilly in his desert travels came upon a farm where some children were playing "jackstones" or "odd or even" with pebbles.

There are pebbly places in South Africa, and some of the pebbles shine bright, and take on a beautiful polish.

"Little boy," said the fortune-seeking O'Reilly, "that is a bright pebble that you hold in your hand. Let me look at it when your game is over."

After the game the boy brought the bright pebble to the fortune-seeker. The latter turned it over and over in his hand.

"This does not look like a common pebble," he said. "What will you take for it?"

"Nothing, sir; you may have it for nothing, sir."

"That's a generous heart you have, when money and every green thing is so scarce."

"Your'n, sir."

"But I might be unjust to take it away in this manner." The fortune-seeker seems to have had a conscience. "Call your father."

The father's name was Neikirk.

"Your little boy here has given me this pebble. I don't know, but I have a suspicion that this pebble might be a diamond. If so, I ought not to receive it in this way and sneak away with it. I would not like to be treated in that way myself in a like case."

The father looked at the bright pebble. It flashed, it burned, it was cold fire.

"Well, take it away, and if it has value, share the profit with us. I can trust you. If it be a diamond, there are many here."

The treasure-seeker bore away the pebble to Colesburg. He consulted the settlers there in regard to the value of the stone.

"Nothing," said the new-comers.

"It is a diamond!" said the traveller.

"Ha, ha!" laughed all; "he says it is a diamond. Such treasures are as few as raindrops here."

"Here," he said. He wrote with the pebble on the hotel window. "It cuts glass."

They found pebbles and also wrote on the glass, when there went up another shout of "Ha, ha! ha, ha!"

He carried it to the doctor.

"Sure, that is a diamond," said the medical man.

O'Reilly's heart beat; it bumped. If it were a diamond, he might find a fortune here, when the skies were pitiful.

He hurried away to the nearest bishop.

"It is a diamond, sure enough," said the good man of the parched pastures, "a diamond of twenty-two or more carats."

O'Reilly sped to the Colonial Secretary, who forwarded it to England to Hant and Roskell, the jewellers to the Queen. These experts pronounced it a true diamond and said it was worth £500 ($2500).

O'Reilly, soul of honor that he was, sent word to Mr. Neikirk, father of the boy who had $2500 for jackstone marbles, that the pebble was a diamond.

Mr. Neikirk was greatly surprised.

"There is an old witch doctor," he said, "who has a pebble many times as large as that one was. It is a charm. Suppose that were to be a diamond, too. It would make him rich, it would bring me a fortune if I could secure it."

He started out on a trail to find the witch doctor who owned the magic pebble.

He found him amid his arts, and asked him to see the shining stone.

The witch doctor brought it out, doubtless shaking the skins that indicated his office, mysteriously.

Neikirk's eyes danced when he saw it.

"Witchman, where did you find this?"

"In the veldt, sir."

"How much do you want I should give you for it?"

"What pleases you, sir. There are more. How much will you give me for it?"

"All the money I have in the world."

"You shall have it, sir. I will look for another."

He went to Hopetown with the glorious pebble, where he sold it to Messrs. Lilienfeld for £11,200 or more than $50,000. He called it the "Star of South Africa." It became the property of the Countess of Dudley.

Star it was indeed. It piloted the way to Kimberley, where the blue stone pavements of the earth glittered with diamonds. An Eldorado was there. The news thrilled the hearts of a thousand adventurers.

There was an old Scotch-English gentleman on board the steamer whose name was McFinney, an easy, jolly man of ample means, somewhat serious at times, who had owned an ostrich farm near Port Elizabeth, and who was well acquainted with the old Cape wagon route to Kimberley and across the Vaal. They called him Mac Fynney in the Vaal,—a curious spelling. He treated "Our Boys" generously, sharing with them his reading and many luxuries, and he declared himself to them one day as a story-teller.

A story-teller on shipboard becomes a very interesting character. He related to them adventures of the times when there were elephants in South Africa, of the ivory trade, of the great herds of the antelopes, and when there were witch doctors everywhere.

One night, as the old gentleman had been trying to find the

Southern Cross to interest the boys, Master Goldstein said to him, —

"Mr. McFinney, I have heard that you have terrible tempests in the desert lands near the coast, accompanied by high winds."

"You have been correctly informed," said Mr. McFinney. "I have been in South American pamperos when one became encased in mud and went home like a walking grave, but I never saw worse tempests on the pampas of Argentina than on the South African plains. Tents are rent like shreds. Let me give you an account of

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN AN OASIS ROAD HOUSE.

I WAS making a journey on a bullock cart, which was a kind of tavern in itself. I could sleep in it at noonday and at night, eat in it, and carry my food and servants with me. I was travelling towards the high veldt in this comfortable way, stopping here and there at an oasis farm, where I always met with hospitality.

The sky blazed, days, the heat was feverish, nights, and the roads between the green oases were like ashes.

One fiery day I noticed a peculiar agitation among the birds of the air. The atmosphere was breathless, and the ridges of the high hills were clouding.

I saw that there was an atmospheric change coming, and called to the driver to hurry forward to the oasis which I knew to be not far before us, where was a tavern that entertained parties crossing the plains.

We arrived at the house, and I inquired for the landlord. He and his family had gone away, leaving some Kaffirs in charge of the place.

It was near night. We were housed and had taken supper, when the bushes began to be bent by a sudden wind. The sky

AN AFRICAN STORM.

was turning black. I went to my room, being tired, threw myself on a rude bed, and seemed about to fall asleep when a most extraordinary thing happened. The roof seemed to be lifted, and to be banging over my head.

There were fearful flashes of lightning that filled the air and made all things momentarily vivid.

I started and looked up to the roof. It seemed to be immovable, and yet in the thick darkness that followed the almost blinding flashes of lightning, I could seem to hear it rise and fall.

The noise became terrible, as though some evil power had taken up a roof and was pounding it upon the one over my head.

I am not superstitious, but South Africa is full of wonder tales of invisible powers. The Basatos used to be a tribe of Spiritualists. To them the dead was as real as the living. There were avenging spirits in their folk lore, who did such things as seemed to be going on over my head.

The gusts of wind became fearful; it seemed like solid wind. Then it began to rain, if so the water-pour might be called. It sounded like solid rain, and when illumined by the lightning the world looked like a sea of fire.

Bang! bang! bang!

The building shook; the covering seemed to be assailed by demons.

Sleep was impossible.

The roof now seemed to be assailed by a flapping noise.

A Kaffir came running up to my room.

"We must all go to the top of the house," he said. "Follow me."

"Why?"

"We must go up or we are lost."

"Why, what has happened?" asked I.

"If the roof goes, the building goes," said the Kaffir. "Follow me!"

The lightning was fitful; there was inky darkness at times, then everything was like a sheet of fire.

A KAFFIR.

I could see the Kaffir going up a ladder.

I followed him.

The situation that I faced was awful indeed. The roof was

covered with thin sheets of iron, a part of which had become loose, and were lifted at every gust so as to beat upon the timbers.

The Kaffir led me to one of these flapping sheets.

"You must sit on it," he said, alluding to an iron sheet. "If the roof goes, all is lost. Sit on it, and hold it down."

The lightning revealed all of the Kaffirs and my own men sitting on the loosened sheets of iron to hold them down and save the house.

The scene would have been comical indeed had it not been dreadful. The rain so poured down that I seemed to be in an ocean. I could feel the electric fluid in the lightning flashes. But terrible as were the rain and atmospheric fire, the currents of wind were more so. The heavier gusts would raise the metal sheets, and dash them back again with Kaffirs and myself upon them. As the wind increased, we were in danger of our lives from these concussions. Imagine what it would be in the fans of a windmill in such a gale, or on a boat over a reef in a like situation.

I have done many things for my fellow-men, but this was the first time that I had ever been called upon to help hold down a roof in a gale.

But the wind began to subside, — to roll on as it were over the plain. I could feel it going, like a departing giant, spreading fire as he went. The rain, too, passed on. The heavens grew light again. Stars came out, and presently the African moon, like a sun of night, appeared and shone upon the muddy solitude.

I looked around. The stables were gone, everything was level but the tavern.

The roof was solid, and lay quiet on the rafters and boards, or platform of wood.

The Kaffirs arose lively, as though they had escaped from a living monster. They laughed and showed their teeth. One of

them sat down by a ruined wall cheerfully, and drank from a jar of some native decoction.

The house was dripping in every room, but I went down the ladder after the Kaffirs, found my bed, and when I awoke in the morning a glorious sun was rising in a clear sky, and birds were singing in the boughs of partly prostrated bushes.

A storm at sea with cut masts and men bailing water is not to be compared with being banged on a roof where you have been placed to hold the covering down.

CHAPTER III.

MR. McFINNEY'S OLD TREKKERS' STORIES: THE INHABITED TREE—THE SNAKE STONE—THE SERPENT IN A SPIDER.

"OUR Boys" saw that they would have a very interesting and obliging story-teller in Mr. McFinney. He had read greatly, and recalled easily what he had read.

Why was he going back to South Africa?

Perhaps he would tell them some day.

He related to them many curious stories of adventure, which he was pleased to call "Old Trekkers' Tales," some of which he had heard and others of which he had read.

In some cases he pointed out stories in books of travel which pictured the country. One of these was from a book on the Matabele country. He seemed to take a peculiar interest in this story, as though it held out hope to him, though why we could not see. The story, which we quote, was as follows:—

THE INHABITED TREE.

"HAVING travelled one hundred miles," says the writer, "five days after leaving Mosega we came to the first cattle outposts of the Matabele, when we halted by a fine rivulet. My attention was arrested by a beautiful and gigantic tree, standing in a defile leading into an extensive and woody ravine, between a high range of mountains. Seeing some individuals employed on the ground under its shade, and the conical points of what looked

like houses in miniature protruding through its evergreen foliage, I proceeded thither, and found that the tree was inhabited by several families of Bakones, the aborigines of the country. I ascended by the notched trunk, and found, to my amazement, no less than seventeen of these aerial abodes, and three others unfinished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered, and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts. Not having eaten anything that day, and, from the novelty of my situation, not wishing to return immediately to the wagons, I asked a woman, who sat at the door with a babe at her breast, permission to eat. This she granted with pleasure, and soon brought me more in a powdered state. Several more females came from the neighboring roosts, stepping from branch to branch, to see the stranger, who was to them as great a curiosity as the tree was to him. I then visited the different abodes, which were on several principal branches. The structure of these houses was very simple. An oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, is formed of straight sticks. On one end of this platform a small cone is formed, also of straight sticks, and thatched with grass. A person can stand nearly upright in it; the diameter of the floor is about six feet. The house stands on the end of the oblong, so as to leave a little square space before the door. On the day previous I had passed several villages, some containing forty houses, all built on poles about seven or eight feet from the ground, in the form of a circle; the ascent and descent are by a knotty branch of a tree placed in front of the house. In the centre of the circle there is always a heap of the bones of game they have killed. Such were the domiciles of the impoverished thousands of the aborigines of the country, who, having been scattered and peeled by Moselekatse, had neither herd nor stall, but subsisted on locusts, roots, and the chase. They adopted this mode of architecture to escape the lions which abounded in the country. During the day the

families descended to the shade beneath to dress their daily food. When the inhabitants increased, they supported the augmented weight on the branches by upright sticks, but when lightened of their load they removed these for firewood.

"As a proof of the necessity of such an expedient as above described, I may add, that during the day, having shot a rhinoceros, we had reserved the hump of the animal to roast during the night. A large ant-hill was selected for the purpose, and being prepared by excavation and fire, this titbit was deposited. During the night a couple of lions, attracted by the roast, drew near, and though it was beyond gun-shot, we could hear them distinctly, as if holding council to wait till the fire went out, to obtain for themselves our anticipated breakfast. As the fire appeared to have gone out altogether, we had given up hope, till morning light showed us that the lions had been in earnest, but the heat of the smouldering ant-hill had effectually guarded our steak."

Another quoted Trekkers' tale was as follows: —

THE SNAKE STONE.

FREDERICK C. SELOUS, C. M. Z. S., in his "Travel and Adventure in Southeast Africa," relates a very curious story of a snake stone, — a mineral that was believed to extract poison from wounds made by snake bites.

It had belonged to one Friedrich de Lange.

He says: —

"He had been the possessor of a very curious snake stone, which I first saw in 1875. I was then travelling with an old interior trader named John Cruickshank, who took me to De Lange's farm on purpose to see the stone. I saw it on several occasions afterwards, and for the last time in 1884. This stone old De Lange kept carefully packed away in cotton wool in a

small box; and this box was in an old desk, which he kept locked. He himself certainly believed in its efficacy, and said he would not part with it on any consideration. Mr. Cruickshank offered him £50 for it in my presence, but he refused to sell it. He told us then that the value of the stone was well known in the district, as it had saved the lives of so many people—whom he named—and several horses. Amongst other names, he mentioned that of a daughter of an old elephant-hunter named Antony Fortman, who, he averred, had been bitten by a cobra some years before when quite a child. As the stone had to be sent for, it had reached her, he said, only just in time to save her life. Two years later, in 1877, this story at any rate met with a curious confirmation. At that time Antony Fortman was at Tati in Matabeleland with his family, his eldest daughter being a girl about sixteen years of age. I had quite forgotten about the snake stone, when one day, the conversation turning on snakes, Antony Fortman said to his daughter, 'Turn up your sleeve and show Mr. Selous where the snake bit you.' This she did, and on the girl's left arm near the shoulder was a very large and ugly scar, as if a piece of flesh had sloughed away, and the wound had then skinned over.

"Fortman then proceeded to tell me how the girl had been bitten some years before in Marico, when quite a child, and that a horse had been saddled up at once and a messenger despatched for De Lange's snake stone; how the little girl had become insensible, and turned nearly black before the stone arrived, and that it had been twice applied before it drew out the snake poison. The stone itself was, as far as I can remember, of a very light porous substance, round and flattish, an inch or so in diameter, and about one third of an inch in thickness. Its upper surface was smooth and polished, with blackish and grayish mottlings, its under side being rough and unpolished. However, it is so long since I last saw it that I will not vouch for the complete accuracy of this description.

"The more important point is that both De Lange and Fortman described the action of the stone in the same way. The rough side, they said, when applied to the punctures made by the snake's teeth, adhered to the wounds, until a certain amount of poison had been absorbed, when the stone fell off. It had then to be placed in a glass of ammonia, or its most obvious substitute, when the poison, looking like a thin white thread, they said, was seen to come from the stone, and rise to the surface of the glass.

"When nothing more came from the stone, it was taken out of the glass, and again placed on the wound, until all the poison was extracted. Friedrich de Lange told me that he brought this snake stone with him from the Cape Colony, and that it had been an heirloom in his family for some generations. In all probability it was originally brought from India, and it is at least remarkable that this stone was believed by the Boers in Marico to have the same powers attributed to certain snake stones in India. That Friedrich de Lange himself believed in its powers I think there can be no doubt; otherwise he would not have treasured it so carefully, or have refused the £50 Mr. Cruickshank offered him for it."

Another story which McFinney related from a published work pictured life in the new, wild ways of the country: —

A SERPENT IN A SPIDER.

A SPIDER is a lumbering South African carriage, drawn by many horses,—a sort of little hotel on wheels. A spider passing a spider on a highway is much like a house passing a house, for the great spiders before the days of the many railways were travelling houses.[1]

[1] For a picture of a spider see "Tales of the Transvaal."

An English story-teller, in a comical book entitled "Tales of the Transvaal," relates a very curious incident which, with due credit to the original story-teller, I will relate in my own way.

A party of tourists and adventurers were travelling in the interior, when they met a Johannesburg mail-coach, such as are hung on thoroughbraces, and are imported from the United States. The team of this carriage used to consist of a dozen horses or mules.

There was a great hurrah of welcome when the spider passed the commodious mail-coach.

The drivers of these old-time spiders and thoroughbraced mail coaches used to swing the whip with wonderful dexterity; they could touch any of their mules or horses in any place, and could pick up things by the roadside. A dexterous fling of the long whiplash would bring into the boot flowers or curios or little animals. The spidermen were as proud of their skill with their whips as South American plainsmen with their lassos.

After the conveyances had passed amid cries of "Good luck," the spider driver, whose name was Tothy, spied a snake by the way, about three feet long. The man was full of animal spirits, and determined to show his dexterity in the use of the whip by giving the snake a lash.

So he swung the whip and hit the snake, and seeing his marksmanship, drew the long lash back again, as the coach dashed on.

But Tothy did not see how skilful he had been. He had launched out the whip so accurately that it had coiled around the serpent, and he drew back the reptile with the lash without being aware of it, in the rapid movement of the carriage.

The whiplash did not stop in the boot, but swung towards the interior of the spider and landed the hapless serpent among the passengers.

There were cries of terror, as the serpent whirled about under the seats. The latter was nimble in seeking a way out; the passengers were as eager to leave to him the whole carriage.

and whenever he touched them the travellers must have expected to be in danger of being bitten.

"Oh, then and there was hurrying to and fro," and a condition of affairs that no one cared to investigate. The travellers got upon the seats, and to kick, and cry "The snake!" was as far as any one at first dared go in removing the intruder.

But the unwelcome passenger found a hole in the side of the vehicle, and without waiting for any revenges, he slid through the aperture and waved himself rapidly away to some hiding-place by the roadside. Then all the passengers had much to say, and each had a story to tell that would be likely to last for more than one generation.

OUT-SPANNED.

CHAPTER IV.

McFINNEY TELLS HIM A SECRET THAT AWAKENS OUR BOYS' CURIOSITY.

THERE was an odd character on board who was called Oom (Uncle) Potgeiter. He had once kept a tavern and post-house on the Orange River, at the time of the discovery of the diamond mines. As a host he had known many people, English and Dutch. He spoke English well, and told stories in an odd, queer, realistic way that drew people around him everywhere and especially on shipboard.

Mr. McFinney, the Scotchman, and Oom Potgeiter, the Dutchman, began to do a very entertaining thing: they "swapped" stories, and continued to do so daily on the voyage.

One day on deck, when the sea glimmered and dazzled, and nothing but flying fish broke the monotony of the dazzling splendor, the two story-tellers and "Our Boys" were seated under a wide awning. "Our Boys" were waiting to hear the two elderly gentlemen "swap" stories, when Mr. McFinney's face took on a serious expression, and he said to Oom Potgeiter, —

"I feel that you are my friend."

"Ya," said the Dutchman, "that I am."

"And this student party, — they are my friends, too."

"Ya, ya," said the Dutch taverner, speaking for all.

"I have sometimes a friendless feeling come over me," he continued; "and I know that you would all have a fellow feeling for me if I were to tell you a secret of my life. There are some things that we do not like to keep long from our friends. Will you listen to me for a while this still morning?"

"Ya, ya, ya," said the Dutchman, his face sobering. "I wouldna thought that you had any secret haunting your life, but we all have 'em; there's a dark closet in every house of life. Ya, ya, that is so."

"My friends all," said Mr. McFinney, "it has been a motto in my life to help every one, to hinder no one, and to believe good

A TAVERN AND POST-HOUSE ON THE ORANGE RIVER.

of all people. We build people by believing in them, and we injure them by doubting them, and we hate those whom we injure.

"I have no children of my own, but I once had an adopted son, and I came to love him as my own heart. My friends sometimes laughed at me for setting so much store by the boy. I gave the boy my own family name, and we called him Vert.

"He went with me to the Cape. He could not have been more devoted to me had he been my own son. We shared hearts with each other, thoughts with each other; I was lonesome if I were absent from him an hour, and was always happy when I was with him. He never gave me an unpleasant look or word.

"The diamond madness came, and people trekked to Kimberley, as though heaven itself had descended there. I went with the rest, but to a post-house on the Orange River, to take advantage of the rush towards the Diamond Fields. Vert went with me.

"Kimberley was as a desert then, and my post-house lay to the southeast of the newly discovered mines. I would be in a situation to make money there. The house would be filled with fortune-seekers from England and Germany, and adventurers from many lands.

"Vert, my boy, caught the diamond fever, for fever it was, to possess diamonds to make me rich. I am not a money-maker naturally; contentment and happiness come from things that money cannot buy. But my life flowed through Vert's young heart, and I hoped that he would find wealth at the new mines at Kimberley, since it would make him happy to see me well provided for.

"The laws in regard to the digging of diamonds are very strict now; they were not so then. People rushed to the slate-like reefs of gems, the studded pavements of the earth, as it were, pell-mell, and carried away what they found with comparatively little restrictions.

"As the laws became severe, every kind of trick and device was used to evade them and carry away unregistered diamonds.

"Miners concealed the gems in their ears, under their eyebrows, and even under their eyelids.

"An adventurer once told me at the post-house how he brought away valuable diamonds, and eluded the officers who were posting after him.

"He knew that he was suspected of having found diamonds and of concealing them. He set out for the Cape on horseback, and he concealed in his travelling gear a bird.

"He rode rapidly, but soon heard horses' feet behind him. He knew that he was being followed by the detectives, but he did

not turn his head. Rounding some bushes that shut him partly from view, he let loose the bird. The latter soared into the air.

"The pursuers came into full view of him. He lifted his gun and shot at the escaping bird. He seemed to have missed fire. He then, in full view of the officers behind him, reloaded the gun, not with shot, but with diamonds.

"He was hailed, overtaken, and examined. It was needless, thought his pursuers, to examine the gun Had they not seen him fire, and reload? Had it not been discharged under their very eyes?

"So they released him, and rode like the wind towards a farm near the port. I know not what became of him and his venture.

"One day my boy Vert said to me at the tavern, —

"'I cannot stay here any longer; I dream of diamonds; my feet move in my bed in the night. I must join the miners at the mines.'

"The boy's company to me was more than diamonds, I am that tender-hearted. I could not go with him, for I now held a government place. I said, —

"'Oh, Vert, you will not go away and leave me? I need you here. You are my right-hand man.'

"'But,' said he, 'you can easily get another to do my work.'

"He gave me a wistful look.

"I laid my hand over my heart.

"'It is not that, Vert. I need you *here*.'

"His eyes clouded with tears, for he had quick, sympathetic affections, and he said, —

"''T is for your sake I wish to go. They are all getting rich faster than you.'

"'Not all,' said I. 'Wait, I must remain here for a year. I will go with you then; we will go together.'

"'The diamonds may then be gone. Think of the men that have returned here rich on their way to old Liverpool or Glasgow. I have never disobeyed you, but I must go to the mines.

Mr. McFinney, I could not love any human heart more than you, not my own father. As sure as the sun shines on the desert, and the thunder rolls through the clear heavens, I will one day make you rich. Let me go, but remember, remember, I will one day make you rich — rich — rich.'

"'Vert,' I answered, 'I feel rich with you here. I would rather be poor with you than rich without you. Gold and diamonds cannot bring comfort to the heart.'

"How much store I did set by that warm-hearted boy! I had many reasons for this: I will tell you of some of them at another time.

"The next day he was gone, and that night I cried on my couch in the silence of my room.

"I was a lonely man from that hour. People came to the tavern, and turned away, and paid large bills for small service, but there was no longer any heart for me there.

"My wife was dead; I had no brothers or sisters, and I was all alone in the world. I had set my heart on Vert; he was all the world to me; I had hoped to see him married, and to make my home in my old age, if I should have one, with him. It was the only place where I would be happy.

"He wrote me wild letters from Kimberley. He expected to find a diamond that would be a fortune, as others had done; then, he said, we would return to Scotland together, and settle down, and make for me a home.

"The laws in regard to digging and registering diamonds became very rigid. Complaining miners came constantly to my post-tavern. I heard from some of them about Vert. They brought me good news from him. One of them said to me, —

"'I knew him well; he was not like other lads. He lives by himself, and has only one thought: it is to get rich, so that he can marry and make a home for his father.'

"His father! — that was I, for his own father had long ago been gathered to the kirkyard. Those words made him dearer to me than ever.

"Suddenly I was sent for by the government to come to the Cape. I was there entrusted with private business to Downing Street. I cannot tell you what it was. It required a knowledge of the routes of travel to Kimberley.

"With a pang of regret that I would not soon meet Vert again, I started for Liverpool, writing to him before I sailed, and often on the long, hot voyage.

"I received letters from him in London. They were full of warm feeling and high hopes. They appealed to all that was generous in me, and led me to think of him morning and night, and to long to join him again in the land of fortune.

"One day I received a very strange letter from him. It seemed to have been written in a camp of probable adventurers. It read like this: I have it in my trunk now.

DEAR FATHER McFINNEY, — You have done everything for me that you could have done for an own son. I have always looked for the time that I could be a treasure to you; that time has come.

It is Christmas. I am sending you a present; it will surprise you; it will soon be flying toward the post-house in one of my horse's heels. You will find it inside of a book, which I shall send you from the post with full letter-rate postage.

I have been encamping in the great Thirst Land. I have had a lively Christmas in camp, and a happy one in the thought that the present I am about to send you will make you happy for life. The men in the laager have been writing letters to their friends in England to-day, and they have chosen me to ride with the mail to the post-house, — a long ride across a new country.

They told stories last night, and I thought of you. Lions came and roared around the camp. I once hoped to make a home for you. Now you can make a home for me, and our home, like our hearts, will be one. With the love of a son,

VERT.

"I read between the lines. What did I read?

"That Vert had found a valuable diamond or diamonds.

"That he had taken the treasure with him on some expedition to the great Thirst Land.

"That he had concealed the diamond or diamonds in a hoof of his horse.

"That he would mail it to me between the covers of a book at full letter postage, and

"That he would ride to the post house alone, and over a new country, where were lions.

"I saw all this in my mind, and I began to have apprehensions for his safety. I had heard much of the dangers of travelling in the great Thirst Land.

"But the heart of my boy was true to me; that made me happy. What was the value of the diamond or diamonds that he was sending me? That did not matter. His own true heart was worth more to me than all the diamonds in Kimberley.

"I watched for the arrival of every mail. Mails came from the Cape and the Diamond Fields, — from Kimberley, Cape Town, and Port Elizabeth, — but no letters came for me, except from the government house.

"Two months passed without letters from Vert.

"I wrote to my old friends at the mines about the boy. The return letters said that he had suddenly disappeared from Kimberley, and that since that time nothing had been heard from him.

"I wrote again to an old friend who still visited the post-house that I had kept. The return mail brought me a letter that said, —

That young man Vert joined an expedition from the Orange River into the great Thirst Land, in search of new diamond-fields, of which the men had heard. One Christmas afternoon, as I hear, they sent him with a mail-bag to a post-house; he was never heard from again. They thought that he might have been beset by the savages on the way; the natives are hostile to the English, and there are powerful beasts in that part of the country. I will write you should I hear anything more from him.

LION ATTACKING A CAMP.

[illegible]

"The letter filled me with new anxieties.

"Who were the men who had made up the expedition? Why had he been induced to join them?

"I determined to give up my life to a search for Vert,—that is why I am going to the Cape. I am going to find my boy; I am resolved in my heart to know what became of him; I must know. If he be living, I must know it; if he perished, I must know his fate.

"There are keys to all mysteries; they can be found. I am going to Kimberley again, to the old post-tavern again, to make clear this mystery that haunts my life.

"I believe that Vert started from a Kraal in the wilderness of the great Thirst Land with a diamond in a hoof of his horse, which he may have put into it at Kimberley, and that he rode forth amid hostile tribes that day with the thought that he would send me a Christmas present that would make me rich.

"He may be a captive. I may rescue him. He may have fallen a prey to the wild beasts. If so, I must know it, for suspense preys upon my mind.

"I talk cheerfully; I tell stories—it relieves me for the time. I like to be with you, my boys; you make me think of Vert, and you revive in my heart the hope that I shall meet him again. You know all now. Did any one ever before make a journey such as I am making, with no other purpose than to search a desert land for the one heart that loved him more than all the rest of the world?

"I do not ask what became of the diamond, but what was the fate of the heart that sought that diamond for me. If he be dead, I hope that there is a better world than this. Do you think me strange, or do you see in my experience the power of the human heart?"

We were all silent.

"I will go to my room now," he said.

He rose and went away.

CHAPTER V.

SWAPPING STORIES.

It was a strange tale indeed that Mr. McFinney had told.

"Our Boys" and Mr. Goldstein talked of it much when they were by themselves on the steamer and at the Cape. Such a personal narrative would hardly have been possible in any other part of the world. They gave their sympathies to the solitary old man. His hair was turning gray, but there was a spirit of youth in his eyes, and his heart was as quick to respond to anything that would make others happy as it could have been in happier days.

The merry Dutchman, Potgeiter, had had no such experiences. Life had passed cheerily and heartily with him. His "vrow" was buxom and busy, and gladly awaited his return from his many voyages, and his children went to school, and hung about him to listen to his wonder-tales on his return to their thrifty home.

"Our Boys" never ceased to wonder as to what had become of Vert, the diamond-finder. Would Mr. McFinney ever meet him again? Had he indeed found a valuable diamond, and hidden it in his horse's hoof, as it would have been easy to do?

Had he been captured by a band of Hottentots or Bushmen?

Had he been beset by a lion, and his body fallen a prey to the African hawks, that float like specks in the burning air?

One night "Our Boys" sat silent on the ship looking out on the phosphorescent sea. The universe seemed a dead calm. The pulse of the ship beat heavily, but apart from that there was silence everywhere.

"Of what are you three thinking?" asked Mr. Goldstein.

"You, Being, what makes you so moody?"

"I was thinking of Vert, the diamond-finder."

"And you, Going?"

"I, too, was thinking of Vert."

"And you, Doing?"

"Of Vert. The desert has fewer secrets than the sea. I am going to say that to Mr. McFinney."

The old man came out upon the side deck in the moonlight, where the boys were.

"Mr. McFinney," said the American student, "which has the more secrets, the desert or the ocean?"

"The ocean, my boy. My own son went down in the ocean. I shall never hear of him again, but I may hear of Vert. The desert has many tongues."

"I asked you that question to comfort you," said Doing.

"It is a good heart that you have, my American boy."

The Dutchman came to the side deck and joined the party. There was a long silence.

"You seem depressed about something," he said to Mr. McFinney. "You are all as moody as though there had been a burial at sea. Let us swap stories, and make a new atmosphere. It is a glorious night at sea."

"I will give you the way to begin the story-telling," said Mr. McFinney, "and so put me into the mood for it."

"Among the stories that I used to hear was one that was started by a humorous writer in a book of travels in the Transvaal. In South Africa stories grow. The story was known as

BASHFUL PETER.

PIETER the young man's name would be spelled in the new Dutchland. The Boer beaux are commonly very bashful in their courtships: they shrink from being watched and laughed

at, and they fear that they may be rejected by their "girls," or, more dreadful yet, by the Dutch father of the girl, who rules his house by a patriarchal law.

Dutch Pieter was a silent youth. When he had something to say, he put his finger on his lip and did n't say it.

He owned a part of a farm, and the time had come for him to go forth and seek his vrow, as a wife was called.

He was the elder of two brothers. The younger said to him one day, —

"You go, Pieter, and seek a vrow first, then I will find my vrow, and we will till the farm together."

Pieter put his finger on his lip.

He had seen a bashful Dutch maiden at church, and somehow a mysterious flame arose in his heart. When he looked towards her, his face turned red, and his head wheeled about, like Mr. Facing-Both-Ways.

Her father owned a farm adjoining his half-farm, and had given him a kindly grasp as he passed him of late.

He set his heart on the girl, but he had never met her except by accident or at neighborhood parties.

One night when the moon ruled the world, as she sometimes does, he ventured out to take a little walk by his neighbor's door. The old Dutchman stood smoking near a post in the moonlit silence. He waited the coming of Pieter.

"Well, what is it, Pieter?"

"May I go into the fore huis (front house)?" gasped the youth.

"Ya, ya."

"To-morrow night," said Pieter. "I don't look fit now."

He turned back, his heart beating with joy. He had been thinking of another venture, to which this was only a first step, and he had prepared good clothes for it.

Pieter, like all Boers, hated dress, adornment, and ceremony. But the peacock must have feathers to spread when he would

win admiration, and Pieter had prepared to present himself before the girl he loved in an attire to command attention.

The next night there was moonlight and silence.

Pieter ventured out in the attire of a coxcomb. He had spent hard hours in adjusting all his new clothes and finery, but came to admire himself at last, and said, —

"There is not another like me in all the country round."

He approached the house where the object of his gravitation awaited him. She knew that he was coming and sat watching for him as red as a rose.

He met her father at the saddle-post before the door.

The latter simply took the pipe from his mouth and said, —

"Ya, Pieter."

He met her mother next. She regarded his coming with admiration, and said, —

"Ya, ya, and it is a likely-looking lad that ye are. Pass on."

He did, to the common room. The father and mother did not follow him; he knew what it meant, and he seemed to walk on air.

He sat down beside her, and tried to speak, but his bashfulness came over him now, overwhelming after all his boldness. So he put the fingers of his right hand upon his lips, and crossed his legs, and moved his fingers as though playing on a flute. She imitated every motion.

At last he said, "Ya, ya," to which she responded, "Ya, ya."

Pieter felt that it was all over now, — he was *hern*, and she was *hisen*, and he got up joyfully, and said, —

"If you don't mind, I will keep company with you."

"I don't mind if you do, Pieter."

The next night he would seal their engagement with a kiss on parting. He waited the blissful hour. But he had to put on all his fine things again, and he would rather have made a desert journey than to have gone through the "awful bother," as he would have termed it with many a hard Dutch a-a-a.

He sealed the engagement, but the wedding was to come, and he would have to put on all his fine clothes with their many buttons and buckles again.

He would be married at the Dorp (or village) by the Dutch minister. She would be dressed in imported Dutch finery, wonderful to behold. Her mother, who had long been anxious to join the two farms, would see to that. In fact, after she had overheard the two say, "Ya, ya," she prepared to provide for all the rest.

And now Pieter put on all of his many articles of clothing and went forth with his bride to the pastor at the Dorp, an object of universal admiration.

"I have got something to tell you when we get back," said Pieter to the bride on their way.

The wedding was over at last. They both had said, "Ya, ya."

They returned alone to the fore huis, and sat down side by side, and she said to him, —

"What is it, Pieter, that you promised to tell me when we should get home?"

"I am so glad that it is all over."

"Why, Pieter? Why are you so glad it is all over?"

"Because — because, Gretchen, don't you see I will never have to put on good clothes again till I go to be buried; I will be free, don't you see?"

"And so will I, too, Pieter; and now the world will never bother us any more."

The two put off their wedding garments, and they were never bothered by such bothers any more, but they settled down to the solid comforts of life.

It was Mr. McFinney's turn to repay the Dutch story-teller by relating a story of his own.

THE FRIGHTENED LION.

THE story I am about to tell you is essentially true.

Great as is his courage, the lion may be given a nervous shock and become a victim of sudden fear. When he is in terror, he will run like a coward and turn his tail under him like a dog.

He will fill the night desert with his roaring; he will attack the most powerful beasts; but as a brave man will yield to the terrors of superstition, the lion may be easily frightened by what he thinks may do him harm.

A great noise will sometimes frighten him away. It will frighten him to confront him as though one did not fear him, or felt sure of his power over him. He may be hypnotized. He fears the look in the face of the hunter who is sure of his own protection from his trusty gun; the look when the latter raises his gun and says to him, "I am your master."

He may also be terrified by any mysterious and hidden danger. He is grand in courage only when he feels sure that he is master. The monarch of the desert is bold only when he feels that his power cannot be disputed.

I once knew a boy who saved his life by a knowledge of this weakness in the nature of the beast.

He was travelling in early morning over some desert lands where there were bushes. He had heard the roaring of the lions in the night, and had suspected that they had scented him and were following him.

He had rested near a natural well of water, and his horse was feeding in the bush. He had left his gun in his wagon to take an open view of the country before him.

It was near sunrise, and the sky threw over the desert its living light. There was a coolness in the air which would soon change to the withering heat.

Far in the distance was an outline of mountains. He was led by the prospect to some distance from his wagon and means of defence, when he suddenly heard a sound in the bush. He saw his horse running with head erect, and turned towards the wagon for his rifle, when there bounded an immense lion from the bush with a sudden roar as of challenge or defiance, and felled him with his paw, and seized him by the right arm, and ran into the open in such a way as to drag his body in the sand and to leave the left hand free.

He was at first filled with terror, but the first blow of the lion's paw seemed partly to benumb his sense of fear and to paralyze it. The strange sensation that the Arab expresses in the words, "It is fate," came over him. An Englishman would say of this strange calm, "I cared for nothing more."

The lion, dragging his prey, shunned the bush; he was preparing to make his breakfast on human flesh under the open sky. The beast was a coward; he was seeking his own safety, while dragging his victim away.

The boy did not suffer pain. The nervous shock of the lion's paw seemed to have deadened pain. He was bleeding, but as it were under a spell. He had resigned himself to his fate.

But the lion began to bound forward, as in terror of some enemy in the bush. He may have seen other lions shot from the bush.

The bounding motion of the lion caused the boy to return to his senses. He came to quick reason; if the lion was afraid of something in the bush, he might be otherwise frightened. The boy had heard that a lion would lose his fierceness if suddenly attacked on his hind leg by something that he could not see; that he would drop a man if bitten on the hind leg by a dog.

A quick thought came to him. His left hand was free. As the lion doubled up in bounding forward, he could suddenly seize

upon his hind leg by his left hand, as a dog might do. He could grasp it as with the force of a bite.

With all the muscular power he could command, he *bit* the lion on the leg with his hand, sawing his finger-nails into the flesh.

He instantly found himself lying on the sands. His terrors came back again. He lifted himself up, bleeding. The lion was bounding towards the mountains with his tail turned inward.

Did he think that he had been bitten by a dog, a snake, or some small animal or reptile whose attack was poisonous?

The boy arose and ran towards the bush.

When near the wagon, he turned and looked behind. The lion, too, had turned. The two looked at each other and said, or seemed to say, good-by; neither wished to see the other again.

The great African sun was rising. The vultures were swarming in the heavens as the boy stood on his feet. They expected to peck the bones of the lion's prey.

But they did not have their breakfast from our young explorer, nor the lion his. The lad bandaged his wounds, found his horse, and made his meal from canned food from the Cape. He was a wonder to himself.

When he went out again to see the sun rise over the desert, he took his rifle with him. He used to tell his story under the name of "Ten Minutes in a Lion's Mouth," and to say that there were times when "wit was better than bullets," and that he disabled the lion by giving him a nervous shock.

"I can never forget my emotions in those few minutes that I was being dragged away," he used to say,—"the half stupor, the don't care, the giving up of everything, which lasted while the lion was defiant and triumphant, but which changed as soon as he began to fear some unknown power in the bush. He hypnotized me. When he felt strong, I was numbed; when he began to fear, I was roused up to use my wits. When I saw the sun coming up like a half-sun, I wished to live. I thought of

home, of old doors, old friends, of Liverpool, of violets, daisies, and larks, of true hearts in Kimberley."

My boys, I have thought of how he must have felt. Cannot you imagine it? Oh, my boys, wit is fire, flame, power. Never lose your wits, even if it be in a lion's mouth; and Heaven forbid that you should ever get into one in Africa or anywhere!

CHAPTER VI.

A PLAN FOR THE JOURNEY — THE APPLE CART OF CECIL RHODES.

AMONG the volumes of a library of books on South Africa that "Our Boys" had been reading was one that had left a very vivid impression on their minds. It was entitled "A Holiday in South Africa," and was written by R. W. Leyland, F. R. G. S. It contained a masterpiece of description and some chapters of valuable collected history on the Zulu war.

The book was English in tone and spirit; it was interesting without trying to be so.

"Master Goldstein," said Being, who was a boy of English views and principles, "I wish that we might follow Dr. Leyland's route on our journey; there are some books that make us like to see the same places that the author saw."

He unfolded a large map at the end of the volume, and the three boys studied with their master the route of the English traveller.

The route ran from Algoa Bay to Graff Reinet; through the mountains to Middleburg; to Colesburg; across the Orange River into the Free State; to Kimberley; across the Vaal River to Pretoria; to Newcastle; to Ladysmith and Colenso in Natal, with an aside to Isandhlwana in Zulu Land.

"We will visit Cape Town first," said Master Goldstein, "and then take a steamer around the Cape to Algoa Bay. This was the course that the instructive geographical traveller pursued. We shall wish to see the ostrich farms near Algoa Bay. On our return we will visit St. Helena."

It was to pursue this course over ground that reading had made familiar to "Our Boys" that the party made their early plans.

They were at the Cape of Good Hope. Why not give to all things a good name?

For Bartholomew Diaz the navigator, towards the close of the fifteenth century, sighted a cloudland here; the seas were rough, and he called the newly discovered country Stormy Cape, or Cape Tormentoso. Suppose that name had remained, how it would have clouded the minds of sailors for all time! What a dreary suggestion it would have been! What forebodings it would have awakened!

But King John of Portugal looked on the bright side of human affairs. There were rainbows on his clouds, the heavens were peopled with divinities, and the skies were the highways of angels' chariots. He called the new land The Cape of Good Hope, or Cabo de Boa Esperança. Were there not lands beyond? Thank you, King John, for your good heart. Your name of the cape has cheered the hearts of pilots and sailors for some four hundred years.

The Castle of Cape Town! What an old history that displays the instability of human power!

It was begun in 1652 by the Dutch East India Company, and here drilled and paraded the soldiers of Europe who drove the Hottentot and Kaffir races into the interior.

Here reigned the old vicegerent governors of the great epoch of Holland; here came the French Huguenots after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; here the African slave trade developed. Here the first white child was born; here was imprisoned the famous Cetewayo, of whom we will have stories to tell.

What storms have raged here! What surging waters! What tempests, when clouds armed with fire and thunder seemed to assail the earth from the heavens!

The dock — it cost England a great sum of money — is a

gathering-place of dark races. What a crowd is there! Coolies, Malays, Hottentots, Kaffirs, English, Dutch, and French! It is a little world's fair, in the cooling shadows of tropical bazaars.

A world of dusky faces waits there to carry your baggage,—quay porters, with greed and extortion in their faces.

One can live at colonial hotels here for about twelve shillings per day, and enjoy an abundance of fruit and the old webby-tuned musical mosquito.

One goes out in the morning as into Dutchland, for the old sturdy Dutch-built houses still remain. A polyglot language is spoken here. Here the Malays have brought the romances of Islam; here Christmas time reproduces the customs of England, and here at all seasons the Dutchman, as of old, smokes his pipe on shadowy terraces or stoops,—a series of raised steps.

Beyond lies Table Mountain, lifting its head into the sunrise and sunset. A white mist, which is called the Table Cloth, often drifts over it from the sea. An interesting illusion it is indeed to see Dame Nature spread her white cloth over her table.

And from this town of Good Hope, the expanding English compelled the Dutch to retire, and the latter have moved farther and farther, more and more into the interior; they have crossed the Vaal River, and may yet pursue their journey farther on into the widening regions of savage tribes followed by the pioneering Englishmen. It is a pushing forward of civilization; but all wrong-doing brings punishment to the wrong-doer in all ages and times, though evil works out finally for progress and enlightenment is the law of all things. Rome gave her civilization to the world, but the wrongs that she had done to the nations rose in judgment against her. While she maintained her virtue, she stood against the world; when she lost her character, the world was lost to her, and the pride of her enrichment was her destruction.

> "Lord God of hosts be with us yet,
> Lest we forget, lest we forget."

They were now in a city of all nations, where the English and Dutch had contended for supremacy for centuries. "Our Boys"

HALF-BREEDS.

here began to study most earnestly the history of the strange country; they began to ask questions in regard to common words.

GOLDEN AFRICA OF TO-DAY — THE MEANING OF SOME STRANGE WORDS.

WHO are the Uitlanders?

They are the outsiders, for the most part; people who expect to get rich in the country and to leave it.

Who are the Afrikanders?

Like the Creoles of South America, they are mostly people of European descent who were born in Africa.

How many negroes are there in the new South African gold regions?

Some 5,000,000. Many of them look upon the whites as their natural enemies.

Who was Pretorias?

The first Dutch Republican leader.

Who is Oom (Uncle) Paul?

Paul Kruger.

What is the Randt, or Rand?

The gold mines of the deserts, a thousand miles north of the Cape of Good Hope, — an underground treasury.

What is the African Band?

An association of independent settlers.

Who is Cecil Rhodes?

A man whose story we shall tell. He is at the head of a syndicate whose mines have yielded more than $400,000,000. He is an imperialist who holds that barbarism should be compelled to yield to civilization.

A laager is a defence formed of wagons.

To treck, or trek, is to travel in an ox wagon, — hence to travel.

To outspan is to unyoke oxen, — hence to encamp.

To inspan is to yoke oxen,—hence to make ready to go forward on a journey.

Raad,—a counsel.

Volk raad,—national assembly.

Spoor,—a lion's or wild beast's track.

KAROO LANDSCAPE.

And now that we are to enter old Dutch land we will change the spelling of Mr. Finney's English name, for he was called McFynney in the Boer country.

South Africa is a land of tropical gardens and desert wastes. It has been said the rivers there have no water and the birds no song, and when it was asked what cause has such a country for existence, the parched earth sent up the cry "Gold and Diamonds." Johannesburg, the centre of the deep mines, has become the hub of a mighty wheel. A century ago it was noth-

ing! The lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the tiger, the llama roamed over the place, and the African had no thought that beneath his feet were pavements of gold.

All has changed there now. A magic city has arisen, and is filled with men whose one passion is for gold. It was once like a city of madmen. Everything is taxed there; everything seems to exist for gold. And death comes there steadily; the miner leaves his gold, and it is then a question only of the gold of character with him; the last may have been fool's gold all, for it is only gold that does good, that has worth in the mine of the soul.

The Boers did not go to the secret and silent gold-fields for gold. They went to enjoy their religion in a land of liberty. They had the purpose and spirit of the New England pilgrims. These Pilgrims went out of Holland; so did the English settlers of Leyden of 1620.

The Dutch immigrants across the Vaal River formed a republic in May, 1864, with Marthimus Wessel Pretinous for president, and Paul Kruger as commander of the army.

In 1880 the Boers raised the four-colored flag of the republic, and issued a manifesto which said, —

"We declare before God, who knows the heart, and before the world, that the people of the South African Republic have never been subjects of her Majesty, and never will."

Gladstone, after a careful study of the political situation in South Africa, declared the righteousness of the Boer cause.

The man of earth-hunger who made himself the enemy of the Boers was Cecil Rhodes, the premier of Cape Colony.

In 1895 a mass-meeting of Uitlanders, or English miners, was held by the Johannesburg Chambers of Mines to protest against the government restrictions of the Boers. It led to the forming of a revolutionary party which proposed to establish an English provisional government in the mining district.

In order to prepare for this revolution, the leaders of the

miners arranged to call in a force of English troops from outside. Accordingly, an arrangement was made with Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, a personal and political friend of Cecil Rhodes, to cross the border and to be ready to protect the revolutionary movement.

The uprising was to take place about the 28th of December. It was intended to destroy the Dutch Republic, and to take from them the mines.

For this purpose Mr. Rhodes despatched from Kimberley rifles, or accerdes, to the miners, and ammunition, on the pretence of guarding a new stage route. He supposed that the army of miners at Johannesburg would be found armed to the teeth, and ready to hail Dr. Jameson as a deliverer.

But there was no general uprising in Johannesburg. The people came to dread the proposed raid. A party was formed against the movement. Just then the news came that President Cleveland had arrested a similar attempt to seize territory in Venezuela.

Jameson believed that the revolutionists had seized the city of the mines on the 28th. He crossed the border on the 29th and rode triumphantly, as he supposed, towards the city over which he expected to see the British flag already waving.

But the Boers were on the war path to meet the invaders. The citizens of Johannesburg called meetings and finally raised the Transvaal flag instead of the British, and swore allegiance to the red, white, green, and blue flag of the republic, and began to fortify the city.

Johannesburg had a rejoicing, and almost while the festival was going on, Dr. Jameson waved a flag of truce, which is said to have been a Hottentot woman's white apron, as a token of surrender to the Boers who had surrounded him.

Dr. Jameson was taken prisoner to Pretoria, the capital of the republic and thence to London, where he was tried, legally condemned, but virtually acquitted.

"Dr. Jameson has upset my apple-cart," said the ambitious Cecil. He had.

The end of the farce dispelled one of the dreams of Cecil Rhodes, which was to destroy the Dutch Republic. He was obliged to resign the premiership of Cape Colony, and he became the object of derision and ridicule.

He next attempted to establish a settlement in the vast territory to the north, in a country where were supposed to have been King Solomon's mines, now commonly called Rhodesia.

The English Secretary for the Colonies, Mr. Chamberlain, has been accused of having been in the secret of the Jameson raid; but he denies the accusation. But, whatever may have been the hidden mysteries of the movement, it "upset the apple-cart" of Cecil Rhodes.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORY OF PRETORIUS, THE FOUNDER OF THE DUTCH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

How came the Boers in South Africa? Whence emigrated this Ajax-like race? How built they their little Sparta of Pretoria? Whence came their faith that waged war against the most powerful nation, in the name of God?

They began their almost new race in the days of the Dutch colonies, and planted their thrifty farms in Cape Colony. They kept themselves separate from the English, and grew. They had a form of slavery by which they secured the services of natives on their farms. The English abolished slavery in all its forms, — a noble act for common humanity, but it put the Boer farmers at a disadvantage. The Boers resolved to go to the tablelands of the North, and to become a nation by themselves. They trekked to Natal, but finding themselves under British restrictions there, they trekked to the Transvaal, or to the country bebeyond the Vaal, and founded Pretoria on the hills. They abandoned slavery, made independent farms, became shepherds, and as they had twice emigrated to get beyond English influence, they began, even before the Jameson raid, to make almost impregnable fortresses of the hills.

The journey from the Cape to Pretoria — the Boers' Exodus — is known as the Grand Trek.

The Moses of this Exodus — the so-called Washington of the Dutch farmers — was Pretorius, — hence Pretoria.

In 1848 the English made a proclamation of sovereignty over the country between the Orange and Vaal rivers. The Dutch

claimed the country, and Pretorius made himself the leader of a movement for Dutch independence. A majority of the Dutch immigrants allied themselves to Pretorius and the cause of freedom in the pastoral countries amid the hills.

Pretorius became universally honored, and his counsels were implicitly obeyed. The Boers had begun a march for freedom,

THE BOER'S QUEER NEIGHBORS.

and resolved to make a nation of their own. Pretorius rejected all the claims of the British to sovereignty over the emigrating people, and a price was placed upon his head, which the growing power of his colony set at nought. He was at the head of a body of pioneers called the Emigrant Association, whose purpose it was to make a Promised Land beyond the British influence.

In 1852 a great and decisive council of the Boers was held. It was called the Sand River Convention. The Boers, or Voor-

trekkers, had crossed the Vaal River, and laid claim, after some treaties with the natives, to the country at the north. They laid one farm of about six thousand acres each on which to begin a wide, pastoral life, as patriarchs of the plains. They dressed like the Kaffirs, in the skins of animals, built shelters, lived simply, developed strong muscles, and their flocks and herds grew. They were colonists, and, like most colonial settlers of a new land, developed strong religious faith. Their one book was the Bible — it was their law, under Geneva interpretations. Their brows were shaggy, and their wills strong. They breathed mountain air. They thought that beyond the Vaal they would be free, multiply, and make themselves an impregnable nation.

They renounced their allegiance to the British Crown. Pretorius was their Abraham, their Moses and Aaron, their Judas Maccabæus.

They first established laagers (settlements) at Lydenburg and Potchefstroom, where they were reinforced by Boers from Natalia.

Pretorius summoned to Potchefstroom all the Boers who desired to become independent and were resolved to renounce British jurisdiction. He laid the foundation of a Free State, and his colony became known as the Free Staters. He helped make the Emigrant Association an auxiliary of the cause of Dutch Independence.

Pretorius was made a kind of dictator by common consent, and he set himself to work to form a constitution.

The British sentiment at that time may be expressed in a line: "Let the Boers only keep to the north of 25° north latitude, and they may do as they please."

Pretorius drew up the constitution of the new democracy, and the Voortrekkers were happy in their sense of freedom under beneficent law. The electorate consisted of six or seven thousand male adults over eighteen years of age. New arrivals were

admitted to the suffrage after a residence of five years. Protestantism became the religion of the new State.

Uitlanders (Outlanders, pronounced Weetlanders) were welcome, and they multiplied. Pretorius now dreamed of an ideal republic, a new empire, that would begin a new destiny in the world.

The Congress was called the Volksraad. The capital of the movement beyond the Vaal finally became Pretoria, which was established in 1855.

At the Sand River Convention of 1852 the independence of the Transvaal was proclaimed. At a convention held at Bloemfontein in 1854 the independence of the Free Staters was declared. The movements were largely due to the genius of Pretorius.

Pretorius died in 1853, and his son, Marthinas Wessels Pretorius, was elected to the presidency of the Dutch African Republic.

He was succeeded in the presidency by T. T. Burgess in 1872. Gold and diamonds began to be discovered, and the Boers claimed the territory of the new diamond fields.

The discovery of this new Ophir, the traditional King Solomon's mines, thrilled the world of adventurers. People came rushing to the Orange River and over the Vaal. The pastoral Boers found themselves rich, and new conditions were imposed upon them.

They were in danger of being outvoted by the transient adventurers that filled the gold regions.

Wars with the natives had arisen, and the Boers sought the aid of Great Britain. The Transvaal was annexed to Great Britain under the administration of Lord Beaconsfield, to which they soon objected.

Mr. Gladstone denounced the annexation in 1879, and made himself the English champion of Dutch independence.

On December 30, 1880, the South African Republic was again

proclaimed, with Mr. Gladstone as the English champion of the cause.

Under the influence of Mr. Gladstone the Boers were restored their republic and their political rights. It was stipulated by the English government that the Transvaalers should enjoy complete political self-government in all matters not concerning international interests in which England was involved. This last reserve constituted the new republic, as was supposed by many English statesmen, a suzerain power. The Boers have disputed the suzerainty.

The motive of Mr. Gladstone in bringing about this result was simply international justice. He caused the British flag to be lowered on moral principles; in his view England could not stain her national honor by an act of wrong; it would be weakness.

He has been severely criticised for this act. In the view of many it was like the gift of the Trojan horse. Mixed motives have been imputed to him, but we may well believe that the policy was guided by conscience alone; from which view some readers will dissent.

It was held by the Liberal Party to be a magnificent act of magnanimity, — an act of ideal statesmanship in advance of the age, — an eternal suggestion that tended to the peace of the world, one of the noblest and sublimest events of the century. Others regarded it as the most unwise and disastrous act of the English and colonial politics.

In a book where views may be sought by young people for purposes of public debate, we should present the best thought on each side of this question, which is one of the moral problems of the age. In a paper entitled "The British and the Dutch," read before the Victorian Club of Boston, by James H. Stark, and published at the request of the Victorian Club, the following views are given, by a most competent student of recent history, from the English side of the moral question: —

"On January 28 Sir George Colley was repulsed in his attempt to storm Laing's Nek, a narrow and steep pass across the Drakensburg Mountains, which separate the Transvaal from Natal. He had only one thousand men, while the Boers were strongly posted with about four thousand, all picked shots. Colley was urged to wait for reinforcements, but he thought the garrisons needed help, and pushed madly on. A still more miserable exhibition of rashness was the next engagement on the Ingogo River, where our troops were caught in the open, and riddled by the Boers from the rock cover. Under cover of night Colley crept back, and so escaped annihilation. His small British force was now reinforced by some troops under the command of Sir Evelyn Wood, whom he sent back to Natal, intending to make a bold and rapid effort to retrieve his disasters. This took the form of the wild climb up Majuba Hill, — a mountain six thousand feet high and three thousand feet above the camp level. What his idea was in gaining this worthless position will never be known, but if he thought he would be at least secure, he proved to be fatally wrong. The Boers were plainly startled to find him there. It is almost a fortress in itself, owing to its steep and rugged slopes, but the Boers knew it better than anybody, and, being strongly reinforced, made the famous rush that overwhelmed General Colley. They made their attack on three sides, and so dispersed the attention of the British force.

"Majuba was fought and lost on February 27. But two or three weeks prior to that and soon after Laing's Nek, the wires were carrying messages designed to stop the vindication of the Queen's authority. President Brand, of the Orange Free State, began the overtures, and the Government offered a settlement on the Boers' ceasing armed opposition. That message arrived while Ingogo was in progress, on February 8. On the 13th General Colley received a cool communication from Kruger requiring a cancellation of the annexation, and offering thereupon to allow the British troops to retire. Lord Kimberley telegraphed on the 16th offering to submit a scheme to a Royal Commission on the Boers' laying down their arms; then no progress was made till the Majuba disaster brought Mr. Gladstone to his knees. He did so far respond to public feeling as to allow Sir

Frederick Roberts to be sent out from England with large reinforcements, but while they were on the sea he took care their services should not be required. An armistice was arranged, and Sir Evelyn Wood was instructed on March 12 to promise complete internal self-government under British suzerainty. These were the terms the Boers accepted and signed at O'Neill's Farm, under the shadow of Majuba, on March 28. They had won all their battles, and they had achieved the full aims with which they revolted.

"Mr. Gladstone is dead, and I harbor no kind of personal disrespect towards his memory; as a philanthropist he may have been a great and good man, but as a statesman he has cost his country more than any other man in his generation. He left Gordon to his fate, and it has taken ten years to reconquer the Soudan, and has cost Britain thousands of lives and millions of money. His scuttling out of the Transvaal has been the cause of the present war. If he had not been defeated in his Irish Home Rule scheme, it probably would have disrupted the Empire, for, as John Bright said to him, I see no difference between disunion in the United States and disunion in the United Kingdom."

CHAPTER VIII.

PAUL KRUGER: THE WILLIAM THE SILENT OF THE TRANSVAAL.

PAUL KRUGER stands unique among the leaders of mankind. Like an ancient patriarch he has dared to face the world; his moral height is sublime, and yet he seems to represent errors in government, so that he may fail to be classed among such men as Phocion, Cincinnatus, and Alfred the Great. Should he correct his errors, and as a result of his ideals, finally leave behind him a Dutch Republic which shall rise to new and higher standards of life, he may find a name among men of moral progress. He seems to be lacking in broad views, but to possess honesty, integrity, and patriarchal faith.

That he is criticised is not strange; men hate those whom they injure, and selfishness seeks excuses for whatever it may do. The Transvaal war will tend to advance civilization, but the judgment day awaits those who do individual wrong under the excuse of seeking good out of evil. There is nothing accomplished by war that could not have been better secured without war, and the time has come in the growth of Christian civilization for war to cease. The people of civilized countries will be responsible if wars of conquest continue, for without their votes no representative of the people would dare to enter upon an unnecessary war.

Paul Kruger has made for himself a universal name; so has Cecil Rhodes, — the one by seeking to be the father of an isolated people; the other by seeking to enrich himself and expanding an empire. The mistake of Kruger seems to me that he regards

his own people as the world. Cecil Rhodes is not a factor in the high ideals of civilization, but merely an incident of the riches that do not enrich, which is a piratical feature of the age.

In the year 1713 the name of Kruger began to be prominent among the Dutch traders at Cape Town. Jacob Kruger seems to have been the founder of this family of traders and pioneers in South Africa. The Krugers settled in Table Mountain Valley; had many trades, and long represented the Dutch East India Company, in the golden period of the expansion of the Colony on the coast.

There was then a great European immigration to Cape Town, and the Dutch Cape Colony began to stretch away towards the Orange River. The Krugers led this pioneer movement. It was bleak homes that they found in this Ultima Thule, where even sheep perished in the fiery sun and bleak block storms.

In the political allotments of Europe growing out of war, Great Britain came to protect Cape Town, in behalf of the Netherlands government as a preventive to French aggression. At this period a very antagonistic feeling arose between the English and Dutch traders, which has led to bloodshed and which still reddens the valleys and pastoral hills and deserts with war.

But the changes in Cape Town did not for a time affect the pioneer farmers; and into the pioneer movement the Krugers had gone; it was their ambition to found a republic of their own people, of their own ideas and their own religion. It was not a broad ambition; it was perhaps one that seeks the family rather than the service of all mankind.

In 1836 began a general exodus of the Dutch out of Cape Town and the regions near Cape Colony, under the name of the Great Trek. The Dutch, as we have shown, desired to be a colony by themselves. Piet Retief was the Jefferson of this movement. He wrote something like a declaration of independence for the colonists. In it were these words:—

PAUL KRUGER.

"We go from the fruitful land of our birth, in which we have suffered enormous losses and continual vexation, and are about to enter a strange and dangerous territory, but we go forth with a firm belief in an all-seeing, just, and merciful God, whom we shall always fear and humbly endeavor to obey." (Stratham's "Life of Kruger.")

A campaign of slander began against the emigrants; it was said that they went out because the British Government had abolished slavery.

So the Dutch went forth to their New England of African deserts, — the wilderness beyond the Orange River. With the emigrants to the north went three of the old Kruger families, and with them a boy whose blood was that of the Dutch colonists, named Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, who was then ten years of age. That boy was of the old stock of pioneer heroes whose glory had been moral integrity and Christian faith.

Paul Kruger was born in Colesburg, an island city, October 10, 1825.

He was a wonderful boy. He entered into the contests waged against his people by the savage tribes with the soldiers. At the age of seventeen he was elected field cornet, and given a place as a leading military officer at the age of twenty. The burghers seem to have held him in universal esteem.

He explored the country. He was never ill under tropic suns or clouds; his moral attitude seems to have disarmed disease. He was never wounded. He seemed to live a divinely guarded life. He began to believe that Providence had assigned to him a special mission, and that he was especially protected by divine power.

Like the New England Puritans and the English Methodists, he had had a religious experience. He went into the wilderness one day in self-exile to find God; when he returned he professed to have received the divine light and knowledge, and to be a converted man. This experience he began to teach, and has con-

tinued to teach all his life. He made the Bible his guide and chart, and has been a student of it from the time of his Paul-like desert experience.

After sixteen years of struggle to found their colony, the emigrant farmers secured in the year 1852 a recognition of their in-

TROPICAL WEATHER.

dependence. The British Government withdrew from the Orange Free State. But a part of the British colonists disapproved of this movement and sought to belittle the Boers by detraction, and their stories have found the ear of the world.

At the age of thirty-two, Paul Kruger became acknowledged as the political leader in the new republic. The colony grew; Paul Kruger gave his life in the spirit of a Sam Adams to its development, and he became looked upon as a prophet, as well as a leader of this little part of the austral world.

The growth of the republic and the prosperity of the burghers excited the jealousy of the colonies in South Africa, and especially of the British colony.

On the 12th of April, 1877, England annexed the republic of the Transvaal, but left to it its government. The annexation was of course opposed by Paul Kruger, who immediately became the leader of a new independence. The capital of the republic was Pretoria, and its legislative assembly was called the Volksraad.

He was elected vice-president. He had a clean record. He had united with the liberal branch of the church. He was a man of the people, and the heart of the people. He was a democrat in the original sense of the word, — of the Jefferson-Lincoln type.

A foreign peer once said to him, proudly, —

"My father was a viceroy!"

"A viceroy!" said Kruger; "and what is that?"

"It is a sub-king."

"My father was a shepherd," answered Kruger.

He told stories like Lincoln, to make clear political situations. When he was criticised by speculators as being a cause of their failure, he once said, —

"I keep a monkey in my backyard, and the other day when we were burning some rubbish he burnt his tail. Then he ran to me and bit me."

He is the father of a large family, and his children and grandchildren now number one hundred and twenty or more.

In 1879 Sir Garnet Wolseley declared that "as long as the sun shone the Transvaal would remain British territory."

Paul Kruger now became the advocate of independence of British rule, which was the cause of the people.

In 1880 the Liberals came into power in England, and justice to the colonies was one of the principles of the party. Gladstone stood at the head of the new ministry. Mr. Gladstone gave his mind and conscience to the study of the South African question,

and as a result resolved to give his influence to the cause of justice towards the Boers and the liberty of the South African Republic. He was willing to negotiate with the Transvaal burghers, after the ideals of the most enlightened statesmanship.

At this period an event occurred that has become as a mountain in history. On the 26th of February, 1881, Sir George Colley conducted a force of soldiers up a hill called Majuba, with the object of gaining an advantageous position against the burghers, in case of continued war. When the burghers saw this movement, they determined then and there to make a strike for their independence. Their commanding general was Joubert. The summoned force of volunteers assailed the British with a fiery valor, and drove them from the post. The news thrilled England.

But calm counsels followed. Gladstone decided that the Dutch farmers had been wronged, that their cause in England had been misrepresented, was misunderstood in England, and that moral sense demanded that the burghers be given their liberty, and thus the annexation of 1877 ended in the independence of the Boers.

In the long controversy the burghers issued a proclamation in which were these grand words: —

"If you will have our country, take it; but it shall be over our bodies and the ash-heaps of our goods."

But the English conducted their final negotiations with a reserve.

"Entire freedom of action will be accorded to the Transvaal Government, so far as is not inconsistent with the rights of Suzerain Power."

The "suzerain power" was supposed to apply chiefly to treaty-making and international events.

The election of Kruger as President of the Transvaal followed. He has been re-elected three times, and on the last time by an

overwhelming majority. The events following the last election have been made common history by telegraph.

Like Diaz in Mexico, he has been one of those presidents that the people continue in power as a kind of dictator, because his heart represents their lives, sentiments, and interests.

We have quoted from Mr. Stark's paper, read before the Victorian Club, in a former chapter. We will do so again, in order to show the conservative English view of the policy of Mr. Kruger: —

"In 1884 Paul Kruger was in London. He was so poor that he could not pay his hotel bill, and it was paid for him by a generous Englishman. He then expressly and publicly invited Englishmen and Americans to settle in the Transvaal, and to conduct mining there.

"Mr. Kruger afterward sold one of his own farms to Englishmen for $500,000, paid in gold. His friends and neighbors sold other farms at even greater prices, receiving altogether from foreign settlers (principally English, although including a considerable number of Germans, Frenchmen, and Americans) many millions of dollars.

"These foreign settlers produce every dollar's worth of wealth which can be exported from the Transvaal, and every dollar in excess of what will suffice for a very bare existence to the old residents. Every dollar of the wealth now possessed by Mr. Kruger, his sons-in-law, his officials, and indeed any part of the Transvaal population, has been produced by these settlers.

"The taxes levied annually in the Transvaal have exceeded $20,000,000. Nine-tenths of this amount have been collected from the foreign settlers whom Mr. Kruger invited into the country."

The reader should be able to see both sides of the shield.

Heroic and noble is a song of the Boers, of which, instead of a story in this chapter, we give an English translation from the pen of a traveller: —

THE BOERS' BATTLE SONG.

I.

FROM the South to the North,
The cry hath gone forth —
"Up, Burghers, and arm for the fight!
With cannon and drum,
The Invader hath come,
Up, Burghers, and ride through the night!

Tarry not! One kiss for the wife of thy bed!
One glance at thy father's grave! [1]
Thy life? What matter! 'T were best to be dead,
If thy Country thou canst not save!"

Then Ride! Ride! Ride!
While the asvogel screams o'er the lea!
For to-night I may rest
With his beak in my breast,
And my children may orphans be.

II.

Hark, the roar of the battle,
The musketry's rattle,
Goes up to the vault of the sky!
While the veldt gleams red
With the blood of the dead,
And the blood of those doomed to die!

Fight, for the Land that our fathers won!
Fight! Let the whole world see
That the blood of the Sire is the blood of the Son!
Fight! To be Free! To be Free!

[1] The graves are always close to the farm-house.

Aye! Fight! Fight! Fight!
While the asvogel screams o'er the lea!
Though to-night I may rest
With his beak in my breast,
And my little ones orphans may be!

III.

See! the ranks of the foe
Are stricken; and, lo!—
Charge! Charge! They waver! They fly!
Strike swiftly! Strike deep!
They have sown! They must reap!
For with us dwells the Victory!

Ride! Ride! Ride!
For our loved, loved Country is Free!
And to-night I shall bide
With my vrouw by my side,
And my little ones round my knee.

From "Tales of the Transvaal."

Some of the incidents given in this chapter will be illustrated in other chapters in a more detailed way.

CHAPTER IX.

WHICH IS RIGHT?

Our friends the English and the Dutch travellers looked upon the long political contest between these two nations in South Africa from different points of view.

To Mr. McFynney, England stood for the highest civilization, and justice followed her flag.

He used to say: "Any nation that stands in the way of civilization and equal rights to all holds a criminal position, and by the universal law of moral gravitation must be put aside or corrected in the interests of humanity. England has only demanded of the Dutch colonists in South Africa, who overtaxed her people without allowing them representation, the rights which she herself gives to all her colonies, and which all nations should accord to each other."

In the view of our kindly Dutch story-teller, England had herself pursued a course of criminal selfishness in her conduct towards the Boers.

"My people," he said, "have twice moved to the regions of the North that they might enjoy their own customs, rights, and privileges. Wherever they have gone the English have followed them. When they passed beyond the Vaal, the English solemnly promised to disturb them no more. Gold and diamonds were found on their lands. A transient English population rushed into these rich fields, and endeavored to outvote the native settlers merely to rob them of their rights to their own wealth. England dictated to the new republics what their suffrages should be. She would have only done this to a weak nation. She had no more right to dictate to the South African republics

what their suffrages should be than to France, Russia, Germany, or the United States. Her war against the Boers is only a larger Jameson raid, with the same motives and purpose. It is an unrighteous cause, and if she should succeed she will lose her moral power in the world."

THE TRUE WAY TO A PEACE TREATY.

Such were the views of the two men, and each treated the events of the time after his own view, and "Our Boys" listened to each eagerly, feeling that each believed himself to be the advocate of a cause that was morally right. They agreed on one thing, which was that all wars should yield to the principles of arbitration, and that there should be such a new education of the heart as to make wars of conquest morally impossible to civilized people.

"When a majority of the people of any nation shall resolve to vote always for the principle of arbitration," said Mr. McFynney,

"there will be no more offensive wars. It is the people who will be to blame if there are."

To this, our Dutch friend, and Mr. Goldstein, and "Our Boys" agreed. Mr. Goldstein expressed the views of all when he said:

"Civilization is a matter of the heart, rather than of the head. We must have a new education that shall begin with the heart,

THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE OF THYSDRUS.

conscience, and imagination, in order to make a new generation of men."

If this be so, then in education of war against war, the teacher is to be the captain, and the army of the schools is to shut the cannon-mouths of the Christian world. War will thus become defensive, and be waged for justice alone.

He who resists the highest civilization, or the highest spiritual

teaching, is certain to be overcome. No person or people can resist the law of moral gravitation; the nations that have worshipped the gods of appetite and passion have perished; the revengeful Indian nations went down with their war gods, and those who did them injustice will, too, become inferior and melt away. Nothing lasts but the highest moral integrity, or representative truth, and truth is found and known only by obedience to spiritual law. The principle is clear.

Do the Dutch farmers or the English legislators better represent this eternal principle of equity, by which the destiny of all nations may be read? Great armaments pass for nothing, as may be read in the history of the past. *Ilium fuit.* The desert winds sweep over Babylon, and the birds find solitude amid the ruins of the Persepolis. The kingdoms of Alexander are gone, as is the Rome of universal empire, and the Greece of the fleets of the sea; Spain's golden splendors are vanished, and the lonely "Mayflower" has proved to be the ark of the faith-pilgrims of a new order of the world. The lower must ever yield to the higher, and it is obedience to the law of the spiritual life as written in the soul of every man that builds up a nation, and makes it vital and strong.

CHAPTER X.

MR. McFYNNEY'S STRANGE DISCOVERY.

MR. McFYNNEY MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY — THE DUTCH DENTIST.

MR. McFYNNEY'S mind and heart were turned to his search for Vert as soon as he arrived at Cape Town. He went to the government offices at once, where information of missing men was sometimes to be found. He heard nothing there of the boy or the mail.

But one official made a remark that caused him forebodings with depression of spirits: it was, —

"Lions sometimes waylay mail-carriers in that country." And he added: "When the natives rob a mail-carrier, the mail-bag is sometimes found."

Was South Africa Ophir, the place of King Solomon's mines? Tradition favors India, but many intelligent antiquarians claim that Ophir was the African gold fields.

Whether Ophir be India or Africa, the Jewish race now are seeking new fortunes in the gold and diamond fields. The Semitic people have the genius of trading in gems. We hear but little of Jews in South Africa, but they are there.

And their enterprises are as curious there as in other parts of the world.

One day as Mr. McFynney was strolling through one of the shop streets in Cape Town, his feet were arrested by his seeing a strange sign in a dusty window: —

"GEMS BOUGHT AND SOLD.
MISSING ARTICLES RECOVERED."

The latter notice caused him to go into the shop: he found the place kept by a Jew.

He looked over "missing articles" in some long, dusty glass cases, when his eye fell upon an object that looked familiar: it was a belt knife.

He pointed to it.

"Let me look at it," he said to the Jew.

The latter handed him the knife. He carried it to the window, and held it up to the light. On the wooden handle was carved with some sharp instrument — VERT.

He turned instantly to the Jew.

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

"Prospectors, — it was brought in by prospectors, — they found it by the way, — prospectors find things by the way. They sell 'em when they return to the Cape, broke."

"Where had these prospectors been?"

"I do not know, — beyond the Orange, I heard the man say — the one who sold the belt knife to me. It is hard to say where a prospector has been."

"How much do you ask for the knife?"

"Three shillings."

"I will take it."

He went out, but returned again and questioned the Jew in regard to the man who had sold him the knife.

"Was he an Englishman?"

"He was one prospector."

"How old was he?"

"I don't know — just a prospector; they are all alike."

"Had he a beard?"

"All prospectors have a beard; he was like all the rest: if you know one, you know a hundred. Is there anything peculiar about the knife?"

"It belonged to a friend."

"Why did you not tell me that? It is worth more to you,

then, than I charged you. I paid the prospector a shilling for it — he was broke. I would have charged you another shilling or more had I known what you tell me now. I never get for things what they are worth."

"My friend, look here! my name is McFynney, I am honest Scotch-Englishman. This knife belonged to my boy, about whom I have heard nothing for a long time. If you will find for me the man who sold you that knife, I will give you crown."

"You will?" The Jew's eyes shone with a new light. "I'll try, but it will be a hard look — he was just a prospector."

It was a strange story indeed that Mr. McFynney had to tell that night to Mr. Goldstein and "Our Boys" on the veranda of the Travellers' Hotel.

Rain began to fall after Mr. McFynney had related his "remarkable adventure," as he called his meeting with the Jew.

He went back and talked with the Jew again. The storm increased, which caused a fire to be lighted in the hotel office, which was a large room.

There the story-telling was resumed as on ship-board.

Mr. McFynney was in no mood for much conversation this dreary evening. He sat before the fire, and looked at the knife, and turned it over and over, and said, "Vert — shall I ever see my boy again?"

Mr. Goldstein at last said to the jolly Dutchman: "We are depressed; tell us some queer old story to turn our thoughts."

The Dutchman punched the fire in a familiar way, held his pipe down by his chair, and related the story of —

LITTLE KAALVOET AND THE DESERT DENTIST.

WAWIELOOREN, or Great Ears, had great ears. He talked much and his great ears heard much, and what he heard he turned to his own good account. He doctored; he found pepper

and camphor a very stimulating prescription; it "scattered" the pain.

If any one differed with him in anything, he at once asserted his dignity, and said, —

Mijn peper is zoo goet als jou saffraan — My pepper is as good as your saffron."

He was as likely to be right as any other man.

Great Ears was a dentist.

Little Kaalvoet was a barefoot boy. He attended the wagons, or wagons, with "Agricultural Implements," which implements now stand with open mouths on the hills of Pretoria, waiting to do the will of Oom Paul.

The Little Barefoot suffered from time to time with toothache. The pain was terrible, and his face swelled.

Then he would tie a handkerchief about his face, and he looked very queer as he would waver from side to side, to shake off the pain.

Once on his journeys up to the great fortresses of the hills, he was seized by the dreadful pain. He tried to sleep on the wagons of "Agricultural Implements" at night, but nervous distress only increased with the darkness.

"Never you mind, Kaalvoet," said the driver; "we will outspan at Bliji, where is the shop of the great Doctor Great Ears."

"Does it hurt?" asked Kaalvoet.

"Na, na, it feels goot — I mean afterward. Oh, so goot, like the cool, calm weather after the tempest."

"Does it cost much?" asked the boy.

"A little, because it makes one feel so goot afterward."

Kaalvoet had a terrible night. Towards morning the wagons were outspanned and in the early light the little barefoot read upon a door of a corrugated iron house, —

"Doctor and Dentist."

Would he have the tooth drawn?

As soon as it was light, he tied up his swelled cheek and put

his hand against the other cheek as a "countercharm" and hobbling to this side and that he approached the Doctor and Dentist's office and rapped.

A big fat man with great ears opened the thin iron door.

Kaalvoet gave a groan, and looked the picture of abject misery.

"Does it hurt much to have a tooth drawn out?" asked Kaalvoet.

"Na, na, not the way I does it. Na, na, it makes one feel goot. I use twisters, I have sent to England for forceps. Come in and let me look at it."

The tooth jumped and the poor boy wailed.

"Can't you put something into it to stop it?" he exclaimed. "You don't think it will hurt much?"

"Na, na, it sometimes hurts *my* hand a little. Just see the conveniences I have. You sit right down on the sand, all like a bed of roses, and put your shoulders between my legs, quiet like. Then I will hold you down, and put on the twisters, and pull a little, and a little more, and a little more, and my vrow she will do all the screaming; she can scream, that helps you."

"Does it make one scream?"

"Yes, my vrow she screams, and my dog he bark."

"Then you really think that it will not hurt me much?"

"Much, hardly any; it's fun — upon my word and honor now — it is fun."

"Doctors do not lie?"

"No, no."

"Nor dentists?"

"I'll leave you to decide upon that. Sit down on the sand."

Kaalvoet sat down with a look that pleaded for mercy. The desert dentist put his legs over his shoulders so as to hold him down firm.

"Now I will call for my vrow and my dog; she will do all the screaming, and he the barking. You need not scream at all, and

you shall decide whether it is the Doctor or the Dentist that lies."

The good wife came with erect hands. The dog sat down still on his haunches.

Wawielvooren took his twisters from his leather pocket and examined the inquisitional tooth. He gave the twisters a twist, and the tooth a wrench.

The good woman began to scream, and the dog to bark, and the poor boy made a struggle with all his might to get away from the experience of horrors.

Presently the good dentist held up the tooth triumphantly, saying, —

"Look there, my boy, look there!"

The boy rolled up his eyes, thinking that his head was off, too.

"Did it hurt you bad?"

"It hurt awful!"

He was bleeding, but the good woman was clapping her hands and laughing, and the dog dancing about after his tail.

"Get up," said the man of the twisters.

Kaalvoet arose.

"And now, my dear little boy," said the Dutch wife, "what will you tell one of the people who speaks about my goot man's skill — eh?"

"I will say: 'Hij lieg, als een tandenrekker,' said the boy, — that 'he lies like the dentist.'"

CHAPTER XI.

THE STRANGE TALES OF EARLY MISSIONARIES.

THE stories related by Robert Moffat, the Scottish missionary of the London Missionary Society, of his life among the savages of Namaqualand, and of the northern deserts beyond the Orange River, are as strange and thrilling as De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," or Mayne Reid's "Desert Home." Mr. Moffat arrived at Cape Town in 1795, moved north and began his work in the Kraal of Africana, a chief who had become a lion among the tribes, and filled the deserts with terror. In 1842, he published his "Labors and Scenes in Southern Africa," which awakened a great enthusiasm for the civilization of the country. Dr. Livingstone married his daughter. Both Moffat and Livingstone were poor boys, and made their own way to the African deserts.

A poor Scottish minister was one day told that he had but one male member to hear him preach on the Sunday before, and that person was "nothing but a boy." That boy was Moffat, who came to represent more influence than many crowded congregations.

Dr. Livingstone studied at the loom, placing his books before him, and when he graduated at Glasgow University said: "I never had a dollar that I did not earn." He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The terrible Africana, or Africaner, was outlawed by the Cape Settlement, and a price placed upon his head. His delight seemed to be to murder, devastate, and to have his revenge. Robert Moffat relates a very curious incident of one of this chief's raids on a missionary station:—

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

"But to return to Africaner. He spread devastation around him, attacked the Namaquas, and proceeded to Warm Bath. Finding it abandoned, his followers commenced a rigid search for any articles which might have been concealed for safety in the earth, and were but too successful. While the plunderers were engaged in their destructive operations, an incident occurred, almost too ludicrous for so melancholy a recital. As the triumphant chief and his adherents were revelling in their ill-gotten spoils, not without some qualms of conscience, derived from the light, however little, which they had received, especially

as they now stood upon holy ground, which recalled the scenes of by-gone days, one of the chieftain's attendants strayed into the burying-ground, where already a few mounds distinguished it from the surrounding waste as the place of the dead. Stepping over what he supposed was a newly closed grave, he heard, to his surprise, soft notes of music vibrate beneath. He stood motionless, gazing over his shoulder, with mouth and eyes dilated, hesitating whether to stand still, and *see* the dead arise, which he had heard the missionaries preach about, or take to his heels. After no little palpitation of heart, in order to assure himself, he mustered courage to make another trial, for the tones he had heard had died away. His second leap again roused the sepulchral harp, which now fell in soft but awful cadence on his ear. Without casting an eye behind, he darted off to the camp, and, with breathless amazement, announced to Africaner the startling discovery he had made of life and music in the grave. The appearance of the man convinced Africaner that he was in earnest, for reason seldom reels in that country. The chief, fearless of the living or the dead, and not to be scared even by the supposed spectre of the tomb, arose, and ordered his men to follow him to the spot. One jumped, and another jumped, and at each succeeding leap, succeeding notes of the softest music vibrated on the ear from beneath. Recourse was had instantly to exhumation. The mysterious musician was soon brought to light. It proved to be Mrs. Albrecht's pianoforte, which she had taken with her from London, and which was the first ever conveyed into the Transgariepine regions. Being too cumbrous to be taken in a hasty flight, it had been buried in a soil where, from the entire absence of moisture, it might, but for this circumstance, have remained unscathed. Africaner, whose martial spirit made him a fitter associate for Mars than for the Muses, allowed the instrument to be dissected, parts of which I have seen, from which those fingers now silent in the grave had called forth divine harmony."

KAFFIR WAR-DANCE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

Striking on a piano case will cause the wires to vibrate. The jumping on dry, hard earth that communicated with the buried case in this instance produced the same effect. The incident shows the character of Africaner.

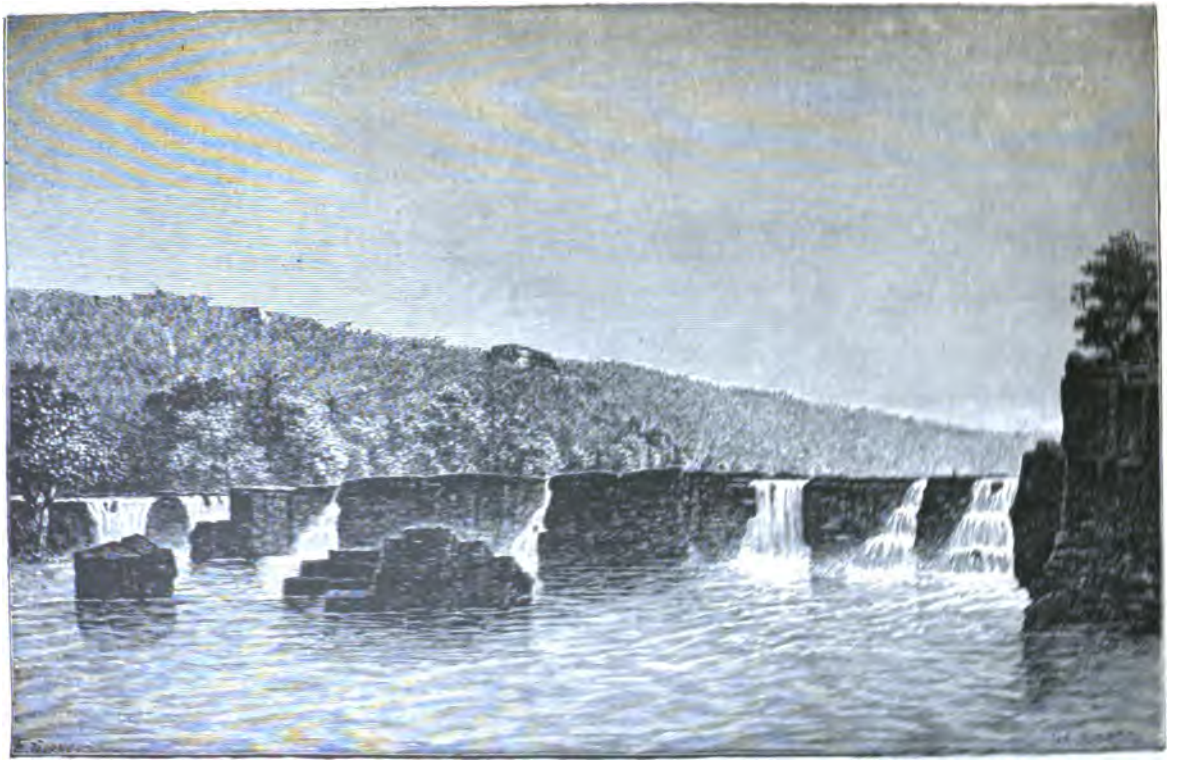
This chief became converted and a man of peace, and assisted the English teachers in their labors. His history now awakened a great interest in England. It was said that if such a human heart as his could be brought under the power of the Gospel, the greatest development of civilization might be expected from the African tribes. Says Moffat: —

"He who was formerly like a firebrand, spreading discord, enmity, and war among the neighboring tribes, would now make any sacrifice to prevent anything like a collision between two contending parties; and when he might have raised his arm, and dared them to lift a spear or draw a bow, he would stand in the attitude of a suppliant, and entreat them to be reconciled to each other; and, pointing to his past life, ask, 'What have I now of all the battles I have fought, and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse?' At an early period of my labors among that people, I was deeply affected by the sympathy he, as well as others of his family, manifested towards me in a season of affliction. The extreme heat of the weather, in the house which I have described, and living entirely on meat and milk, to which I was unaccustomed, brought on a serious attack of bilious fever, which, in the course of two days, induced delirium. Opening my eyes in the first few lucid moments, I saw my attendant, and Africaner sitting before my couch, gazing on me with eyes full of sympathy and tenderness. Seeing a small parcel, containing a few medicines, I requested him to hand it to me, and taking from it a vial of calomel, I threw some of it into my mouth, for scales or weights I had none. He then asked me, the big tear standing in his eye, if I died, how they were to bury me. 'Just in the same way as you bury your own people,' was my reply; and I added that he need be under no apprehensions if I were

called away, for I should leave a written testimony of his kindness to me. This evidently gave him some comfort, — but his joy was full when he saw me speedily restored and at my post, from which I had been absent only a few days."

Of the degraded condition of the people among whom he labored, he relates the following incident: —

"On reaching the spot, we beheld an object of heart-rending distress. It was a venerable-looking old woman, a living skeleton, sitting, with her head leaning on her knees. She appeared terrified at our presence, and especially at me. She tried to rise, but, trembling with weakness, sunk again to the earth. I addressed her by the name which sounds sweet in every clime, and charms even the savage ear: 'My mother, fear not; we are friends, and will do you no harm.' I put several questions to her, but she appeared either speechless or afraid to open her lips. I again repeated, 'Pray, mother, who are you, and how do you come to be in this situation?' to which she replied, 'I am a woman; I have been here four days; my children have left me here to die.' 'Your children!' I interrupted. 'Yes,' raising her hand to her shrivelled bosom, 'my own children, — three sons and two daughters. They are gone,' pointing with her finger, 'to yonder blue mountain, and have left me to die.' 'And, pray why did they leave you?' I inquired. Spreading out her hands: 'I am old, you see, and I am no longer able to serve them; when they kill game, I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh; I am not able to gather wood to make fire; and I cannot carry their children on my back, as I used to do.' This last sentence was more than I could bear; and though my tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth for want of water, this reply opened a fountain of tears. I remarked that I was surprised that she had escaped the lions, which seemed to abound, and to have approached very near the spot where she was. She took hold of the skin of her left arm with her fingers, and, raising it up as one would do a loose linen, she added, 'I



A SCENE ON AN AMERICAN RIVER

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

hear the lions; but there is nothing on me that they would eat; I have no flesh on me for them to scent.' At this moment the wagon drew near, which greatly alarmed her, for she supposed that it was an animal. Assuring her that it would do her no harm, I said that, as I could not stay, I would put her into the wagon and take her with me. At this remark she became convulsed with terror. Others addressed her, but all to no effect. She replied, that if we took her, and left her at another village, they would only do the same thing again. 'It is our custom; I am nearly dead; I do not want to die again.' The sun was now piercingly hot; the oxen were raging in the yoke, and we ourselves nearly delirious. Finding it impossible to influence the woman to move, without running the risk of her dying convulsed in our hands, we collected a quantity of fuel, gave her a good supply of dry meat, some tobacco, and a knife, with some other articles, telling her we should return in two days and stop the night, when she would be able to go with us,—only she must keep up a good fire at night, as the lions would smell the dried flesh, if they did not scent her. We then pursued our course, and after a long ride, passing a rocky ridge of hills, we came to a stagnant pool, into which men and oxen rushed precipitately, though the water was almost too muddy to go down our throats.

"On our return to the spot, according to our promise, we found the old woman and everything gone, but on examination discovered the footmarks of two men, from the hills referred to, who appeared to have taken her away. Several months afterwards, I learned from an individual who visited the station, that the sons, seeing from a distance the wagon halt at the spot, where they had so unnaturally left their mother to perish, came to see, supposing the travellers had been viewing the mangled remains of their mother. Finding her alive and supplied with food, and on her telling the story of the strangers' kindness, they were alarmed, and dreading the vengeance of the great

294831A

chief, whom they supposed me to be, took her home, and were providing for her with more than usual care. I have often reasoned with the natives on this cruel practice; in reply to which they would only laugh."

MOFFAT'S TALE OF THE RAIN-MAKER.

Of the English teachers' many stories none is more graphic than that of the Rain-Maker.

"Years of drought had been severely felt, and the natives, tenacious of their faith in the potency of a man, held a council, and passed resolutions to send for a rain-maker of renown from the Bahurutsi tribe, two hundred miles northeast of the Kuruman station. Rain-makers have always most honor among a strange people, and therefore they are generally foreigners. The one in question had been very successful among the Bahurutsian mountains, which, lying east of the Backbone of Africa, and at the sources of those rivers which empty themselves into the Indian Ocean, were visited not only with great thunder-storms, but land rains, with the under strata of clouds, which the natives call female ones, resting on the summits. It was natural to suppose that the offer must be a tempting one which could draw him from a post so lucrative, and where he had so signalized his boasted powers. The Bechuanas possess very inventive minds; and when they have a point to gain, as truth and honor are never regarded, they find no difficulty in embellishing their story. The ambassadors received their commission with the strictest injunction not to return without the man. No doubt many were the cogitations on the journey how they might best succeed. Promises were cheap, and with a redundance of the fairest kind, they succeeded beyond expectation. This, however, was not surprising, when they assured him that, if he would only come to the land of the Batlapis,

and open the *teats* of the heavens, which had become as hard as a stone, cause the rains to fall and quench the flaming ground, he should be made the richest man that ever lived; his riches should be beyond all calculations; his flocks covering the hills and plains; he should wash his hands in milk, while all would exalt him in the song, and mothers and children would call him blessed. When a period had elapsed sufficient to allow the messengers time to return, it was rumored through the town, that they had been murdered, a common event in those days. The gloom which this cast over the native mind formed a striking contrast to the dazzling rays pouring forth from an almost vertical sun blazing in a cloudless sky. The heavens had been as brass, scarcely a cloud had been seen for months, even on the distant horizon. Suddenly a shout was raised, and the whole town was in motion. The rain-maker was approaching. Every voice was raised to the highest pitch with acclamations of enthusiastic joy. He had sent a harbinger to announce his approach, with peremptory orders for all the inhabitants to wash their feet. Every one seemed to fly in swiftest obedience to the adjoining river. Noble and ignoble, even the girl who attended to our kitchen fire, ran. Old and young ran. All the world could not have stopped them. By this time the clouds began to gather, and a crowd went out to welcome the mighty man who, as they imagined, was now collecting in the heavens his stores of rain.

"Just as he was descending the height into the town, the immense concourse danced and shouted, so that the very earth rang, and at the same time the lightnings darted, and the thunders roared in awful grandeur. A few heavy drops fell, which produced the most thrilling ecstasy on the deluded multitude, whose shoutings baffled all description. Faith hung upon the lips of the impostor, while he proclaimed aloud that this year the women must cultivate gardens on the hills, and not in the valleys, for these would be deluged.

"The rain-maker found the clouds in our country rather harder to manage than those he had left. He complained that secret rogues were disobeying his proclamations. When urged to make repeated trials, he would reply, 'You only give me sheep and goats to kill, therefore I can only make goat-rain; give me fat slaughter oxen, and I shall let you see ox-rain.' One day, as he was taking a sound sleep, a shower fell, on which one of the principal men entered his house to congratulate him, but to his utter amazement found him utterly insensible to what was transpiring. 'Hela ka rare! (Halloo, by my pather!) I thought you were making rain,' said the intruder, when, arising from his slumbers, and seeing his wife sitting on the floor shaking a milk-sack in order to obtain a little butter to anoint her hair, he replied, pointing to the operation of churning, 'Do you not see my wife churning rain as fast as she can?' This reply gave entire satisfaction, and it presently spread through the length and breadth of the town, that the rain-maker had churned the shower out of a milk-sack. The moisture caused by this shower was dried up by a scorching sun, and many long weeks followed without a single cloud, and when these did appear they might sometimes be seen, to the great mortification of the conjuror, to discharge their watery treasures at an immense distance. This disappointment was increased when a heavy cloud would pass over with tremendous thunder, but not one drop of rain. There had been several successive years of drought, during which water had not been seen to flow upon the ground; and in that climate, if rain does not fall continuously and in considerable quantities, it is all exhaled in a couple of hours. In digging graves we have found the earth as dry as dust at four or five feet depth, when the surface was saturated with rain.

"The women had cultivated the extensive fields, but the seed was lying in the soil as it had been thrown from the hand; the cattle were dying from want of pasture, and hundreds of living skeletons were seen going to the fields in quest of unwholesome

roots and reptiles, while many were dying with hunger. Our sheep, as before stated, were soon likely to be all devoured, and finding their number daily diminish, we slaughtered the remainder and put the meat in salt, which of course was far from being agreeable in such a climate, and where vegetables were so scarce.

"All these circumstances irritated the rain-maker very much; but he was often puzzled to find something on which to lay the blame, for he had exhausted his skill. One night, a small cloud passed over, and the only flash of lightning, from which a heavy peal of thunder burst, struck a tree in the town. Next day the rain-maker and a number of people assembled to perform the usual ceremony on such an event. It was ascended, and ropes of grass, and grass roots were bound round different parts of the trunk, which in the *Acacia giraffe* is seldom much injured. A limb may be torn off, but of numerous trees of that species which I have seen struck by lightning, the trunk appears to resist its power, as the fluid produces only a stripe or groove along the bark to the ground. When these bandages were made he deposited some of his nostrums, and got quantities of water handed up, which he poured with great solemnity on the wounded tree, while the assembled multitude shouted '*Pula, pula.*' This done, the tree was hewn down, dragged out of the town, and burned to ashes. Soon after this unmeaning ceremony, he got large bowls of water, with which was mingled an infusion of bulbs. All the men of the town then came together, and passed in succession before him, when he sprinkled each with a zebra's tail, which he dipped in the water.

"As all this and much more did not succeed, he had recourse to another stratagem. He knew well that baboons were not very easily caught among the rocky glens and shelving precipices, therefore, in order to gain time, he informed the men that, to make rain, he must have a baboon; that the animal must be without a blemish, not a hair was to be wanting on its body.

One would have thought that any simpleton might have seen through his tricks, as their being able to present him with a baboon in that state was impossible, even though they caught him asleep. Forth sallied a band of chosen runners, who ascended the neighboring mountains. The baboons from their lofty domiciles had been in the habit of looking down on the plain beneath at the natives encircling and pursuing the quaggas and antelopes, little dreaming that one day they would themselves be objects of pursuit. They hobbled off in consternation, grunting and screaming and leaping from rock to rock, occasionally looking down on their pursuers, grinning and gnashing their teeth.

"After a long pursuit, with wounded limbs, scratched bodies, and broken toes, a young one was secured and brought to the town, the captors exulting as if they had obtained a great spoil. The wily rogue, on seeing the animal, put on a countenance exhibiting the most intense sorrow, exclaiming, 'My heart is rent in pieces, I am dumb with grief;' and pointing to the ear of the baboon, which was scratched, and the tail, which had lost some hairs, added, 'Did I not tell you I could not make rain if there was one hair wanting?' After some days another was obtained; but there was still some imperfection, real or alleged. He had often said, that, if they would procure him the heart of a lion, he would show them he could make rain so abundant, that a man might think himself well off to be under shelter, as when it fell it might sweep whole towns away. He had discovered that the clouds required strong medicine, and that a lion's heart would do the business. To obtain this, the rain-maker well knew was no joke. One day it was announced that a lion had attacked one of the cattle outposts not far from the town, and a party set off for the twofold purpose of getting a key to the clouds and disposing of a dangerous enemy. The orders were imperative, whatever the consequences might be, which in this instance might have been very serious had not one of our men shot the terrific animal dead with a gun. This was no sooner done than

it was cut up for roasting and boiling; no matter if it had previously eaten some of their relations, they ate it in its turn. Nothing could exceed their enthusiasm when they returned to the town bearing the lion's heart, and singing the conqueror's song in full chorus; the rain-maker prepared his medicines, kindled his fires, and might be seen upon the top of the hill stretching forth his puny hands, and beckoning the clouds to draw near, or even shaking his spear and threatening that if they disobeyed, they should feel his ire. The deluded populace believed all this, and wondered the rains would not fall. Asking an experienced and judicious man, the king's uncle, how it was that so great an operator on the clouds could not succeed, 'Ah,' he replied, with apparent feeling, 'there is a cause for the hardheartedness of the clouds if the rain-maker could only find it.' A scrutinizing watch was kept up on everything done by the missionaries. Some weeks after my return from a visit to Griqua Town, a grand discovery was made,—that the rain had been prevented by my bringing a bag of salt from that place in my wagon. The charge was made by the king and his attendants, with great gravity and form. As giving the least offence by laughing at their puerile actions ought always to be avoided, when dealing with a people who are sincere though deluded, the case was on my part investigated with more than usual solemnity. Mothibi and his aide-de-camp accompanied me to the storehouse, where the identical bag stood. It was open, with the white contents full in view. 'There it is,' he exclaimed, with an air of satisfaction. But finding, on examination, that the reported salt was only white clay or chalk, they could not help laughing at their own credulity."

Moffat exclaims at the close of his most interesting volume:

"O Africa! how vast, how overwhelming thy burden! How numberless thy wrongs,—the prey of fiendish men,—the world's great mart of rapine, bondage, blood, and murder! On no part of earth's surface, in no state or condition of mankind,

can we find a parallel to thy woes! Thy skies have been obscured with smoke of towns in flames!—thy lovely landscapes and sunny groves transformed to lions' dens!—thy burning deserts bedewed with the agonizing tears of bereaved mothers!—and thy winds have re-echoed back to thy blood-stained soil the orphan's cry, the widow's wail!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE DWARF BUSHMEN—AN EXPLORER'S STORY.

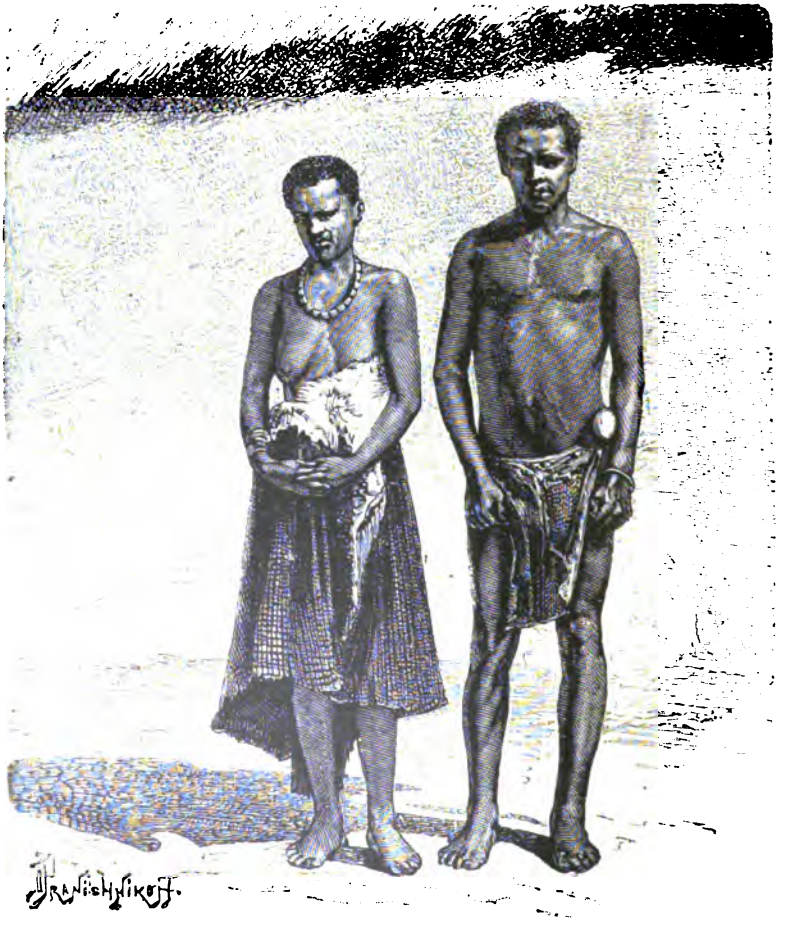
THE dwarf Bushmen when discovered represented one of the ›west types of humanity. They were in their customs and abits but a little above the animals, and yet in the possibilities f development they had the divine spark in them, and could be led to rise into the better ways of men.

A study of the Bushmen, as they were first found by the English explorers, is of intense interest, as they show how near an animal a human being may become. It has been supposed that this race became dwarfs by insufficient food. They went naked and ate raw flesh, were slaves to the lower and baser passions, and yet carried within them the power to rise from their degraded condition.

"You might as well preach to the monkeys as to the little Bushmen," said a traveller to a missionary; "they have no souls." But they had souls.

In a very instructive volume by Andrew A. Anderson, published by Chapman and Hall, London, in 1887, entitled "Twenty-five Years in a Waggon" we have a most trustworthy account of this tribe of dwarfs. Mr. Anderson explored the great inland deserts of South Africa from Cape Colony to the Congo region in the interests of physical geography. He set out from Natal for the unknown lands, and visited the native country north of the Vaal River, Griqualand and the tribes of the North.

Of the wild dwarfs of the bush, or the Bushmen proper, he gives us the following account, every line of which is full of interest to the student of ethnology.



THE NOBLER TYPE.

"The hills were the home of the wild Bushmen, who war on all living things. They differ from other Bushmen; they are of a reddish-black color, and stand four feet four inches in height. They live in the caves amongst most inaccessible parts of these

mountains. They use the bow and arrow. Few are now left, as far as we know, for they never show themselves, and keep as much from mankind as the beast of the forest.

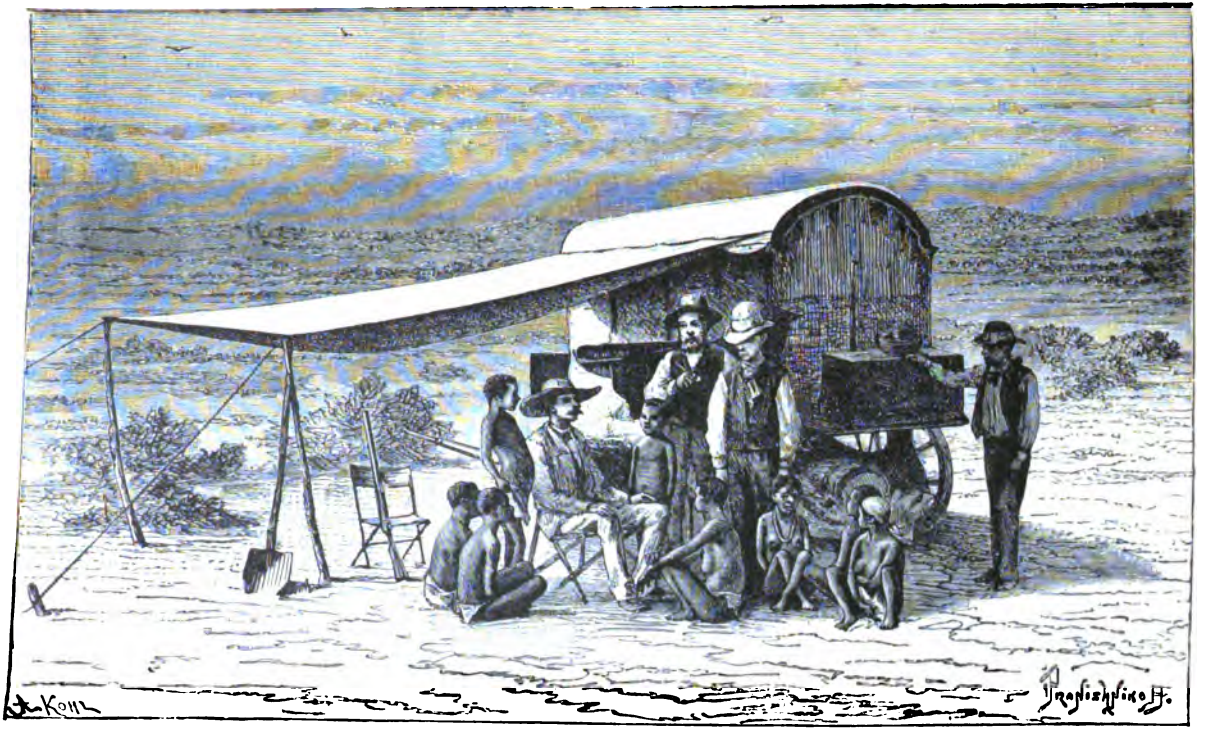
"Travelling on through mountain passes, we arrived at a native station, where the chief, Klas Lucas, lived, who claimed all the country north, to the Kuruman River, which is a wild district, having several isolated hills, and being scarce of water, particularly towards the Kuruman and Molapo Rivers. Large pans are distributed over this waste, but water is seldom found in them, except in the rainy season,—from January to May. Large herds of game, and also the ostrich, are occasionally to be seen, but are difficult to approach, as they are constantly being hunted by the Korannas, Bushmen, and Griquas living at the kraals near the Hygap and Orange Rivers, and along the mountains of Scheurberg. Limestone and granite are the only rocks to be found over this extensive region.

"The Kalahara, to the north of the Molapo, up to a short distance of Lake N'gami, the Langberg range of mountains, continues northwards in broken and detached hills through a wild country, unfrequented, except by native hunters, who visit it from the Bechuana side on the east, and those living in the desert, and the bastards at Meer. The ostrich is less hunted here, and consequently more plentiful. Lions seem to have it all their own way, for they are more numerous here than in any part I have seen; not only at night, but in broad day, they make an attack on your oxen. One full-grown male lion seized one of my black oxen, not three hundred yards from the waggon, in some low bush, at midday. Our attention was called to the bellowing of the ox and the rush of the others towards us. The lion was on the ox, having seized him by the back of the neck; one hind-foot of the lion had torn open the flank, and the other across the back, when the ox dropped. In a few minutes I was at his side with my double-barrelled rifle, and sent two bullets into his heart, when he rolled on the ground quite dead. The

ox had to be shot also, for his bowels were protruding from his side; he was one of my best oxen. We saw several others a short distance off, but they disappeared after a few shots were fired at them. As we trekked over the veldt, we saw several remains of game and their horns on the ground, which the lions had killed and eaten.

"There are many beautiful plants and flowers in these parts. We were frequently crossed by border tribes who go in to hunt, but they do not remain. They may be seen occasionally in small parties traversing the desert, with one or two pack-oxen loaded with dried game and such feathers as they may have obtained by the rifle or stolen from the Bushmen they may have surprised. If they catch a Bushman, they conclude he has feathers, — if not with him, he has them hid in the sand. They take from him what he has, and then, to make him give up what they believe he has concealed, they torture the poor wretch by putting a finger or toe in the fire until the pain is so great he tells where he has hidden them. If he has none, they believe he is telling them false, and go to such extremes that they will burn the hand or foot until they are consumed, believing the victim is obstinate and will not tell where they are.

"I have a Bushman I engaged to look after the waggon with one foot entirely burnt off, and a Bush boy with four fingers of the right hand served in the same way. The man came to me and asked to be employed, and said he would show me the waters. He brought his two daughters with him. Their mother was dead. The girls' ages, as well as I could guess, were fourteen and sixteen. I employed them on various duties about the waggons, and found them very willing to learn. I had now a large family to provide for: my own two boys and seventeen Bushmen, including six women and girls, which were a great help, as they took me to watering-places I should not otherwise have visited. I found if you treat these people well, they are willing to assist in any way. They are a very small race, seldom



THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF LAKE N'GAMI.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

exceeding four feet ten inches in height. When old, which is at the age of forty, they are very ugly. Their food consists of game (which they kill with their bows and arrows), eggs, roots, mice, locusts, insects, frogs, land-turtle, and anything they may pick up.

"When I was in the desert in 1872, I had one of the chief Bushmen captains engaged with many of his people to hunt for me. Hearing of the atrocities committed on these Bushmen by the border tribes, I told him to collect a few of the injured ones, and bring them to my waggon, that I might see them. In a week he collected fourteen, all, more or less, having lost a hand or fingers, a foot or a greater part of it. One Bushman had a red-hot iron ramrod forced through his body under the armpit, and it came out on the other side. I saw the skeleton a few days after it occurred. Some are shot down, and the children stolen and taken for slaves. They are also tied to stakes and burnt to death; and I was taken to the places where these crimes had been committed, and saw the remains and the site of the fire. Having satisfied myself as to the correctness of all these statements from personal inspection, and from more than fifty Bushmen who told me of others equally horrible,—all of which I noted in my journal,—I was frequently importuned by these people to become their chief, which I declined. I was then asked to write to the Great Mother (the Queen) to solicit her Majesty's protection, and take them over as her children. This, I said, was impracticable. I then told the chief headmen to call all the Bushman families together near at hand, at a drift where I had had the bad luck to get my waggon capsized, and where there was plenty of water, and to meet me there at the full moon a fortnight hence.

"True to the appointment, seventy-seven of the headmen and their families were there, forming a large camp, and as quiet and orderly as any assemblage of people could be. I took down the probable number there would be within a radius of seventy

miles, from Klasson, the chief spokesman, which numbered 3,986."

Of the lowest type of Bushmen, the explorer says: —

"At Narukus, on the Nosop River, I came upon a family of Bushmen, ten in number, of a different type to those I had in my service, evidently a lower caste. They have no forehead, the wool on their heads comes close down to the eyes, and the head falling back like that of the baboon; projecting mouth, small nose, a sort of hair or wool all over the chest, arms, and legs. Their eyes are small and restless, watching every movement that is going on; the tallest man did not exceed four feet four; their skin was of a reddish-brown. A few old skins, broken ostrich-eggs, and bows and arrows, seemed all they possessed of worldly goods.

"They would have decamped and hid in the bush, but I sent some of my Bushmen and brought them back. I asked my own boys if they were their brothers, meaning of the same race. They repudiated the idea, and said they were monkeys, not men, and told me there were very few ever seen. It was very seldom they ever came upon any. They eat carrion. They are evidently a distinct race from the Masara Bushmen who are largely distributed over the desert. One of the women had a baby not much bigger than a half-grown kitten. All of them were destitute of clothing."

He relates the following story of a Bush boy, —

"One of the amusing circumstances I omitted to mention in connection with one of these wild Bushman boys, when at Swaart-Modder in the Hygap River, where we had built a stone house under the cliff to keep our goods during our stay there. A young Bush boy came in the evening to the camp and made himself comfortable by the fire. After some time my boys asked him where he came from, but he would give no reply. At last they got from him the information that he had run away from his people, because his mother had burnt his fingers for

stealing, and he came to get something to eat. This was his second visit, and as he had been well fed before, he came again, but managed at the same time to steal some of my boys' food. On this evening, we had a young man from the colony to drive the cart and look after the boys, and as our stone house was infested with large mice, this young Hancock was catching them in an iron pot, and throwing them out amongst the boys for amusement. As one by one up to seven were thrown, this Bush boy picked them up, put them into the red-hot ashes to cook, and, when half-done, ate them as they were. Thinking he must be awfully hungry, I told my cook to put on a pot and cook some Boer meal, which is wheat ground but unsifted; two pints of this were cooked in water, and when ready it was set before him, and soon disposed of.

"After all the people were asleep, he stole the food they had left, and in the middle of the night sucked three of my goats dry. The following morning he was not to be found, and for nearly a month we did not see him again; when we had travelled one hundred miles north, and were outspanned, he presented himself again, as if it were his first visit. We found out he had lived in the bush, existing on a wild watermelon, called shama or kongive, and had kept us in sight as we travelled. I tried to tame him, but it was of no use; his age was about eleven years. He kept with us off and on for three months, then disappeared altogether; the lions would not let him remain long, without making a meal of him."

CHAPTER XIII.

AFRICAN MYSTERIES—SWAPPING STORIES AGAIN.

THE GOLD FIELDS.

AFRICA is the land of gold. When Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal was founded, the honest Africanders could little have foreseen that the valleys about them were paved with gold. The map of the "Vaal" now bears record of gold, gold. Johannesburg is circled with these mines. But for this the Transvaal might have been left to the quiet of pastoral life. Not that we may believe England to be at war for the Dutch farmers' unexpected mines, but that the mines have brought about a political condition that invited jealousy.

It is said that the gold of Ophir had a modern value of £900,000,000 and these mines, according to certain traditions, were in southeast Africa.

> "Here's the rich Transvaal,
> And there within, Sir, are the golden mines,
> Great Solomon's Ophir."

In the land of desolate mystery lie the Diamond Fields of Kimberley and the Gold Fields of Pretoria, and if anywhere in the world a mineralogist might take a class to study the secrets of the mines and how to understand them and develop them, it would be here.

Pretoria of the gold mines has become the centre of sudden wealth. The Dutch farmer has sold farms on which gold has been discovered, for £100,000. He did not take this money and return to Europe. He bought with it another and larger farm.

Many farms of the wide region of which Johannesburg and Pretoria are the centre have been sold for £20,000. In this way the Boers have become rich, and made themselves powerful in arms.

"Gold, gold, gold," is the talk on the streets of Pretoria, gold and gold reefs.

The Dutch burghers used to sit on the city verandas, smoke and talk gold, and their business was with gold. It seems hard that life is so short to such people as these.

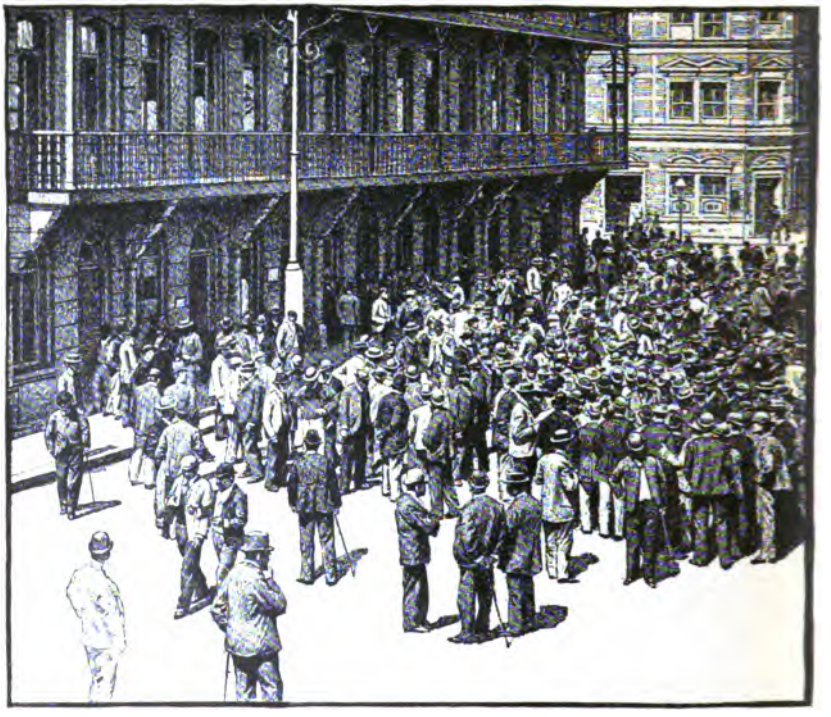
JOHANNESBURG FROM HOSPITAL HILL.

They would go to their business places sluggishly.

The Raad, or Congress, or Parliament met at Pretoria After a session of the Raad it was a pleasant thing for an accredited traveller to meet President Kruger. Such a traveller was Edward P. Mathers, F. R. G. S.

He had a long interview with President Kruger after a session of the Raad, and he asked one question, the answer to which will furnish a quick, clear light on the South African question, from the Boer point of view.

"I have found among the diggers of gold a very general, and it seems to me, a reasonable view that they should be repre



STREET SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG : STOCK BROKERS.

sented in the Raad, so that they may state their wants and grievances when they have such to present. Suppose that the three districts of Steynsdorp, Barbertown, and Johannesburg were each allowed a representative to the Raad, what danger is there that these three representatives would outvote your thirty representatives, and so make themselves masters of the country?"

President Kruger's answer which presents so clear a view of the situation was as follows, —

"Is it right that I should do this when so many gold fields are being discovered?

"There are twenty-five places which I must presently proclaim as gold fields. *If they were all to have representatives*, they would have a majority of voices in the Raad. Would that be right?

"Because the gold-diggers are but, to a great number, only a transient foreign population, who might use a temporary residence in such a way as to despoil the true republic."

MASHUNALAND.

An English writer thus pictures this land of promise:—

"From time immemorial Mashunaland has been one of the goldfields of the world. Mr. Bent believes that the people who first discovered the sacred metal were of Semitic race; and, however that may be, it is an undoubted fact that at the present day, wherever there is a gold-field in southern Africa, men of another branch of the Semitic family are not uncommon. Probably the gold-belts existing all over southeastern Africa were worked continuously from the date of their first discovery up to the early part of the present century. In all that time dynamite was unknown, but slowly and laboriously shafts were sunk and cuttings made in the gold-bearing quartz reefs, which in the course of ages in many instances reached a depth of over a hundred feet. The aggregate of all the work done in all parts of Mashunaland is something stupendous, and must, considering the nature of the work, and the rudeness of the tools available, have required a long period of time for its accomplishment. In the early part of this century Mashunaland and Manica were overrun by various Zulu hordes, immense numbers of the aboriginal inhabitants were put to the assegai, and the working of the gold reefs almost, though not entirely, put a stop to (for I have shown that Mr. Thomas Baines, as late as in the year 1870, found Mashunas extracting gold from quartz near Lo Magondi's

kraals). At this time nothing was known in western Europe of the ancient history of Mashunaland, or the existence of gold reefs in that country.

"Portuguese archives, it is true, showed that large quantities of gold had been brought to Europe from southeastern Africa during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, but the great mass of Englishmen were not interested in Portuguese archives, and the Portuguese themselves, after they were driven from Manica in 1832 by Manikos and his Zulus, were only just able to retain their hold on the coastline and the shores of Zambesi, and so the gold industry very nearly came to an end in Mashunaland. Then Thomas Baines and Karl Mauch revisited the ancient gold-fields, and the accounts they wrote as to their probable richness caused such an excitement in South Africa that it spread to Australia, and a party of miners came from that country in 1870 to try their luck on the gold-fields of Mashunaland. They reached Tati in southwestern Matabililand, where they found some gold reefs, but did not go any farther. For at that time Mashunaland was a very distant and inaccessible country, whose southern and western borders were inhabited by jealous and warlike Zulu tribes, who looked upon it as a raiding ground and a slave preserve that they were anxious to keep for themselves as long as possible.

"And so twenty years went by, and though during all that time Mashunaland was spoken about and written of as a rich gold country, prospectors were unable to make their way into it owing to the jealousy of the Matabili. From time to time hunters like myself bought quills full of alluvial gold washed from the sands of the Mazoe River, from the Mashunas, and by showing them to friends in Kimberley and Cape Town kept up the belief in the richness of the country. Then came the expedition to Mashunaland, which was carried out with such singular success. Hundreds of men were turned loose in the country to look for gold, who knew no more of the theory and practice of

gold-mining than I do of the fourth dimension of space. Most of them thought they were going to peg out claims on rich reefs within a week or two of their disbandment, whilst many of them believed they would be able to pick up lumps of gold, or wash cupfuls of the precious metal out of the river's sands. They were disappointed, and many of them soon became disheartened.

"Then came a very heavy rainy season, which, owing to the utter want of accommodation or comfort, and the scarcity of all kinds of provisions, was a time of misery to the greater part of the settlers. Though there were very few deaths, almost every one suffered more or less from fever, the result of exposure to wet, and poor food. After this first rainy season a great many of the men who had come up to Mashunaland with the pioneer expedition left the country with hearts full of bitterness. They gave the country a bad name, of course, and declared there was no gold there, or that the ore was of such low grade that it would not pay to work it. The accounts that had been written by Baines and Mauch twenty years before were declared to be absolutely mythical. The parrot cry was taken up and echoed and re-echoed throughout South Africa and England. There was no payable gold in Mashunaland, it was said. There had been once, perhaps, but if the Jews had been there in King Solomon's time, it was not likely that they would have left the country until they had worked out all the gold reefs. However, all this time a residuum of hard-working men remained in Mashunaland. They found what they thought to be good gold reefs in every district — in Victoria, Manica, Hartley Hills, Mazoe, Angwa, and Mount Darwin. Through good report and evil report they worked away, developing their properties, buoyed up by the faith that was in them, and the conviction that truth would at last prevail. And so indeed it has; for I believe that in the financial world at the present time the future of the goldfields of Mashunaland is considered, as I have already said, to be absolutely assured. Payable gold reefs have now been proved

to a considerable depth in every district. All that is required is the capital necessary to erect quartz-crushing machinery and carry on the development. The introduction of heavy machinery into the country is now not only very difficult but very expensive. When the railway, however, has been completed from the east coast into the heart of Mashunaland, its gold mines will be worked at a reasonable cost; and every mail now brings the most encouraging reports from the different mining centres.

"As the work of development has gone on, so have the prospects improved in every district, till now it can, I think, no longer be doubted that before the end of this century Mashunaland will take a high place amongst the gold-producing countries of the world. Capital, however, must first be put into the country before the gold can be got out of it.

"I have not yet said anything concerning the administration of the country, but I will conclude this chapter by saying that I consider that it was a veritable inspiration that prompted Mr. Rhodes to ask his old friend Dr. Jameson to take over the arduous and difficult duties of Administrator of Mashunaland. Dr. Jameson has endeared himself to all classes of the community by his tact and good temper, and has managed all the diverse details connected with the administration of a new country with a correctness of judgment which amounts to nothing less than genius — and genius of a most rare and versatile order. He was *the* man for the position. No other, taken all round, could have been quite what Dr. Jameson has been as Administrator of Mashunaland in its early days."

Even at Cape Town, the Englishman and the Dutchman swapped stories as before, after the night on which the knife was found. The Dutchman had the following queer stories to tell of old Holland — pictures of the home land: —

FATHER GREAT PIPE, AND HIS QUEER FUNERAL.

I KNOW of no true story that more clearly shows the power that a simple habit may gain over a man than that of Father Great Pipe who seems to have changed himself into one great pipe, soul and body, after smoking nearly one hundred years.

How the Dutch as a nation became the victim of the smoking habit, I cannot say. They are in most respects people of great soul power — England may have conquered the ocean, but the Dutch alone ordered back the sea. They live, as it were, in a fortress against the ocean; below the sea, at high tide. Were the ocean not depositing débris about the banks, the country might vanish some day; but their fortress of dykes say to the ocean — "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

The Dutch ships brought to them tobacco, and the Dutch themselves made the pipes. It is a sleepy habit — smoking — people grow fat under it, and while the body grows big, the brain becomes sluggish, and the spiritual perceptions dull. The great thinkers of Holland were not smokers. Mynheer Van Klaes was a rich old gentleman. He lived in Rotterdam. He smoked and thought at first; then he smoked and dreamed, and then he simply smoked and smoked. He became very fat; he had simple pipes, as we may suppose, at first; then he used a great pipe, and puffed smoke like a smoke-house chimney.

He sat by his door, probably on a veranda of his so-called palace, or on a leaning porch of his old house in the sun; he smoked in the sunrise, in the noon sun and in the sunset, and when the stars came out, and when the moon glimmered in the lime trees, and broke the dark shadows of the great canals.

He had been a kind-hearted, good-natured man. He had had some vanity, and had built a Dutch house called a palace in his early days from the profits of his ships. The palace had splendid

windows and cushions and oriental ornaments; but it was little for these things that he came to care after the great pipe became his idol, that changed nearly every breath that he breathed into smoke.

Now our Mynheer Van Klaes came to smoke fifty grammes of tobacco a day; it has been computed that he had consumed 4383 kilogrammes in his life. What a cloud of smoke it would have made could it have been collected; enough to have darkened the sun!

He was growing old now. He was ninety-eight years. Did the habit abate? Not at all.

When he was near ninety years of age, he began to feel a failure of his powers of mind and body.

"You have a little time to live now," said his physician.

He would have to smoke harder now since his days were so few.

He sent for a notary.

"My good friend," said he, "let us fill our pipes, for I am about to die, and I must make my will. Are you ready?"

"I am ready."

Puff! puff! puff!

"First, I desire that all the smokers of the country shall be invited to my funeral. Put that down."

Puff! puff! puff!

"That there shall be made a present of tobacco to every poor man who follows me to my grave, and also to every one who remembers to keep the anniversary of my death for years to come; and I wish that all who come to my funeral, and go to my grave, shall smoke, smoke, smoke all of the time. Line my coffin with cigar boxes, and lay my body on a bed of old Dutch tobacco. Place in my coffin my big pipe, and a box of matches. Put that all down."

Puff! puff! puff!

"And let each one on taking leave of my body, scatter over my coffin the ashes of his pipe."

Then old Mynheer Van Klaes filled his pipe for the last time, and smoked his life away, and his soul went out in a cloud of smoke.

There was never such a funeral. People came to it from far and near. The palace was filled with smoke.

Van Klaes had loved good eating as most smokers do, and he had a favorite cook named Gertrude, who could see no sense in a man's turning himself into a mere chimney. She thought such people but little better than the animals, and she treated his pipe with a sharp tongue.

Mynheer Van Klaes left Gertrude a fortune on the condition that she should smoke at his funeral. She smoked a cigarette on the occasion. I am sorry that she had to do it — would you have done so against your conscience? You do not answer up promptly, as a made-up mind should.

He left a fortune to Rotterdam, but did his benefactions compensate for his example? There are fortunes that do not enrich, and I mind me that nothing can compensate for making a man so lazy as to lose his sense of the value of his higher powers.

It all ended in smoke, but his kindly heart will long keep alive the memory of the great pipe and odd funeral of old Mynheer Van Klaes.

THE EXTENDED ARM, OR THE BED ACROSS THE DOOR.

A LITTLE old low-roofed Dutch tavern. Do you see it? Diamond glass windows set in lead frames, where little gray birds hid in the drift of storms.

It was surrounded by a garden, and before its battered door hung a lamp. Village people lounged there; burghers rested there; travellers stopped there over night.

Near it rose the church spire over the sleepy town, and the lime-trees along the dull dark canal.

There had not been a sensation in the old town for many years. People had been born, married and died, and their children had been born, married and died; the human tide rose and fell, the lime-trees grew greener in May and russet in November, and that was all.

One day it was told in the inn, that young Hugo Van Palm had gone to Cape Town. The people pitied his father and mother.

Hugo went to Johannesburg, gold was there; to Kimberley, diamonds were there.

A great crowd of restless, feverish men were in both places; lonesome men, as all men of the desert mines are. There was a fever for gold in all minds and hearts. It found an outlet in gambling.

Hugo had an honest soul when he went to the mines, but he loved to be where gold gleamed. So he went to the gambling tables for company, and he was at last induced to try a hand just for sport; then to venture for money and he won, and he lost his better life in gaining gold. As his conscience turned against him he became superstitious, as all who gain false money do.

After the laws became strict, he digged alone in one of the guarded apartments of the Kimberley mines. He thought of his old mother often, and his one hope was to make her happy when he should return to the quiet village of the lime-trees.

Old Dame Van Palm was a woman of great good sense. Her conscience was clear, and one can reason well out of a pure heart. She read between the lines of Hugo's letters that with all of his gains in Cape gold, he was losing the gold of his soul; his nobler and better self was departing.

"I would rather have my boy's old true heart," she would say, "than all the gold of Johannesburg or diamonds of Kimberley. But he will come to himself again."

After many years it was told that the same Hugo had come back; that he was rich; that he had gathered gold at Johannesburg; bought a farm there, and he was trying to persuade his old mother to emigrate with him to the presidency of Oom Paul.

Hugo's sudden wealth awakened the envy of the canal boys, and ill-favor of the old, orderly people of the town.

Hugo still loved to gamble, and he one night met four adventurers who were travelling up from the dyked sea.

He had a merry, hot supper with them, and afterwards diced with them late into the night.

He spread out gold on the table; it gleamed, and young eyes watched the five men playing, through the diamond glass of the low windows where withered vines rustled.

The merry adventurers continued to play at the little old inn, to the scandal of the good name of the town.

One still night an extraordinary thing happened. There fell a tap on the window. The dicers turned their eyes toward it; a figure in white stood there; it raised its arm, which was nearly twice as long as its body; moved away shaking its long arm; then suddenly drew near again, unmasking a face, and disclosing eyes as of fire.

The five men leaped up in terror; their consciences told them that their occupation was an evil one, and they all believed in the existence of evil spirits. The strange being rattled the window; the five dicers and the boy at the sideboard counter, rushed out of the room into the kitchen, the gamblers leaving on the table their gold and five hats.

They returned when their wits came back, led by the doughty old landlord.

The room was dark. The candles had been extinguished. There was a gust of cold air from the window.

"Ach Himmel!" exclaimed the landlord. He rushed back for a light and the five men followed him, each one inwardly

resolving that he would never gamble again, if he could get safely home from the place.

When the landlord returned to the room, the gold was gone from the table, and the five hats.

So the five men stayed over night at the inn, and slept in one room, and the landlord put his own bed across the door.

The news of the night of terror filled the town. The inn gained the reputation of being haunted, and travellers would only sleep there on the condition that the landlord should place his own bed across the door.

Young Hugo's good name vanished with the evil reports of the disgrace that he had brought upon the inn. The landlord berated him soundly as bringing upon his place aversion, silence, and ruin.

Hugo thought much on the scenes of the night. He heard his poor mother say daily, —

"See what you have brought upon us, Hugo. That was fools' gold, and I wish that you had never gone to the coast, but had remained here content and quiet."

She would rock to and fro and say, "Ach Himmel! Ach Himmel!"

It was for her sake that he had desired gold, and at last he could endure her reproaches no longer. She had been a very gentle woman till all this terror had come to the town.

One day he said to his mother, —

"Good mother, I have been thinking."

"And well you may say that, Hugo."

"What could a phantom do with hats and gold?"

"He could use the hats to bury the gold in, Hugo."

"You well say, good mother, but I decline to think that the phantom was no phantom after all."

"Did ever a human have an arm twice as long as his body, Hugo?"

"Yes, for to terrify cowards."

"What makes you a coward, Hugo?"

"My conscience, good mother. I knew that it was not right to gamble."

"Then why did you do it, Hugo?"

"I learned it at the mines, and the habit followed me."

"It is in a pitiable case that you are, Hugo. Ach Himmel — look there now!"

Before the window stood a tall white figure with blazing eyes, and an extended arm. The good woman sunk upon her knees.

"He means you, Hugo," she gasped.

The figure moved away, extending its arm as it went.

Hugo sat down, punched the fire, then dropped his chin into his two hands.

He got up again at last and looked out. In an open space beyond the garden stood the figure with the extended arm. The phantom, if such it was, seemed waiting, as if expecting to see Hugo and his mother run away.

His mother looked out and exclaimed, "Ach Himmel!"

But she was not quite sure as to the nature of the apparition.

"Hugo," she said, "my conscience is clear, Heaven knows — is yours?"

"No, good mother."

"Then may Heaven save you; no one can reason rightly unless he is right within. Let me reason for you, Hugo. The thing comes here on your account; it wants gold, your gold."

"How can you tell that, mother?"

"It came for gold before; it frightened you all, and it got the gold. It beat you on your own ground, Hugo. A spirit does not seek gold; it never takes gold away with it — and hats. This is the same as the other one — it is a human, Hugo. Look! look!"

The figure was extending its arm in the moonlight. It was an arm with a waving sleeve which shook in the air.

"That's no spirit, Hugo" said the old woman. "I can see. It is a man. He wants to frighten us away, that he may search your trunks, Hugo. I have an eye to discern the spirit, Hugo — I have an honest soul."

"Let me use my pistol on him — I will — if he be a spirit it can do no harm; if he be a thief, he ought to be downed."

"Never you do that, Hugo. Think what a memory it would leave in your mind. Think of him, — you tempted him with the false gleam of your ready gold. He may have the saving remnant in him, and become a good soul yet."

Hugo stood silent. Now his superstition excited him; now his mother's clear reason held him.

The figure waited long, extending now and then its arm, and then moved away. What it had expected did not seem to happen.

"Go to rest, mother," said Hugo, "and I will sleep on a couch before the door. We invite phantoms by our fears, and I will protect you from harm."

"How, Hugo?"

"By an honest life."

"You will not gamble?"

"No, good mother, for your sake I will not gamble."

"That would be a countercharm, Hugo. But how will the apparition know?"

"I will inform him."

"Oh, Hugo, Hugo, you distress me sore!"

Hugo made him a gown with a long sleeve, which he could distend by a stick in his hand, at the end of which was a dark lantern.

The next night, after his mother had gone to her bed, he heard a tap at the window. He was resting on a couch, the back of which he had placed before his mother's door.

"Hugo?" said the poor woman, — "Hugo, I thought I heard something at the window."

Hugo did not answer. He had dressed himself in his own gown, with the extended arm.

There was another rattle at the window.

"Hugo, get up, — it has come again!"

There was a shriek at the window. The old woman leaped from her bed and looked out.

There stood in the open garden two apparitions with extended arms. A man was flying past on horseback in terror, his hat falling from his head as he went.

"Coward!" she heard Hugo exclaim. "Tell me where you hid my gold! Tell me now instantly, or I will hold over you a hand of fire and blast you."

"Go with me," said the other.

"No, tell me where you hid the gold. Your voice is human. Tell me, or I will lift a hand of fire and blast you!"

The old woman shook, as she saw what seemed to be a hand of fire lifted into the air.

"Where, where?" exclaimed Hugo.

"In the five hats in the well under the great lime-trees," said the thief with the extended arm.

"Who are you?"

"I am Hugo, and who are you?"

"I am the widow's son. You tempted me to do it, with your show of gold. Forgive me now and let me go, for my mother's sake."

Hugo's mother came rushing out of the door.

"Let him go, let him go!" she cried; "you tempted him to envy. Let him go!"

"But what shall I say to the tavern-keeper, mother?"

"Tell him that you know all, and that you will sleep before the door of any room in the inn. Ach Himmel! Ach Himmel! and we will be honest people, all of us. Tell me that, Hugo."

"That I will, good mother."

"And you, you poor tempted soul, who dreamed out this wicked dream to rob your betters."

"That I will, good mother."

"And let us all go in, and fall upon our knees, and then I will make ye both some black coffee, and we will sup with a bit of cheese, and I will rest in peace to-night. There will be no need of a bed across the door."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE JEW OF KIMBERLEY.

MR. MCFYNNEY went back to the Jew again one morning.

"I wish to talk with him," he said, "before trade begins, when his mind is clear."

He found the Jew alone, sitting in the door, looking out on the fresh, glittering sea.

"A bright morning, my friend," said he. "I don't want to bother your time, but if I could only find any clue that would lead me to learn something about the owner of the knife that you sold me, it would relieve my mind. What did the man say to you when he offered the knife?"

"I recollect nothing that could be of any service to you, mine frien'; I wish I could. Was the boy your son?"

"My foster son, — my own son died, and this boy became the world to me — the heart of my heart, as it were."

The Jew said, "Well, let me think now. I only remember that the man who sold me the knife was a prospector, with a grizzly beard, and two eyes looking out over his beard, — clothes just like all other prospectors. He asked me how much I would give him for the knife. I said to him, 'A sixpence.' He answered, '*A Jew in Kimberley offered me a shilling for it.*' And I said to him, 'I will give you a shilling;' and he went away."

"Do you know who that Jew in Kimberley was?" asked Mr. McFynney, with intense interest.

"He must have been one of the Jewish brokers, — one of the buyers and sellers of things lost and found, or not needed. I think it was Madock; he keeps the largest assortment of such

things, and supplies information to strangers. He may remember the circumstance. He has a clear memory. He may have known the man, — I cannot tell."

Mr. McFynney returned to the hotel with a new light of hope in his face. He became impatient to go to Kimberley.

"Our Boys" were going by the way of Port Elizabeth. They wished to see Algora Bay, and some ostrich farms near the port.

He set out by rail for Kimberley at once.

"Our Boys" went to Port Elizabeth, making a delightful sail along the coast. It was their purpose to go to the interior by the routes where they could see the most of the progress of the country.

Near Port Elizabeth "Our Boys" visited one of the great ostrich farms, and there saw the hatching of an ostrich egg, which seemed like a transference of animal consciousness from one world to another.

The little ostrich in the egg in the sand at the outside of the breast of its mother, who was also watching the interesting event, seemed to know that it was in an egg, else why should he have broken the shell? It had broken the part of the egg near its bill, and already felt the light of the sun.

"How did this sense come?" asked Being of Mr. Goldstein.

"The creature comes out of the egg with eyes, nose, and ears," said Going. "How did he know that he would want them when he got out of his shell into the world?"

"He will begin to eat as soon as he is out of his shell," said Doing. "How did he know that he would have to eat?"

"Instinct," answered Mr. Goldstein.

The party, which consisted of Mr. Goldstein, the Dutchman, and our three boys, leaned against some posts covered by an iron fence. They became intensely interested in the sight of the breaking of the shell, and fixed their eyes upon it intently.

Presently the little creature made a struggle and the shell

parted, and the new inhabitant of the planet began to be free, greatly to the satisfaction of the mother.

"Now dot am strange," said the Dutchman, "it surely am; call it nature — what is she? — Ach Himmel!" The last words did not refer to the hatching of the ostrich, but to an unexpected thing.

"Whot was dot?"

He had received a powerful kick as he leaned against a corner post which held up the wires.

The male ostrich had been drawing near that particular place, had turned and dealt the fencing a blow with his foot near where the Dutchman stood.

"Ach Himmel!" he repeated, "where would I have been but for dot there wire?"

Thus ended the philosophy in regard to the transference of consciousness from one sphere of life to another. The little ostrich was out in the full light of the sun, and the male ostrich was a proud bird, and the female a happy one.

Ostriches' eggs are frequently used by the natives as water bottles. A single egg may be made to contain five pints of water. The natives can cross the desert by the use of these bottles and cannot be followed by others except in the same way, on account of the want of water.

Captain Cummings gives a very interesting account of the nests of these birds and of the habits of the wild birds at their nests.

"While encamped at this valley," he says, "we fell in with several nests of ostriches; and here I first ascertained a singular propensity peculiar to these birds. If a person discovers the nest, and does not at once remove the eggs, on returning he will most probably find them all broken. The old birds invariably break eggs that have been discovered, even when the intruder has not handled them, or so much as ridden within five yards of them. The nest is merely a hollow scooped in the sandy soil, generally amongst heath or other low bushes; its diameter is

about seven feet; it is believed that two hens often lay in one nest. The hatching of the eggs is not left, as is generally believed, to the heat of the sun, but on the contrary, the cock relieves the hen in the incubation. The eggs form a considerable item in the Bushman's cuisine, and the shells are converted into water flasks, cups and dishes. I have often seen Bushgirls and Bakalahari women, who belong to the wandering tribes of the Kalahari desert, come down to the fountains from their remote habitations, sometimes situated at an amazing distance, each carrying on her back a kaross, or a net-work containing from twelve to fifteen ostrich egg-shells, which had been emptied by a small aperture at one end; these they fill with water, and cork up the hole with grass.

BUSHMAN STALKING OSTRICHES.

"A favorite method adopted by the wild Bushman for approaching the ostrich, and other varieties of game, is to clothe himself in the skin of one of these birds, in which, taking care of the wind, he stalks about the plain, cunningly imitating the gait and motions of the ostrich, until within range, when, with a well-directed poisoned arrow from his tiny bow, he can generally seal the fate of any of the ordinary varieties of game. Their insignificant-looking

arrows are about two feet six inches in length; they consist of a slender reed, with a sharp bone head, thoroughly poisoned with a composition, of which the principal ingredients are obtained sometimes from a succulent herb, having thick leaves, yielding a poisonous milky juice, and sometimes from the jaws of snakes. The bow barely exceeds three feet in length; its string is of twisted sinews. When a Bushman finds an ostrich's nest he ensconces himself in it, and there awaits the return of the old birds, by which means he generally secures the pair. It is by means of these little arrows that the majority of the fine plumes are obtained which grace the heads of the fair throughout the civilized world."

CHAPTER XV.

KIMBERLEY, BY NATAL—THE STORY OF MAJUBA HILL—THE JEW'S STORY OF CECIL RHODES, AND OF THE DISAPPEARANCE OF VERT.

"OUR boys," left Algora Bay for an indirect journey to Kimberley. They passed up the coast to Natal. They wished to see the famous port of Natal, and to approach the Boer Republics in the historic way, now that they had seen the Cape Country.

Natal is a garden by the sea. The town is one of showers, flowers, and grateful views of the sea after the desert. Here the oleanders, magnolias, and cammelias come back again under a purple sky in the cool of the sea.

Natal is called the Garden Colony. Durban with its vines, gardens and verandas and stone houses, stands on a hill; it is the Newport of the Rand; it has airy hotels, and rickshaws wait your beckoning.

You seem to be in Bombay. The Indian population constitutes half the people, and some of these dusty orientals seem to have struck King Solomon's mines. The Indians being British subjects, makes things social and political harmonious and easy. Durban is a garden of the dusky children of the sun; where two races of like political education wave their fans and lounge on long porticos in the luxuries of the portable salver of insect-repelling smoke and the gleam of gems. Natal is the orient.

Durban harbor, like Delagoa Bay, is one of the ship cities of the seas. There the dredgers wage war with the sea, and the warfare is costing millions of dollars. The harbor bars, like the

tides, come and go — and men do the work that the ocean overturns, but that will gain in strength.

Here in the humid airs and in view of the opaline waters, amid tangled vines, and gardens of cane, and even of tea, amid insects that make a vital air, amid mingling Indians and Zulas, one may rest awhile, and sleep and dream, as one awaits the trumpet call of the coming or going steamer.

They made a zigzag journey to Kimberley for the purpose of studying the advance of civilization from Natal towards the interior.

The political history of the country now began to have a live interest for the boys. The party were on their way to the Boer country, to Orange Free State and the Transvaal over historic ground. As they rode along on the cars, and the mountain lines began to rise in the clear air, they heard frequent reference to "Gladstone's policy" and "Majuba Hill," and at last Majuba Hill rose before them, in the far, clear air. They knew the history of the battle of Majuba Hill in outline. They wished to gain a better understanding of it, in the region where the event occurred.

Mr. Goldstein endeavored to give them a clear view of the remarkable conflict one day, as they rode along, amid the political discussions of the people in the car.

The black, fortress-like hill rose before their eyes and faded as Mr. Goldstein told the wonderful story of the event on its heights.

THE STORY OF MAJUBA HILL.

It was in February, 1881. The Boers had proclaimed a republic, with Pretorias, Kruger, Joubert as the governing power. This Triumvirate had put a defensive army in the field.

The English held Pretoria.

The Triumvirate had sent a messenger there who had de-

manded of Sir Owen Langon, the British administrator, the keys of the public offices, in the name of the new republic.

The message read:

"We trust that your Excellency, as the representative of the noble British nation, will place our government in the position to assume administration."

The answer was prompt. It was,—

"The Transvaal is in a state of rebellion against Great Britain."

War began at once between the new Republic and the British government in the Transvaal.

When the British government in 1877 had annexed the Transvaal, the Britain had promised a Volksraad to the Boer. This promise had not been fulfilled in 1880, but the British had taxed the Boer.

Such was the new condition. The British garrison at Pretoria must be increased to resist the Triumvirate. Sir George Colley commanded the British troops in the country. He must defend the Queen's government at Pretoria.

He attempted the called-for re-enforcement. He gathered a small army at Bronkerspruit, about forty miles from Pretoria. Here the Boers, under the command of Franz Joubert, found ambush under the cover of a ridge bristling with thorn trees, a natural fortress.

The British troops, led by a band playing "Kiss Me, Mother," marched unsuspecting into the face of this natural fortress.

Suddenly the tune ceased. Boer horsemen seemed to leap out of the hills.

"My God," said the British officer, "look yonder!"

A Boer appeared with a white flag, and presented to the British officer the message,—

"You must go no farther."

"It is my order to march to Pretoria," said the officer, "and I must obey."

The messenger rode back and the hills of the thorn trees blazed. The Boer sharpshooters were from the first masters of the field. The British officers fell on every hand. The fight was a massacre. The one remaining British officer raised a white flag in the air.

The British saved their colors. They hid them under a bed in a hospital wagon, and then a conductor wrapped them around his body under his clothes, and bore them out of camp.

When Sir George Colley, the British commander, heard of the disaster, he determined to retrieve it. He was a bold, brave man. The shortest way for the British into the Transvaal from Natal was by Lang's Nec.

On the west of this neck among a network of mountains, rose a bold rocky mountain, called Majuba Hill. It was a natural fortress and commanded the country.

From the low hills and plains the traveller to the Vaal turned his eyes to Majuba Hill. There was, as it were, an atmosphere of fate about its gray summit — it was as though Titans had piled up rocks for an impregnable defence.

The Boers held Lang's Nec, and against this gateway into the Transvaal, Sir George Colley marched from New Castle with 1200 men.

He went in the rain. The roads were clay, the low plains quagmires.

The Boers awaited his coming in one of the natural fortresses of the hills.

Sir George Colley prepared to attack them in the mountains at the foot of Mt. Prospect, near the great Majuba Hill.

On the 28th of January, 1881, the rain ceased and his army moved out of camp. A battle was fought at Lang's Nec in an attempt to dislodge the Boers. But the Boer marksmen were the masters of the hills. The British fell before an invisible foe. They became panic-stricken. The attack failed. Gen

Colley saw that in view of such defences and such marksmen he could make but little progress into the Transvaal.

What was he to do with his small force? The Queen's government at Pretoria must be sustained. He could not abandon his purpose. He must intrench himself where he was and wait for re-enforcements. So he made a camp at Mount Prospect.

An engagement took place on a little plateau on the Ingogo river, when the British again fell under the unerring fire of the Boer sharpshooters.

But, amid these days of waiting, the solemn hill of Majuba rose in air. Sir George raised his glasses towards it. If he could gain the top of that hill stealthily, he, too, would hold a position that would command the gateway to the country, an almost impregnable fortress, where his own sharpshooters could command the hills and passes.

He began to dream of gaining the great gray fortress of rock by a night surprise.

Re-enforcements for the British army in South Africa were arriving at the port of Dunham. They were to march to New Castle near the camp at Prospect mountain.

Sir George studied Majuba Hill. Could he intrench himself there, he would be re-enforced, he thought, and then could descend and march triumphantly to Pretoria.

He resolved to make the venture; to ascend the great mass of rock 2500 feet high, in the night, to intrench his army behind the bold escarpments where no enemy could follow him under fire. He would, he thought, make Majuba a glory in English history.

So he dreamed and planned under the moonlit cliffs, raised his glasses to the Kloofs in the morning, and saw valor and glory on the heights in the rising sun.

The Boers could hardly have suspected such a bold movement by so small a force. It would be like taking the heavens for a defence. They probably did not know of the expected re-enforcement.

On the evening of the 25th of February, Sir George watched the light fail on the gray hill. The sun had set clear. He had seen some Boer sentinels descend.

That night the bold Briton was to attempt to fulfil his dazzling dream.

The movement was his secret. The soldiers gathered in their tents, the band played, the usual order was given to extinguish the tent lights. The soldiers went to rest at the same signal of the bugle.

The camp was darkness.

But, with the bugle, which the Boer heard and thought he understood, there was issued a secret order to a part of the troops to prepare for a night march.

"All movements are to be silent."

So they were.

A force of three companies of Highlanders, and of picked companies from other regiments, one of them a part of a naval brigade, — 554 men, — were ordered to march towards Majuba Hill. The men were eager to make the movement to retrieve the disasters of the past.

Did the thought of Wolfe at Quebec haunt Sir George? We do not know; but, before the march, he wrote to his wife as though he had a presentiment that he might be going forth for the last time.

"I am going out to-night," he said, "to try to seize Majuba Hill. I leave this note behind, in case I should not return, to tell you how much I love you. Don't let life be dark to you, if I do not come back. One can only do what seems right. Good-night, darling."

It was ten o'clock. The column started. It moved silently, by an indirect way, in single file. All went well under the moon and stars of that African night.

But at last the men of the naval brigade became detached from the main body of troops, and lost to it. Here was a delay.

It was midnight. The broken column caused General Colley intense excitement. The troops should be on the top of Majuba Hill before morning.

If the movement were discovered by the Boers, all might be lost. The troops could not return without discovering this intention to the Boers.

Some Kaffir guides at last found the missing company. Then a cold current of air called a *snell* wind came down from the north with a night chill. These things were ominous, but up climbed the men, the stars above them, the silence of darkness around them.

They hurried up the rocks and ravines to make up for the delay. They arrived at the top exhausted.

Three o'clock. They had reached the steep wall that led up to the top. They must climb now with their hands, the Kaffir guides leading them. They arrived at the top in the early dawn, and, spent with the fatigue, they threw themselves down to breathe.

General Colley surveyed the ground. He probably felt himself the master of the South African world. If he had had doubts, they must have fled for the moment, in the sunrise. To gain the top seemed to be victory.

The African sun rose in splendor, and the British flag waved in the sky.

The Boer camp lay below in the clear dawn.

It was the Sabbath, — a day that the Boer keeps sacred.

A Boer patrol came out of the silent tents, and walked in rifle range of Colley's men on the heights. A sharpshooter levelled his gun at him, and the Boer fell dead.

The Boer camps were awakened by the report. They swarmed with life, and all eyes were turned to the top of Majuba. They inspanned their oxen, and the army seemed about to flee. They were out-generalled.

But the Boers did not flee. Their strong faith came back to them.

They took council. The result of the consultation was,—

"We must take Majuba Hill."

The sharpshooters started to obey the decision. It was like a stroke against fate, but the overpowering force of faith went with them.

The morning passed.

"We could stay here always," said General Colley, confidently. Could they?

The Boers were coming up the hill. The smoke of their rifles was ascending in the fierce sunlight. But what had the British to fear?

At one o'clock General Colley laid down to rest, with a feeling of security and triumph. The world was beneath him.

He was aroused by the news that the Boer sharpshooters were thickening on the mountain side, and that his own men were falling. The Boers were marching up under the covered ways which their guides knew well. They had reached the steep path that led to the top.

Those who knew how to climb under cover could [illegible] this. The Boer guides knew all the ways of the [illegible]

The advance Boers appeared suddenly at an [illegible] of the Kopje, amid some brushwood, perhaps as [illegible] shooters, knowing how to use natural defences [illegible]

The British rushed upon them. [illegible] enemy, amid bowlders and bushes. [illegible] but the Boers' rifles told. The British [illegible]

The British held the hill, but the [illegible] of the hill that commanded the [illegible] more men were at the mercy of [illegible] guarded sharpshooters. The [illegible] less position; their officers [illegible] fled.

General Colley tried [illegible] turned to a fever of fear [illegible]

hundred or less Boers were masters of Majuba Hill, the gateway to the mountains, and the Triumvirate could now dictate to Pretoria.

The British who were left rushed pell-mell down the mountain, and many were shot down as they fled.

General Colley was found lying alone, a shot through his forehead, his face to the foe.

The British public have long been sensitive to the disaster of Majuba Hill. British soldiers have not often retreated, or been defeated by strategy. The struggle between the Briton and Boer has not yet ended, and it may have a long history.

Such was Mr. Goldstein's story. In 1900 the fall of Pretoria added another chapter to the event he described; but this was long after our story.

Kimberley rises solitary in the desert, and bedecks the world with her diamonds. She gleams at nearly every court and social reception, she adds beauty to beauty, and vanity to vanity, wherever wealth abounds. But who does not love to see a diamond on a lovely woman's neck and hair, on the finger of the musician, and amid the adornments that art offers to nature's charms? The lights of Kimberley burn everywhere.

A diamond in the rough is as crude glass to the eye; the diamond must polish the diamond, and then a secret of beauty that the earth has long concealed appears.

In the offices of the great De Beers Company, which owes much to the genius of Cecil Rhodes, may be seen behind guarded walls experts assorting piles of the peerless jewels. Their work is guarded, as though each expert were a man in an iron masque.

"Our boys" went down the vertical shaft of one of the mines fifteen hundred feet, and wandered thread-like ways of stone in suffocating air, amid the twinklings of electric lights.

They were glad to again see the blue African sky.

They visited the mining department where men work in pris-

ons, that they may not steal their productions, or lose them. These imprisonments must be days of gloom, but the excitements of games of chance are in their rocky caves.

They went to Kenilworth, where Cecil Rhodes has his sixteen-thousand-acre farm, and where are bungalows, amid feathery palms and emerald cacti.

Kimberley stands four thousand feet above the level of the sea, in an exhilarating atmosphere, such as gives to weak respiratory organs new vitality, as in the case of Mr. Rhodes. Here the earth is paved with gems below the surface on blue, flinty rock, and here human beings in companies and armies, and capitalists, make fortunes out of the sweat-blood and lives of the toiling poor. It has been a gathering-place of the world's adventurers, exiles from home and from hard political conditions, where, whatever else may fail, hope still lives, and each one who uses the pick and drill sees afar in his mind's eye some light of home.

THE JEW'S STORY OF CECIL RHODES, OF THE RAID, AND THE DISAPPEARANCE OF VERT.

WHEN "our boys" came to Kimberley they found Mr. McFynney still there and they went to his hotel. He was in a very cheerful mood; he had found the Jew, who not only kept a pawn shop but "supplied information in regard to missing friends." This latter part of his business brought custom indirectly and made his place known. He was something of a philosopher after the German methods of reasoning.

This Jew remembered the prospector who had offered to sell him the knife: he did not know that the knife was marked with *Vert*; had he noticed the mark he would doubtless have purchased the knife.

For this Jew had known Vert after Mr. McFynney's departure

from Cape Town to England, and he understood the cause of his going away.

The Jew visited the hotel evenings, and one night Mr. McFynney asked him to relate to "our boys" the reason why Vert had left Kimberley.

"It is all strange, very strange," he said. "The world is strange, all strange. Matter is but 'spirit bodied forth'—extension of invisible thought for the purpose of manifestation—all things are but extension of the spiritual monads which come from the eternal spirit. I favor that thinking.

"You have heard of Cecil Rhodes, a strange, silent man—unlike other men.

"He went to college in England, and fell into consumption there. Would he stay there and die?—no, no, not he; he believed that the disease could be overcome; that the mind as a lever, could overcome anything and so he came out here.

"He wanted money, not for pleasure—he did not seek amusements; not for a name—he did not seem to care for fame, but for power. He began to dream of getting possession of Africa, not a part, but the whole of it, for the English crown. That consumptive young man, empty-handed, seems to have had the same thoughts about Africa that Lord Clive had about India—he saw in his mind that if he could make treaties with the native tribes of Zambesi, and secure English concessions there, he could win the heart of Africa for England. He dreamed of a railroad from the Pyramids of Egypt to Cape Town, of telegraphic wires along the Coast—and all of his dreaming centred on one thing, the glory of England.

"But he must have money first, so he said. He came to Kimberley, and worked in the mines. He dressed poorly, associated with simple people, but with those who had a knowledge of the country.

"He used to sit silent, and watch his workmen in the diamond mines. He looked like a pelican. His eyes were fixed on this and

that, but his thoughts seemed to be far away. He lived in his dreams; and his dreams were plans.

"That man overcame consumption, organized companies and made money, and became at first almost an idol of the English race, and then a shadow in England, and a mystery to the world.

"He lived in his purpose; not in the past, present, or future, but in his purpose. Do you wish to see his soul? Hear his own words: I carry a newspaper slip of them in my pocket; he says:

"'I remember, in the impetuosity of my youth, I was talking to a man advanced in years, who was planting — what do you think? He was planting oak-trees, and I said to him, very gently, that the planting of oak-trees by a man in advanced years seemed to me rather imaginative. He seized the point at once and said to me, "You feel that I shall never enjoy the shade." I said, "Yes," and he replied, "I had the imagination, and I know what that shade will be, and at any rate no one will ever alter those lines. I have laid my trees on certain lines; I know that I cannot expect more than to see them beyond a shrub; but with me rests the conception, and the shade, and the glory." And so I would submit to you the idea that many of us have conceptions, and we may also have the frank conception that in our temporary existence the results cannot be known; but we can work, slowly and gradually, for those results which may come beyond our temporary existence; and it is satisfactory to feel that you may found the lines in the same way as this individual whose pleasure I saw, who was laying the lines of his oak-trees. My motives have been assailed. I have many enemies, and they have insinuated many reasons; but they do not understand yet the full selfishness of my ideas; and I will take you into my confidence and say this to you, that I have a big idea that I wish to carry out, and I know full well the reward: the reward is one which is the highest that a human being can

obtain, and that reward is the trust, the confidence, and the appreciation of my fellow citizens.'

"He used to say, in effect: 'The great secret of life is work.' He believed that one could have anything if he would pay the price for it. The glory of England was his star. I do not believe that the glory of any one country is the true star, but the glory of all countries, but he held England to be the destined civilizer of the world.

"The boy Vert used to see him at work in the diamond mines, and he was drawn towards him by his silence. He followed him to the Cape. He there met Dr. Jameson. He there heard the two talk of England in Africa, and the northern tablelands. (Now Rhodesia.)

"Vert joined Jameson's mounted police; he became an Imperialist, for he thought imperialism stood for the highest civilization. To lead men to consent to civilization after Dr. Livingstone's and Gladstone's way is one thing, and to compel civilization by the sword is another.

"To him Cecil Rhodes stood for England in Africa, and when in a certain Cape town, the people took the horses out of Cecil Rhodes' carriage, and drew him through the shouting streets, he became one of Rhodes' shouting horses and pulled the long harness with the rest.

"Rhodes felt that the Dutch Republics stood in the way of his plan of the universal English empire in Africa. Oom Paul seemed to be dreaming the same dream as he. Oom Paul's was a Holland or Dutch-German dream.

"Rhodes was made premier at Cape Town.

"Kruger laid heavy taxes on the English and foreign miners at Kimberley. Rhodes knew their grievances. He went there. He found there 20,000 men who were dissatisfied, and who seemed only waiting a leader to rise and overthrow the Dutch power. They were unduly restricted, and had no voice in the law-making power.

"The dissatisfied miners formed societies. They secretly agreed to rise on a certain day, assert their independence, and raise the English flag. These things you know.

"Dr. Jameson, to further this plan, was to go with his mounted police to the border, and was to take the lead of the new struggle for independence. He was to cross the border on the day fixed upon, march to Kimberley, put himself at the head of the revolutionists, and the new force was to surprise Pretoria and seize the fortress. Oom Paul was to know nothing of the great plan until he found himself a prisoner.

"But not so with dull, stupid, Bible-reading, much praying Oom Paul. Not he: in a fair field Oom Paul was equal to the best.

"Sometimes the most finely wrought schemes miscarry.

"The people of Kimberley, when they saw what they were doing, and the peril to themselves it involved, changed their minds. They raised the Dutch flag and not the English flag on that day.

"Now Dr. Jameson sent a detachment of police to cut the wires that communicated with Pretoria and Oom Paul, but they fell drunk by the way, and some sober Boers, who had discovered the plot, sent another message to the far-sighted Dutch ruler, and he was up betimes, and his troops were on their hilly way to meet Dr. Jameson.

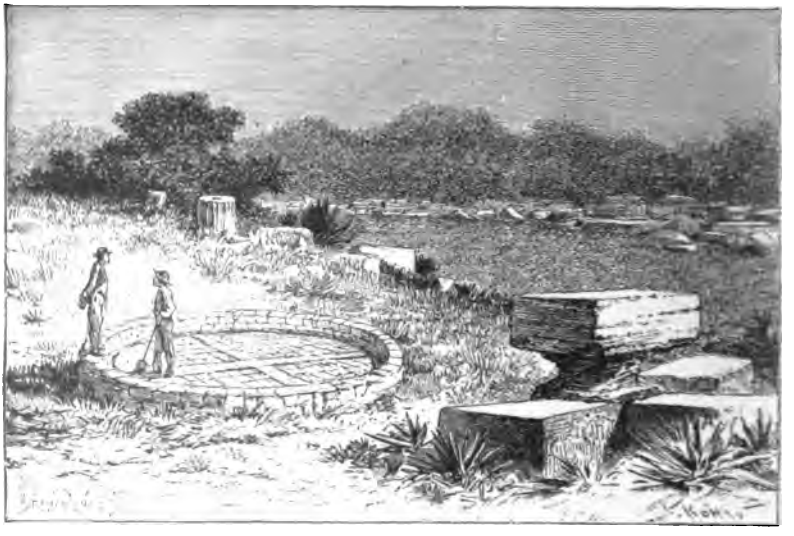
"Cecil Rhodes, too, had been made to see that the movement was not safe after hearing from Kimberley, and he sent despatches to Jameson not to cross the border, but the despatches came too late.

"Jameson crossed the border and Vert went with him. An ignorant guide led Jameson into a trap among hills, when Paul Kruger's riders came down, and surrounded him. He had to wave a white flag which was said to be a Hottentot woman's white apron.

"'You are my prisoners, all,' said Oom Paul's officer.

"'General, that we are,' said Dr. Jameson. Such was the inglorious end of the Jameson raid.

"The prisoners were conducted to Pretoria, but Vert escaped by the way, as did others; he got out of the country, and from a private letter that I have from him, he left the republic with a party of explorers, went north to the Lake Country, across the great thirst land, and returned to King Khuma's country.



RUINS IN THE KALAHARI DESERT.

"One Christmas afternoon, he set forth to ride to a post house with the mail, over the hills. That was in Khuma's country. I never heard from him afterward, except through the knife which you have showed me. He may be living; he may have gone to Salisbury; he may have returned to the lakes; he may have been captured by impis, or his *horse* may have fallen a prey to lions — I cannot say."

The words "his horse may have fallen a prey to lions" fell

like a shadow on the minds of all, and especially on that of McFynney.

"I shall leave you, my boys," said the latter. "I am going to Rhodesia, to the Zambesi, and it may be to the lakes, and shall return from the Zambesi to the Orange River. I will do my best to find Vert, whatever may happen to me."

He turned the knife in his hand, and with each gleam of the blade appeared the word "Vert" on the handle.

He consulted the Jew once more. "Is there nothing more that you can tell — any other clue that may have crossed your mind?"

"Only one — in one corner of the letter was written and erased, the line 'There are ruins here.' The words may have not been a part of the original letter."

Mr. McFynney turned the knife, and said "Ruins."

He was dreaming of the Khuma country, the great thirst land, the lake country, that strange region of mystery, now called British Central Africa, and a large part of it Rhodesia.

CHAPTER XVI.

HALLOWE'EN AT KIMBERLEY — THE THREE GHOST SEERS — CETEWAYO, THE GREAT ZULU KING.

THERE was an odd tavern at Kimberley, with corrugated iron verandas. The latter cast a cool protecting shade in the afternoons. It became a story-telling place.

Old travellers and miners gathered here, chiefly Englishmen.

These adventurers liked to relate old English stories such as reminded them of home scenes, habits, and customs. There is a charm in an Englishman's story of home, even if that home be in some old London quarter. Mr. McFynney, depressed as he was, found relief from a brooding mind in story telling.

It was now near Hallowe'en, a night given to merriment not only in Scotland but in certain quarters of English cities.

On the night of the 31st of October, Mr. McFynney was importuned for a Hallowe'en story, especially by some young English ladies, and by "Doing," the lively American boy. He called his story, which was one of an "outlander" —

GHOSTS THAT DISCOVERED EACH OTHER.

I WILL tell you how an old English fortune finder in Africa found a bride.

It was the last night of October. The lights of London were out under a steel blue sky and a full-orbed moon. The lamps along the Thames smoked above the murky waters. "Big Ben" measured the flight of the hours, and the chimes of the St. Martin's-in-the-Fields sprinkled the air with a merry melody.

Under the great Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square, which seemed to command the procession of the stars, was a long row of cabs and hackney coaches, and among these many vehicles was one that belonged to two hackmen who were not related by blood, but were brothers in heart; Perry and Terry.

The two simple friends ran this hack between them, and, as it had rather gone by in appearance, they looked for passengers chiefly after dark — "night custom" from the great West End City of hotels, from strangers from the Victoria Station, from the passing people about the stone lions, statues, and fountains; from the confused wanderers in the great wilderness of grandeur and poverty.

"This has been a hard day," said Perry; "not a ghost of a passenger have we had. It is bad enough for one poor man to stand about from morning to night, with nothing to do but to strike his hands together as though he had something weighing on his mind, but for two men with families, like you and me, to stand waiting for a job, hour after hour, and to see the crowd rushing by, oh, that is cruel now! The poor old horse's head hangs lower and lower every day, and that is about the way I feel."

"An' did you see the two American girls wot came to the Golden Cross this morning?" said Terry. "One o' them is a singer, and she comes from Boston on the other side, and the other one, she looks skeery like; she 's an hartist. They 've come to Lunnon to study. They told all their affairs to the lady clerk at the desk, after they had registered, and I stood by and heard them, I did; who should not. I did n't know but what I might find a job, but when I said to the skeery one, 'Have a hack, madame?' she all seemed to shrink away, and so I meself shrunk out of the door, and struck my hands together, with an ache in me heart. Say, Perry, they are going to a concert to-night; I heard them asking about it. Maybe we 'll get a job. Watch out for 'em. I 'm going into the vict-

ualler's, an' if I do not come back before nine, take home the old hack to the Hotel de Bateau and put up the horse, and it is better luck it may be that we will have to-morrow. Maybe you'll find a passenger at the Golden Cross. If so, drive on, and good luck to you!"

Terry sidled away. As he was entering the Golden Cross to inquire of a porter if his friend Black had been there to ask for him, a timid-looking girl dressed in a very peculiar costume, seemingly in white, under a cloak that partly enveloped her form, came into the vestibule where were statues and palms and other adornments, and said to the porter, —

"Will you find me a safe hack?"

"Yes, that I will, miss. Right here — this is Terry."

Another very timid-looking girl appeared.

"Is it a hotel hack?" she asked shyly.

"Oh, no! But it runs for all the houses alike. I can recommend Terry. He is an honest man, a trusty man, a deserving man. I assure you that you will find him civil and kindly, and that he knows all the West End and the Thames streets like a book. The duke once rode in his hack — the Duke of — bother me now if I can remember which one. It was long ago, however."

Terry was proud of the compliments; he took off his soft hat, and held it in his hand and said, —

"It is accommodatin' that I be, mum. I'll have the hack here in three minutes, mum, the very one, mum, an' where is it that I should be after taking you, mum?"

The lady timidly handed the porter a card, on the back of which was written distinctly the place to which she wished to go. The porter read the direction to Terry in a clear voice, and repeated it to him.

"Twenty-Seven Goldstein Hall," said he.

"Twenty-Seven Goldstein Hall," said Terry, taking off his hat again and bowing out of respect to the ladies. "An' sure

I know where that is," he added, "or I ought to — only a turn away from the Old Thatched House, and the stable cellar in which I keep my hack. I could find the way if they took away the moon."

Terry went out with a round face, saying to himself as he clapped his hands briskly together, —

"I wonder where now is Perry?"

Perry? He had started in the hack for a slow ride around the square, and in a few minutes' time stopped before the door of the old Golden Cross inn, of the Dickens' legend; then, finding no one in need of service, he crossed the street with the hack, dismounted, and went down into a cellar restaurant around the corner. He found jovial company there, and he tarried long at the table. He left the hack in care of a boy — the horse was used to standing.

"There is your hack," said the porter to the ladies. He went out to it, told the boy to cross the street, opened the door, and the two ladies entered the ducal vehicle and drew down the curtains of the windows.

"The driver will be here in a minute," said the porter, before closing the door with a bang. There was not an odor of castles about the coach.

"Thank you, sir," said one of the ladies in a musical voice. "You have put me quite at my ease; you are very kind."

"She must be an American," said the porter to himself. "No English lady would have spoken to me in a tone like that!"

The tone made him a happy man; he seemed to belong to the world again, not to be detached as before.

The boy led back the hack to the place where Perry had left it, and supposed that Perry knew what the porter had done; that these two women were engaged passengers, who had awaited the porter's service.

Now Terry, with the woman's card, was running hither and

thither about Trafalgar Square, looking for Perry. Terry was not only desirous of getting the pay for the service, but he wished to accommodate such a polite, sweet-faced passenger. But the hack was nowhere to be found.

Perry came out of the restaurant, sent the boy away abruptly, and looked around for the last time for a passenger. Then he mounted the seat, not knowing that any one was in the coach, and with a discouraged look made his way among the caravan of 'buses, cabs and hackney coaches toward a very quiet part of the city, on the Thames, in which quarter were the old stables of the Hotel de Bateau. He cracked his whip, put his pipe into his mouth, crossed his legs, and said, —

"Never a passenger to-night. Ah, well-a-day! I wonder where Terry went to. I can feel for him."

Terry was still running around the thronged square of the high monument with the lady's card in his hand, looking for Perry, who was nowhere to be seen. Then he went back to the Golden Cross to tell the porter that Perry must have found a passenger. But the porter had gone out. He went to the desk where the "lady" clerks were.

"An' where is me lady who was looking for a hack?"

"She found one, and is gone."

"Gone!" How mournful as the winds of November that word sounded! "Gone? That is her card. What luck I do have! Gone — the lady gone, the hack gone, Perry gone! I 'll have to go too. This is an unsartain world, where so many people get a living just by jostlin' against each other. Well, we 'll all jostle each other down below, by-and-by."

Lights twinkled everywhere. Terry's eyes swept over the glitter and glare.

"Everybody seems to be going," he said.

London is the world. Nowhere on earth does a stranger feel his littleness more than there, and especially at the West End. where the monuments record the triumphs of time; where the

Abbey hides the dusty hands that once held the sceptre; where "Big Ben" of the Parliament houses rings out the hours; and where humanity goes on over streets and bridges, vanishing into the light, vanishing into the night, but vanishing forever.

About Trafalgar Square what myriad of vehicles rumble on—where? One knows nothing of another. London is the world and in the London world are thousands of worlds, and if there be a wilderness of loneliness to the stranger or to the laboring poor on the habitable earth it is there.

"Everybody seems to be going alone;" said poor Scotch-Irish Perry and added, as he rode on his solitary way, "Terry and I and our lone families are all that there is left of Lunnon to Terry and Perry. Terry and Perry are Lunnon to each other, and all the rest are wanderers."

Unhappy Perry! Not knowing that he had one passenger, much less two, he drove on to the stables of the Old Thatched House amid the misty lights of London. He turned discouraged into the lane of the hotel, down to the cavernous stables and into them, quickly unharnessed the horse, and having no more thought that there was any one in the coach than on top of it, he hastened out of the place and went to his family aching at heart that he could carry to his home so few words of cheer.

There is something that turns the soul to its better moods in the stillness of the London streets as the night darkness and the lamps become dim. This is especially so to one going out from the West End, where crowds rush on in glittering air, and footfalls never cease.

"Poor Terry," said Perry to himself as he jogged homeward, "is like a brother to me heart now, and I have a feeling for him. May he have better luck in another world. I hope that there 's some better world for the likes of us, an' the old 'orse, but I 'd rather stay here, after all, where it is better acquainted I am, as hard as is me lot in life. Ah, Terry! It is true to me you have been!"

The streets became more lonely, and at last he came to his own lonely door.

Who were the two young ladies thus left in an old hack in a dark stable in London on this night, under such strange circumstances?

The older was a simple American girl, with a lovely face, but very limited knowledge of the world. She cherished an ambition to become a public singer, and possessed the gift of a really beautiful voice. An American family had helped her to secure the beginning of a musical education at home and had furnished her with the means to visit Europe, and to study for a year abroad. They had given her letters of introduction to some musical Americans in London, and the latter had invited her to take a part in an entertainment for a popular charity in which they took an interest, and to this concert she now supposed herself to be on the way.

She had taken a room at the West End at the old Golden Cross Hotel. Her name was simply Mary White, which she had changed for public programmes to "Mabella Blanco."

She had come to London full of the spirit of success, but had faced the world's broad life timidly, and to-night in the old hotel stable she was to meet with her first adventure in her private and public career.

Her friend was a little art student, a mere girl, as I said, who had attended school with her, crossed the ocean with her, and was on her way to Rome, where she had friends. She was a very modest little lady, and Miss White had addressed her as "O Belle," so often, that the latter had taken to herself the name of "Obelle," and signed that name to amateur work. She had acquired an odd habit of echoing Mabella.

The ways of London were strange to them. As they had ridden along on this still night the streets had seemed to be rattling past them, when they appeared to stop. They had imagined there was something wrong about the horse or har-

ness, or that there was some obstruction in the way; a "blockade," as one would say "in the States."

They sat there in the hack in a stable, without horse or driver, but thinking that the vehicle would shortly move on. There was a somewhat strange suggestion in the sounds about them. A cat mewed outside of the hack as though she wanted company, and the sound seemed to come from some hollow place, quite unlike a street. Mabella drew the worn curtain from the window nervously, and looked out. She saw that she was in some wide, shadowy place open partly on one side and roofed with thatch. In view of the open space was a row of silent buildings, and on one of them was a sign high in the air that read Hotel de Bateau.

Close to the place, and having steps leading down into it, was a tall house, brightly lighted, in which there seemed to be assembling a party. The rooms echoed the outburst of happy voices, as though the people were welcoming guests.

"Oh, Belle," she said with a little shudder to her young companion, "do look out! What is that sign up there? London seems so crowded by day, and so vacant at night — the names have a haunting look."

Miss Obelle read, spelling, —

"H-o-t-e-l — d-e — B-a-t-e-a-u. It has a lonesome sound," she added, echoing, as always, Mabella's thought.

"What does that mean?"

"The hotel of the boat. It makes me think of King John and little Arthur."

"Oh, Belle! That was a very dreadful story!"

"That was a very dreadful story," said the echo, "and it is very still here."

"Oh, Belle, it seems like being buried! Just see that rooster in the moon!"

She referred to the weather-vane on the roof of the Hotel de Bateau, which appeared through the opening.

Mabella's heart beat. Where was her hackman? She felt about for a strap that connected with the driver's box — there was none. She turned the knob on the door, and looked out cautiously. Everything around her seemed still and strange. She said, —

"Oh, Belle, I don't see anything! Where are we? Driver — hello!" Her voice echoed, and her little friend echoed, —

"Where are we?" timidly. "I say, driver, hello! Where am I?"

There was no response except from the lonely cat, who ran to the steps of the hack confidingly and leaped into the vehicle, and began to rub Mabella's feet, and to purr. This was all very extraordinary.

"Driver, hello! What has happened? Where are we?" exclaimed Mabella again.

Silence. The moon was shining brightly through the misty light of the Thames in an unclouded sky; there was a wintry vigor in the air; it was a beautiful night at the doors of the changing year, whose noiseless hinges were turning; a late October night.

"Belle, I'm going to get out; you stay there."

Mabella stepped out of the hack venturesomely and looked around. It was very still and shadowy everywhere. She cried out in a clear tone, —

"Driver, where are the horses?" — meaning the horse.

But there was no driver — there were no horses. How came she there? This was not the concert hall.

A voice in the hack said in a long drawn whisper, like that of a stage-struck amateur, —

"Where are we?"

"We may be in the dungeon keep of the Tower for aught I can tell."

"What is that?" asked the echo, in a more concise tone.

"I never knew. The driver has gone to change his horses and has left us here. This is a rainy place."

"A watery place."

"No, a rainy place. It is the London way. I've read of it in books."

Mabella ventured a new foot out from the hack.

"Oh, Belle! I can see water! It glimmers. I can hear it swish, swish. The moon out there on the water makes me think of the Thames flow in the Tower."

"But the Tower is not in this part of London," ventured the maid.

"Maybe it has been moved. Oh, no, that could not be! Oh, how my heart beats! Does n't yours?"

"It's scared. I wish I were in Boston. We ought not to be run such risks as these alone." So thought the little artist, who was all eyes now.

The moon, which had been struggling with flying clouds, now threw a silvery silence over the ancient hotel, great shade, and the house of lively mysteries.

Mabella glanced at the ducal coach and was prepared to believe that "that was a long time ago."

A man in a smock-frock entered the open space. He did not seem to be surprised at finding a woman there; he probably thought her to be a guest of the family in the adjoining house.

"Are you looking for a *fly*, mum?"

"A fly?" Mabella gasped. "No!" And before she could recover from her wonder at such a strange question, the man in the smock-frock had gone. "Oh, Belle, he asked me if I was looking for a fly!"

"Is n't a fly a carriage?" ventured the little maid again, modestly. She had read much about London.

Time was passing. They would be late for the concert.

"Where are we?" asked Miss Obelle, timidly.

Where were they indeed? Had they been brought here to be waylaid? Mabella stood aghast at these mental questions. She recalled a terrible story she had once read, entitled "My First and Last Night in London." She began to shake with apprehension and terror, when a mysterious sight caused her to step back into the coach and to close the door. The friendly cat jumped into her lap; the sympathy was not unwelcome.

A curtain was lifted from one of the windows in the house. Before it, on the inside, stood a tub, and an old man was seen dipping his head into it, and then bobbing it up, his gray locks dripping with water. At last he lifted his wet face with an heroic expression, holding an apple in his mouth. A great shout arose, when the curtain was drawn down.

"Oh, Belle, Belle, you may well ask 'Where are we?' What could that man have been doing? He did not look as though he would hurt any one. Oh, Belle, there 's something else! Look, look!"

Miss Obelle looked, and said in a whisper,—

"It may be an asylum. Just look at her!"

The little maid had a very practical mind. She thought that there must be a cause for everything.

Each stood half erect in the ancient hack of the ducal legend. The river winds rustled the leaves of the lime trees in the hotel yard. There were faint sounds of a harp in the merry house. One lone carriage rolled by in the near street. A dog barked somewhere. The sound seemed friendly amid the shadows of mysteries.

It was indeed a strange sight that met their eyes. The house was connected with the stables by a long flight of steps, a part of which were under the open way, and a part under wide doors.

The new spectacle was that of a woman coming down the steps that led from the house to the stables, backward. In one hand she held a candle, and in the other a mirror. Her move-

ments were very slow, lest the sound should make a noise. She stopped as the shadows lengthened and said —

"This last night, this last night,
Candle and glass are here,
And he that wants my true love,
Now let us have appear."

"Mabella," said Obelle, in a whisper, "what is she saying?"

"It is something awful! Listen!"

The young woman had ventured down another step, feeling her way with her backward-turned foot very cautiously. She spoke again in verse, —

"All Hallows, all Hallows,
Candle and glass are here,
And he that wants my true love be
Let now his face appear."

"She says All Hallows," said Miss Obelle. "This place must be that. I don't believe in ghosts."

The young woman ventured another backward step. From some unknown recess in the place came a young man on tiptoe, like a stage assassin: with still steps he crossed the shadowy way, and approached the young lady unseen by her. Mabella's heart stood still. She could not doubt the young man was about to waylay the incautious young woman, whose mind seemed to be occupied with some strange incantation. Should she give an alarm? Should she thus risk her own life? The supposed assassin made some hasty strides and looked over the shoulder of the preoccupied young woman, who was now at the foot of the steps. She uttered a shriek, dropped her candle, and fled up the steps into the house again.

"O Belle!" said Mabella.

"O Mabella!" said our little echo, hiding her face in her hands, "there is something very strange here: but it will all come out."

Mabella's sense of duty was now overwhelming. She put down the purring cat and opened the door of the hack.

"I am going to scream!" she said to Miss Obelle.

"But will it do us any good if you scream?"

"*Mur*der!" shrieked Mabella, in a piercing voice.

The cry was echoed harmlessly. The young man's feet stopped at once. He heard the piercing alarm and its thin echo; he saw something white and mysterious in the old hack window, and flew toward the steps in the open space, crying out with lusty lungs, —

"Mur*der!*"

He placed the accent as strongly on the second syllable of the word as Mabella and her echo had on the first. He turned on the steps, wheeled around with a smothered exclamation, and was gone, to relate his discovery to nervous ears.

"I have saved her," said Mabella. "Now we must save ourselves. Let us be perfectly calm. We shall escape. I 've read of just such perils as these in the opera books. Don't you lose control of your nerves. You are safe as long as you don't lose control of your nerves. Heaven help us! Scat!"

This last imperative command was addressed to the cat, who was seeking for recognition again.

Two parties had now discovered ghosts. A third person was to make a like discovery.

Just at this crisis, when Mabella had cried "*Mur*der!" and the susceptible young man "Mur*der!*" who should come ambling down the stable, to see if his part of the ancient hack had been safely landed, but Terry. As he saw a white form descending cautiously from the hack, dropping an inoffensive cat, and crying "*Mur*der!" his feet were instantly arrested, and for a moment chained, as it were, to the ground. As he saw, moreover, a young man flying and crying "Mur*der!*" a terrible thought entered his mind; and, not waiting to see more, he turned and fled, to report these discoveries to his bosom friend,

Perry, giving vent to his feelings, as he started, to the exclamation, —

"Me heyes!"

His limbs had grown weary with years, but youth returned to them now. He was not a prayerful man; he had often uttered uncalled-for words in the vocative case, but a sudden piety came to him, with new thoughts as to what might be the cause and consequence of the apparition which he had beheld in the stable, and he halted betimes at street corners to cry out, —

"Hel-up — hel-up!"

He came at last to Perry's simple apartments, pounded as one desperate on the old oak door, then seized the rusty knocker, and gave it a bang that shook the house.

"Perry!"

Perry heard the assault on the door and the piercing call, and opened the door cautiously, saying, "That's Terry's voice!" But he had never heard such high tones in it before.

"You, Terry? Come in. What brings you here at this late hour? Is it a card wot you have? I see, a card. Why, wot makes you look so? Terry!"

"Perry, 't is all over, and we are ruined, and we 'll be hanged. I have been runnin', and runnin', and cryin' 'Hel-up!' It would scare the world, that old hack. 'T is haunted! There was a dead woman in it and a ghost with her. Did you know that, Perry? Did you know a dead woman was there? I did not murder her, — it was n't I, — but I own half the hack."

"There was no one in the hack, Terry. I drove it home myself, — a lonesome ride."

"Never you say that! There was a dead woman in there all dressed in her wedding garments, and she has come to life, and is wanderin' about the stable now, cryin' '*Mur*der!' Oh, my heyes!"

"Then we won't be hanged, if she came to life. They don't hang people, Terry, when those they murder come to life. I

never knew of such a case. That would be murder of the second degree, or something like that. You are sure she is alive? If she is, there is no case in the law for a murder like that, — for murder after the fact, or act, or some of those legal terms such as they use in the courts."

"Alive, Perry? Why, her voice is ringin' in the drums of my ears now. I shall hear it until you go up the steps of the gallows, with a black cap all drawn down over your eyes. I can see wot 's comin', Perry; it don't require much light to see that."

"Wot will we do?"

"Wot *will* we do?"

"It would be an awful case to get into court, Terry!"

"Just see me shake at the thought of it, Perry! My limbs all go so. Oh, my heyes! I'll never drink any more whiskey — or lie!"

Terry began to shake from head to foot. In the nervous chill and tremor he dropped the card that he had in his hand. Perry picked it up.

"Wot is this?"

"The one that the young lady gave me that wanted a hack."

"Then it was you, Terry!"

"I was lookin' for you, Perry!"

"But you did n't find me, and the woman is alive."

"Perry, let us go to the stable."

"Never, after wot you have told! We 'll go to the inn and find out from the porter who the young woman was. You put the woman into the hack when I was gone in, or some one did."

"It was the porter. The porter will be hanged, too."

"And I drove her down to the stable, as innocent as a week-old lamb, and I left her there in the hack. It was a mistake, and not a murder, — a mistake."

"So it was, Perry; how that lightens me! There were two of 'em in the hack, — one woman behind the other, who was a little one. They are alive."

"And I'll not have to be hanged."

"Nor I."

"I feel real good and happy, Terry. The clouds are liftin'!"

"So do I, Perry. There's no case."

"And our old hack wot the duke rode in one rainy day will do good service for the public yet."

"So it will, Perry. Give us your hand, and shake, and we will be brothers again, and I will stand by you as long as the wheels go round. Say, what night is to-night?"

"Hallowe'en!"

The two hackmen went out into the dark, and hurried away to find the porter of the ancient inn near Trafalgar Square.

The merry people in the hotel, too, had seen sights. They, as well as the two travellers in the hack, had had a surprise.

They sent a portly gentleman, whom they called Uncle Halliday, into the hackmen's cellar to see if the ghost were a true ghost. They stood on the steps and watched him as he went down. He had recently returned rich from the Vaal.

There came a thin voice out of the shadows.

"Can you tell me where Goldstein Club House is? I have an appointment there to-night."

"Then that isn't your wedding dress you have on?" asked the said Uncle Halliday, who was a bachelor.

"Oh, no, no! I am not a bride. I never met with an adventure before. What does it mean?"

"It means, my good lady, that two hackmen own that hack, and that you have been left here by some mistake," said Uncle Halliday. "We can take you to the Goldstein Parlors in five minutes. The truth is we are celebrating the night after the old way. 'The Feast of old fools is removed unto this day,' the calendar says."

"The night?" asked Miss Obelle.

"Yes, the night of games."

"And what were the games that you were playing?" said Miss Obelle.

"Scottish games, and those of merry England in the times of the Henrys. You would have laughed to see me bob for apples."

"I did see you!" said Mabella.

"So did I; but I did n't laugh," echoed Miss Obelle, demurely.

"As this night is a merry one, you may have your laugh now," said the courteous gentleman.

"Pray, sir, what night is it?" Mabella asked.

"The last of October — don't you comprehend what we have been doing, my ghost-friend? Are these old customs strange to you? It is All Hallows Eve — Hallowe'en — English Hallowe'en!"

"I 'll never believe in ghosts," said the little maid, "on Hallowe'en nights, or any nights. There is a cause for everything that happens."

"You are right, my little woman," said Uncle Halliday. "'T is a true Hallowe'en that we have all had this year. I don't believe in ghosts, and I will see you, my brave little lady, to the Club, and your friend in white may follow. I think that the hackmen must have had a Hallowe'en too — one of them."

They had all had a Hallowe'en, for Hallowe'en in England and Scotland to-day stands not for the sacred memories of the dead, but for illusions of old superstition. The three parties had seen ghosts in each other. And Mr. Halliday and his young America bride now live near Table Mountain.

"Our boys" had heard much of the Zulus, and of Cetewayo, their former King. Kimberley was full of the descendants of the old Zulu warriors, who came here for purposes of curiosity, work, or small trade.

One afternoon, after a blazing sun, "Doing," the American boy, asked Mr. McFynney, concerning the once great African chieftain.

THE STORY OF CETEWAYO.

CETEWAYO was the king of the Zulus at the time of the occupation of Zululand by the English and Dutch pioneers. His name is pronounced Cetshwayo and is sometimes so spelled. His country was one of the most beautiful of South Africa — it has been called the Garden of Africa. His people belonged to the higher class of the black races — the Kaffirs. They were heroic, prosperous and happy. After the Boer farmers in Zululand accepted English protection, a controversy arose in regard to the government of the country. A British conference was held, and it was decided that Cetewayo was the rightful ruler of his own land and people. The government of Cape Colony rejected this view, and sent an ultimatum to Cetewayo, demanding that the king should disband his army, and accept an English residency for the government of the settlers, thus taking from him his power to protect even his own people. Cetewayo rejected the ultimatum, and England declared war against the Kaffir chief.

He had been a proud savage. It is said that he mutilated warriors to show his power. He summoned his people to defend their birthrights. He was defeated after a terrible slaughter of his warriors, taken prisoner, and for a time guarded as a state prisoner at a place called Oude Molen. He was finally taken to Cape Town where he withered under a sense of his wrongs and perished of a broken heart.

Lady Florence Dixie, who wrote a book entitled "In The Land of Misfortune," visited this chief when he was a prisoner at Oude Molen. Whatever she may have thought of the politics of the period, or of the necessity of protecting the white race, she pitied the fallen chief, who from his point of view had but done right in defending the cause of his own people.

She presents in her book a thrilling account of her visit to Oude Molen: —

A ZULU CHIEF.

"As the days slipped quickly away, and the time approached which was to bring with it our departure for England, I remem-

bered my promise made nine months previously to Cetshwayo, that I should visit him on my return from Zululand and give him news of his country. Accordingly, a few days after the ball at Government House, accompanied by my husband, and brother, I drove out to Oude Molen to visit the Zulu king.

"By several people who had not long since seen him, I had been informed of the sad state of depression into which he seemed to be plunged; and I therefore expected to find him more or less wretched. I was not, however, prepared for the great visible alteration discernible in his features, which wore the pinched, careworn look of a deep-seated trouble. Certainly he was greatly changed,—his forehead was more deeply wrinkled, and his face had aged terribly. As the carriage drove up to the door of the king's residence, he almost immediately made his appearance, welcoming me with a hearty handshake, but a sad and short-lived smile. Turning to the interpreter I remarked on the change for the worse visible in the king's appearance, to which that gentleman made answer that it was not to be wondered at, seeing how deeply he was continually fretting.

"'I am come, Cetshwayo,' said I, 'to tell you that I have just returned from Zululand. I thought it might please you to receive news of your country; and I am here to answer any questions I can, which you may desire to put to me.' . . .

"'All I love is in Zululand; my heart is there, where lies my father's grave. I am heart-sick and weary with waiting. When will England be just and let me return? Do you think that because I am a black man I cannot feel, or suffer the less by this long, long, and weary captivity? England has given the Transvaal back to the Boers, Basutoland to the Basutos, Sekukuni is restored to his people, and all are free but I. How is it so? What have I done that I should be so treated? When I fought against you it was to defend my country. I was taken prisoner, and I felt that one stronger than I had beaten me,

and that power I acknowledged. But now you keep me here, where I am weary and sick at heart. I have appealed to England, which they tell me is great and just — to her Queen, who they say is merciful; but my prayer is unheeded, and I am still lonely here.' . . .

"'Have you any message to send to the English people which I can transmit for you?' I asked. 'Yes,' replied Cetshwayo, with grave dignity; 'tell them that I am a king, and a captive; that I am alone and helpless; that I am very sad and almost heartbroken; that they should not believe all the ill they hear of me; ask them to be my friend and to help me. I have no more to say.'

"As I was saying good-bye to the interpreter Cetshwayo held out his hand again, and I shook hands once more. As I did so he said a few words.

"'He is thanking you for being his friend,' said the interpreter; 'he says he will not forget your kindness, and will always be your friend. Perhaps he may be able some day to prove his gratitude, when he becomes king again.'"

The older towns in the Boer country have large trees whose shade affords a luxurious retreat from the blazing sun. Such trees are to be seen in Bloemfontein, and like towns of English and Dutch origin.

The Kaffirs still remain, though their kings and warriors are gone; their tale is already told; their birthrights have disappeared in the white man's ambitions. They wear clothing after the English requirements, which gives them an uncomfortable appearance, the broad girdle and apron, only for the sake of decency, being their natural dress.

Work-cattle with their long horns are to be seen about the depots and transportation houses. Herds of them are to be met everywhere on the open fields of the Vaal.

A Boer farm and farm-house in the open country is an interesting sight; it is not without beauty, or even charm. The

Boers have the reputation of being untidy and devoid of order; but they come to love their homes. Their houses are of peculiar construction, but their very lack of symmetry and art make them picturesque.

The ponds in these farms have a beauty that can only be

A STREET IN BLOEMFONTEIN.

found under a torrid sky. The pond meadows with their trees of branching arms hold the eye of the Boer, and also his heart. We cannot tell how it is, but many Europeans come to love the African farm. The shadows of it, under a fiery sky, are enchantment.

The slopes of low hills also have beauty, with their bush teeming with bird and insect life.

Broken rocks arising out of the slope-bushes have a castle-like appearance, as do like formations on distant mountains.

The relay houses on the road lines of travel are simple and rude; but they have a cool air within them, and the coach-rider

KAFFIRS IN TOWN COSTUME.

welcomes them. The old fashioned stage-coach with its many horses still thrives in the open country apart from the iron ways. The relay house is built of stone, or corrugated iron, and the stone house has a grass or reedy roof. It rises like a rock in the sea.

The Zulu race appears everywhere amid those new scenes. Some of them have fine heads and present a noble physical ap-

pearance. The pictures of Zulus in these pages give a view of the almost perfect physical development of some of these men. It would seem that nature never intended them for a subject race.

The gold mines are a world of darkness. Here the blacks turn their muscle into toil for enriching others, and for enabling a far-away people to live in luxury. It was once a pitiable sight

BOER FARM POND.

to see them delve in the stone-yards, which have now given place to machinery. In these stone-cutting yards, where black men toiled and moiled for the few comforts of desert life, the African used to exist with the sun for his father and the earth for his table.

The mining Kaffirs present a humiliating scene as they eat their simple meals under the hot roofs of corrugated iron, after their toils. They long again for free life in the bush, but the

bush has been taken from them, and with it their means of support. These children of Ham, if such they are, were once free, but they did not progress, and they now follow the European idea concerning them.

They love to revive their old customs. They sometimes recall the old days of their dominion by a war dance. For this

KAFFIR MINERS.

they lay aside their English clothing, and don their old costumes of gay breech-clothes or girdle, with feathered head-dresses and ornaments. For their ancient spears they use sticks.

At a point in the war-dance, one may go around setting the time for a song. They are fond of music, and they lower their shields to catch the time. It is a wild, weird melody like a poem of Ossian. A mock battle may follow. In this theatrical

AFRICAN CATTLE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

dance one may see the last exhibition of the times of the old Kaffir days.

The way to Pretoria by the open road to Heidleburg is through a prosperous Boer country. There are lovely farm-houses, farms and trees, and near and distant mountain views. If one could forget history, the rural scene would be poetic and ideal.

On these Vaal ways, away from the railroads, one may meet groups of Kaffirs wandering from town to town, wondering at the new events, and wearing a sense of submissive humiliation on their faces. The females carry burdens on their heads. They have noble figures, but their enforced European dress does not become them. A woman in Africa in a woollen shawl is about as beautiful as an American girl on a bicycle.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOHANNESBURG, THE GOLDEN CITY — MR. McFYNNEY'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

It is in the desert; on the east, the desert; on the west, the desert; on the north and south the desert; everywhere the desert.

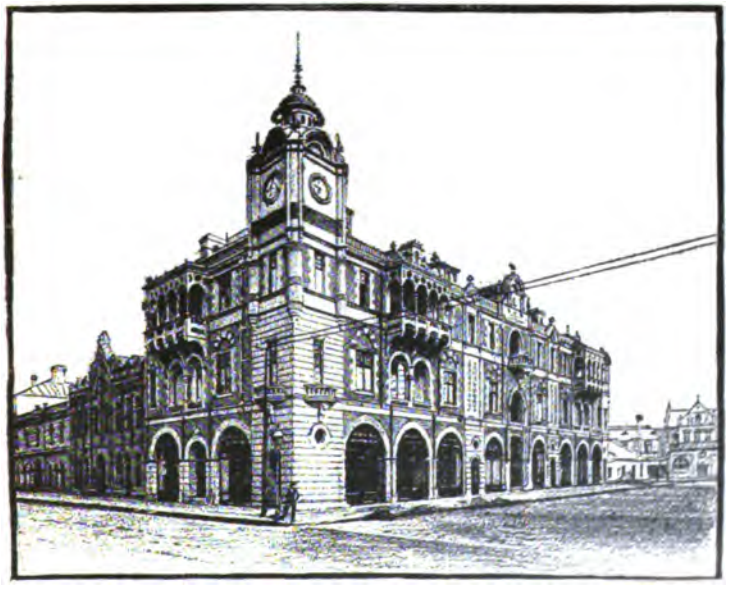
The sun rises in auriferous splendor over the desert; he sinks red as into the desert. The floor of the desert world here is as a pavement of stone and gold; here men do not walk golden streets, but men toil for others in the gold-stored pavements, as in prisons, shut out from the blue heavens and blood-thrilling air.

Here are the homes of the financiers with their great verandas. Here the money-maker smokes, talks, drinks, and wonders sometimes what all this bustle of life is for. If he may get gold he is content with an iron roof, and to desert blooming nature, and to be deserted: the poplars indeed shine in the sun and shiver in the rain, and some birds alight there in their fiery journeys; clouds of red dust are sifted over all, and the sun rises and sets in fire.

It is the heart of the gold mines to the Rand. Armies of men toil there, and yield up their gains to the fortunate; from the oasis of gold, Pretoria grew rich and mounted her hills with cannon.

Here the Uitlanders have outnumbered the old inhabitants of the place, and been taxed by the tyranny of the weak. Here suffrages are claimed for those who have no interest in such matters. Here men sweat, toil, and die, and the results of their

lives are to be seen in fortressed Pretoria, and London drawing-rooms; here the rich become richer, and the poor poorer as everywhere. Here the earth through human hands pours out gold. Here many men come and go without families, and seek but the pleasures of animal life, and forget that they have souls. It is a great mining camp in the desert under a wide, hot sky; a



BANK BUILDING: JOHANNESBURG.

barbarism; a workshop that enriches law-protected task-masters, at the expense of human life, as a rule made cheap by degeneracy of life.

Some indeed come here out of pity and love of their families in other lands where hard conditions of government give them small chance for comfort. Such are heroes; some succeed in fulfilling their dreams; would it were so with all.

Christmas found our travellers in the Golden City. Like Hal

lowe'en it found them under hard-looking verandas of welcome shade. Stories are the one amusement here.

Mr. McFynney twirled his knife with the haunting legend of *Vert* on the handle, among his English friends from London.

These friends demanded of him an English Christmas story. The old traveller turned his knife in his hands, and on Christmas afternoon gave the English sojourners and "Our boys." a story of the "Old Cheshire Cheese," an ancient inn that Shakespeare is reported to have frequented at the time he was writing his immortal plays, and now in the vicinity of colonists' boarding houses.

I.

AT THE CHESHIRE CHEESE, OR THE MAN WHO LOST HIS BODY.

"AND this is the inn where Shakespeare used to stop to regale himself as he passed up and down Fleet Street?"

"This ham the place, sir. You ha' a Scotchman, sir; I could see that with one h'eye, sir. You are on the way to the colonies. Will you stop here and reghale yourself, sir? Hi ham wery particular, sir, in my service to a colonist, sir. The colonists are very considerate h'at all seasons of the year, but this is a time, sir, to make one more than commonly mindful of the comforts of others. My name is Granbury, h'Earl Granbury, not the Earl of Granbury, as you can see, sir; a good name and one hard to forget. I would be particularly glad to serve you, sir. Are you a literary man?"

He leaned over on a table, with an accommodating air, the tips of his fingers touching the upraised lid, like a spirit medium at the initiation of a séance. He looked into my eyes, after the manner of those engaged in suggestive therapeutics, and waited for the answer to the last question.

"I scribble and use a pen-wiper," said I, modestly, which I deemed becoming in rooms which had the traditions of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, Dickens, and Thackeray. The last word "pen-wiper" caused him to lift his brows.

He gave me another interested, searching look, such as petrifies one for the moment.

"I do," said I, "more than anything in the world, wish to eat my Christmas dinner in this old Shakespeare inn, so that I may tell the story of that day all my life. I want such a story to tell." — I had one, as you shall hear.

"I see that you are a man of h'importance, sir, and that you came from the country where genius is born. There can be no doubt that the great Shakespeare used to stop and scribble here, I haf been told that he used to sit in that corner, sir, by the window, sir. It might be that he wrote his plays there, sir. Won't you sit down there and scribble, sir? Chops? Stout? Cold punch?"

The man's flattery gave me a self-satisfied feeling: I was a young man.

"Mr. Earl Granbury," said I —

"Call me h'Earl, sir; if you please, sir, h'Earl, at your service sir."

"Mr. Hearl," I continued, "let me explain. I am all alone in London, and I want to spend a part of Christmas day in writing some letters to my folks at home — so as to make the day sacred; and I wish to enclose some little presents to my own hearts at home and in South Africa, in this very room of the literary gods of England."

"You speak fine," said he. "The 'literary gods,' you say: such language as that honors the place. Is it cold julep you will want, sir?"

"Not now, Mr. Hearl. But could you reserve me the Shakespeare corner, or the Dr. Johnson seat, or some such place for

to-morrow, where I can come in at noon, have English roast beef, or kidney stew, with plum pudding, and write for an hour or so, and enclose presents, so that I might write on the presents: 'These are mailed to you on Christmas day from Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese.' My people have great reverence for English literary luminaries."

He pushed up his chin in its place, which seemed constantly falling down.

"Now that h'embarrasses me, sir. It really does, sir, though I have an accommodating soul. It is this way; it being a holiday there will be many people here to-morrow — old-time Londoners. And the places of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and that other Johnson will be at a premium, sir. For a consideration, from a colonist, I would make great efforts, sir. My services are regarded valuable in this ancient tavern; I have been here many years."

"But *my* means are small."

"To-morrow may be made the day of your life, sir. Think of it; you see those dark spots in the wall? They say that they were made by the wigs of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith as they leaned back after dinner, to discuss how men got into the world, and apples into dumplings, and worms into apples, and all the mysteries of nature. I will save you a seat, sir, if you will give as kind a consideration to me as you are able, sir."

"Where did Shakespeare used to sit?" I asked.

"That bothers me, sir; it was such a long time ago. I once heard some literary gentlemen argue the point. They said: 'It must have been in near the window; that stands to reason.' And it must h'been near the spigots, sir, cause it stands to reason he must have needed some near refreshment after acting. I think it was about there, sir; I will save you that table after 12 o'clock to-morrow, sir. What did you say your name was — Mr. Penwiper? Ah, yes, I see," pushing up his chin which had fallen down under the weight of these large ideas. "Mr. Pen-

wiper, the colonist. I am already interested, sir; you shall have the place, sir, so that you can write to your own hearts over the wide accumulation of waters. In this place Shakespeare wrote — what was it, sir — I forget — "

"Hamlet, perhaps."

"That's the very book, sir, *Hamlet Perhaps.*"

It was all arranged. I would pass such a Christmas in London as has been spent there but by few solitary colonists. But I must purchase the presents to be mailed from the English Parnassus. They must be unique and suggestive of the place and day. They were. In one souvenir I deemed myself to be particularly fortunate. I must describe it, presently, for it proved a key to a very important mystery of my complex experience. I never knew that I was *two* beings until I purchased this most remarkable souvenir from a London holiday store.

My story relates to my finding myself two colonists instead of one.

II.

"Ye olde Cheshire Cheese!" You will all wish to know something about the old inn.

Its history would be a long-drawn picture of English Literature, or rather of the good fellowship of the greatest authors that England has produced since the days of the Saxon Chronicle. There was a book published in London in 1882, entitled "The Traits and Stories of Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," and we doubt that it has ever been equalled as a book of suggestive literary folk-lore. The writer, or editor, Mr. Thomas W. Read, was assisted by Mr. Beaujoy A. Moore, the once landlord of this letter-haunted inn, in making old London literary life come forth as in a masque again. All London read the rescript of folk-tales, and many people in other parts of the globe, as well.

This inn of the past, of delicious rump steaks and bitter ale,

of kidney puddings, and wit and song, is reached from old Fleet Street.

In Shakespeare's time the "Cheese" was a fashionable place of entertainment. The poet must have passed it often on his way to the Blackfriars Theatre, and probably visited it often on his return, with much good company. He was the manager of the Theatre, and, if tradition may be credited, he did some of the thinking for creative work here. Fleet Street was a part of Shakespeare's London.

The literary aristocracy met there in those merry times. To be classed "not of the Cheese" was to be called a literary pretender. Before Shakespeare's time, was written the oft-quoted words,

> "Haste to the Cheese, my friend,
> Haste to the Cheese!"

"Rare Ben Jonson" was one of the jolly frequenters of the early tavern.

Volumes might be written about the epigrammatists and epigrams of the smoke-clouded tables.

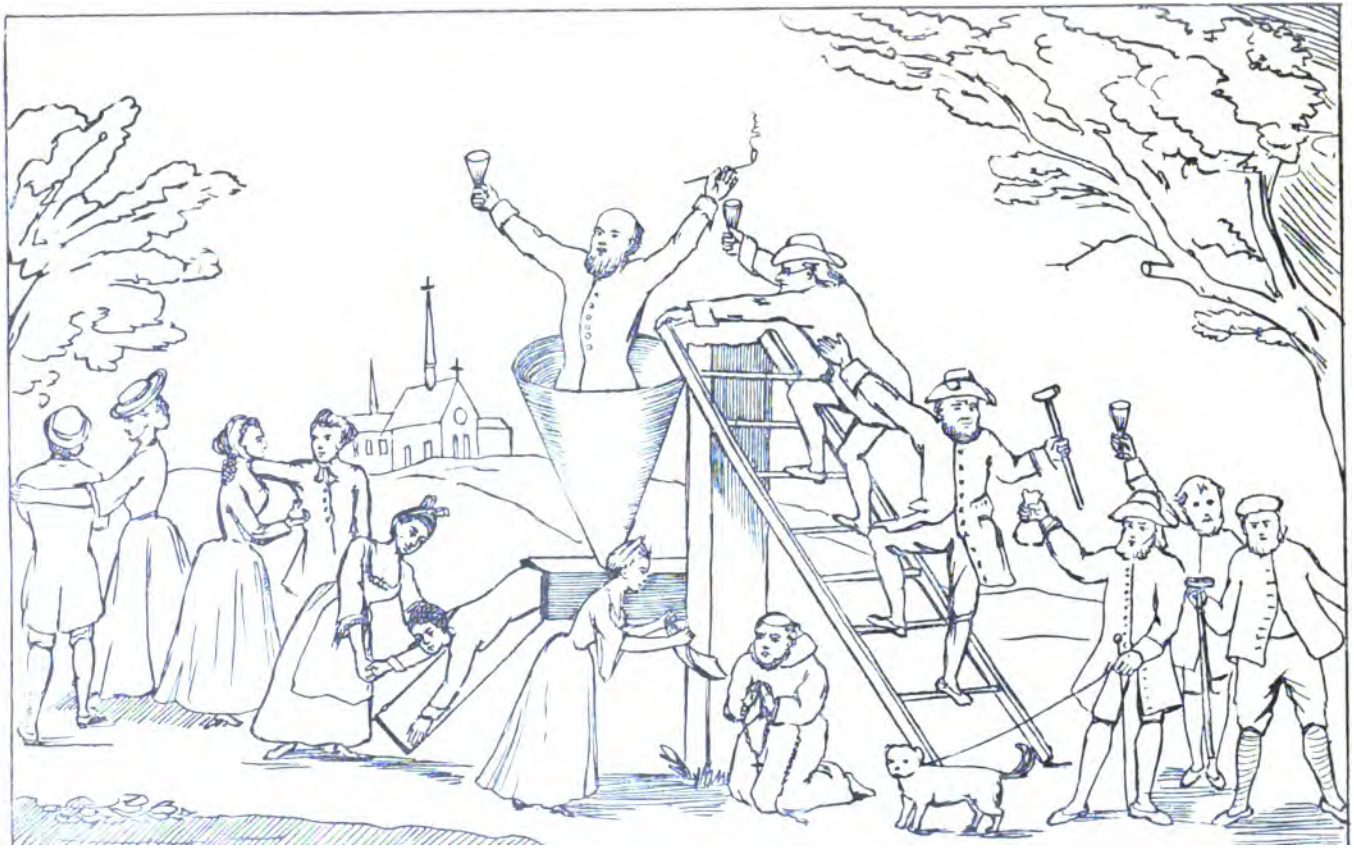
Not only the names of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, but of the "marvellous youth," Chatterton, is spoken of in the merry traditions of the old times of the inn.

In 1725, the tavern is described as "Ye Olde Cheshire St. Tavern near ye Fleet St. Prison, and eating house of goodly fare."

We are told that Charles II. ate chops there with Nell Gwynne. It was good food that made the reputation of the tavern, for in itself it displays but small attractions. Great people came there once to discuss the "Beggar's Opera" and the "Cock Lane Ghost," and now people come to talk of *them*.

Were you ever alone in London, thinking of home?

Did you ever see that wilderness of homes breathing about you, that great ocean of life tossing around you, and feel that each life was but a breath, and each human form a wave?



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE

I wandered about the streets all alone, unknowing and unknown, as I left the inn. I looked into the store windows in search of things that I could enclose in common envelopes to my friends at home, when I should sit down where Shakespeare may have sat, and where that colossus of wisdom, Dr. Johnson, threw about his great ideas, with shaking sides.

In a certain window I saw a very curious thing. It was a handkerchief, and on it was a picture such as used to appear on old snuff-boxes. The picture held my eye; some pictures do. I went away from it after looking at it long, and then returned to it. I entered the store and found it kept by a buxom woman, with Christmas ideas of life. I asked her the price of the handkerchief.

"Only a shilling," said she, "and there is a sermon in it, a whole sermon. They hang that picture up in old French inns and country houses. It makes the children stare and the chambermaids laugh, and old people grow young again. That is a marvellous piece of goods. It once made an old man laugh so that he shook himself all to pieces. Quotha! a marvellous piece of goods for a Christmas present."

"What is the picture about?" I asked.

"Don't you know? That is called 'The Grinding over Young.' Look at it — here. That is a funnel, or mill, where the old people are to be ground over young. Don't you see them going up the ladder to go down into the funnel? They have bottles in their hands — those vials contain the elixir of life; it makes 'em grind easy. That man praying is the good monk. The young damsels at the hopper are waiting for the old men to be ground over into young men, so as to claim them for their beaux. Look at 'em, going up to be ground — how eager! You see it all — a delightful Christmas story, full of hope, and morals, and magic. You will take this one, I know — only a shilling."

"I would take it if it cost a guinea," said I, greatly pleased with the magic handkerchief.

So she "did it up" for me, and I put it into my coat pocket, and walked back towards the "Cheese."

Why I went that way I do not know; perhaps it was because there was a heart touch in the civil treatment I had received from the old waiter. I was lonesome, and London, with all her fires, was cold.

I found myself at the door of the inn, and Mr. Hearl stood there, with beaming cheeks, and a white apron, with some mustard stains upon it.

"See here," said I, "I want you to see what I have found to send home."

I took the handkerchief out of my pocket.

"Oh, oh, the 'aunted 'ankercher!"

"The haunted handkerchief?" said I.

"Yes, the 'Grinding over Young' 'ankercher. It mightily pleases bar-maids, and children, and sich; it makes some people laugh themselves to death, they say; it shakes them all to pieces. I wish I had one of 'em for Sukey, my wife; she needs grinding over — many folks do."

"You will be sure and save a place for me to-morrow?" said I. "As we cannot be sure about Shakespeare's place, give me Dr. Johnson's place."

"That I will — the very place near the light where his wig greased the wainscot."

"I will give my order now," said I.

"You are wise," said he.

"Beefsteak pie."

"With kidneys and oysters," said he.

"Yes, with kidneys and oysters."

"There was never any sich beefsteak pies like the Cheese's in all the kingdom."

"And English plum pudding, all piping and steaming."

"And ale?" said he.

"I do not drink," said I.

"Wot, quotha! not on Christmas day? Well, I'll put bottles on the table, for the looks of it, for you will want to sit at the table long. The 'St. Dunstan Club' will take dinner to-morrow. You have heard of St. Dunstan: he was a good man, and had a forge, and, when the devil came to tempt him, he caught him by the nose with a pair of hot tongs, which made him so furious that his roar shook the hilltops. The devil, he did; but I must go back to the serving. Your order shall be ready."

"Put some Christmas greens on my table," said I.

"That I will."

"And some ink and paper."

"It shall be done, Mr. Penwiper. It shall all be as you say, and some Dunstan Club bills of fare, the devil, and all."

"That will be excellent; I can see it all now in my mind's eye. I am fortunate, indeed, to have met you."

"I think almost any man is, h'at Christmas time."

I was about to give him a shilling, when I gave him two; he said "Noble soul!" and, full of merriment, I went down the gray street, amid old London signs.

III.

My quarters were called "The Travellers' Inn." It was kept by a woman of middle age and goodly proportion, named Bligh. It was a place where Colonists stopped, and it was this feature of the old house that drew me there. I found my landlady very considerate and accommodating. They called her "Madame Bligh." She had a little housemaid called Miss Squint, from a nervous defect in her eyes.

I showed Madame Bligh the magic handkerchief, and she shook her sides, and said, —

"I have seen one like that before."

Little Miss Squint looked at it over Madame's shoulder.

"I wish I had one," she said.

"One of the old men who have been ground over?" asked Madame. "Well, my little lady, I wish you had, and I would that such mills as that were common. Most of us need to be ground over."

"You will take your dinner here to-morrow?" she said to me.

"No, no — at the Cheese."

"Why, why, my good man, do you go there?"

"Shakespeare, rare Ben Jonson, Dr. Johnson — on their account."

"But, man, they are dead, so I've hearn, and my cooking is as good as at the Cheese's. You'll repent it, now, if you go there — and all alone in London, too. I've been putting extra fruits and spices into my puddings all on your account."

I explained to her my reasons for the arrangements I had made.

"Well, well," said she, "I will not take it to heart; I will not be selfish; I will give you some of my pudding with brandy-sauce, such as I have made for the Colonists, before you go to the Cheese. I want you to see me serve my pudding with the sauce all a-fire."

I went to my little room, and sat down in reverie. There was a mild-looking dog in the house, which I had treated generously at the table; his name was "Wistful Bligh." He came to my room and looked at me with a stony stare, like a statue.

In my reverie I saw the morrow. I fancied the table, the greens, the bill of fare with the devil on it plus the good St. Dunstan, the steaming pudding, the bottles of ale, for appearance only, the ink, the paper, the penwiper. I could see Dr. Johnson there, too; a mystic figure, poking Goldsmith in the sides, and Boswell taking notes. I fell asleep, and when I awoke "Wistful Bligh" was still staring at me.

"Faithful creature," said I, and I went to the butchers, call-

ing him after me, and bought him a bone. He seemed to have a regard for me that was sympathetic and touching.

Night fell on London, and the lights came out, and shone like stars after the conflagration of the world.

I went to my room and laid down on the lounge and "Wistful Bligh" watched beside me. I sometimes dream the same dream twice, the second dream being more vivid than the first. It is a curious mental habit.

IV.

CHRISTMAS morning crept over London, in a gray mantle and leaden feet. Madame Bligh and her little maid, Miss Squint, were up betimes in the early twilight of gas, and "Wistful Bligh" had passed the night on the rug in the hall before my door. I could hear the bells still ringing in the great gray atmosphere that rested on land and sea like the material of a former world.

I lit a light, tried to read, looked out; but had no wish to go out thus early into the great sea of opaqueness. So I slept, and dreamed over my reverie of the day before; only I gave the valuable Mr. Hearl a half-crown in my dream.

When I awoke I took a half-crown out of my leather purse to give to the useful Mr. Hearl.

There came a knock on my door, all trepidation, —

"Breakfast!"

I breakfasted on chops, Madame Bligh and her little maid hurrying to and fro. Madame, saying that she must hurry, hurry, she was so "full of her dinner," and there would be so many to eat.

I went out, roamed around among people which were like so many bushes to me, and returned, the sympathetic "Wistful Bligh" following me with faithful feet. The dog had remarkable instincts; he seemed to read my thoughts, and to follow them.

I sat down by the great stove in the kitchen with Madame and her maid. The room was full of preparations for the dinner.

"I am going to have you sample all of my cooking before you go to the Cheese," said Madame.

About ten o'clock she began to bring me samples.

"These are tarts," said she. "I always finish the last things for the table first."

Such tarts, — I ate one, two, three! She next brought me cheeses with bannocks, the former all cream and with a flavor that tempted one to the full. Venison was next brought me, with jellies. Then *her* beefsteak pie, with oysters and kidneys, and, last of all, a little pudding prepared just like the great one. It had brandy-sauce, which flamed up, and I blew out the flame.

I had a sense of rotundity after eating the pudding, with the exhilarating sauce. I felt drowsy. I stretched, or rather, limb by limb, began to do so.

"I can't give you any of the boar's head now but I will when you come back from the Cheese."

I looked at my watch; it was eleven.

"I will go to my room and rest," said I, "until it is time to go."

I went to my room, sat down in the great chair, and "Wistful Bligh" took a place in the open door, and stared at me with ghost-like eyes. He stared and stared, and winked betimes. There was a strange atmosphere about the dog, as though thought-bound.

Outside the door, I could see Madame and the little maid flitting to and fro like shuttles.

I took my magic handkerchief out of my inside coat pocket to keep me awake. I felt in my vest pocket to see if a half-crown that I expected to give Mr. Hearl was there; it was. Then a dreamy feeling came over me. The world seemed all correct, and everything in it to be moving in a very satisfactory manner, putting me quite at ease. Then I fell asleep and dreamed that I was at the inn.

I awoke and resolved not to go to sleep again.

I sat thinking — only thinking; I love to think.

Things seemed to move far away.

The possible associations of the "left-hand" room at the Cheese began to rise before me. It was in such places that Goldsmith and Boswell used to ask Dr. Johnson questions "big with wonder."

I recalled that the former once asked him how many flap-jacks it would take to reach the moon, and received the answer, "One, if it were long enough." Did the table roar after such a display of prodigious wit and wisdom?

I recalled also, that, according to the old tradition, Shakespeare received the suggestion of the "Tempest" from a sea-captain who had returned from Cuttyhunk, on the New England coast. So Miranda may have been an American girl. Did Shakespeare meet the lively and imaginative captain at the Cheese?

There were some colonists in the little parlor singing. Their song carried away my thoughts to another part of the world, — far, far from Cuttyhunk.

It was not a Christmas Carol, but the lesson of the song went to my heart: —

KIMBERLEY.

I.

The diamond, — nature's eye divine, —
  Burns in the caves of Kimberley,
But richer is that heart of thine
Than any gem that lights a mine,
    In Kimberley, in Kimberley!

II.

O hand, whose touch so oft I felt!
  E'er thou wert gone to Kimberley!
Thy memory makes my eye to melt.
False lights are gems that wall the veldt
    Of Kimberley, of Kimberley!

III.

To find thy heart in mine I prize
More than the gems of Kimberley.
Nor seas impearled, nor crystalled skies,
May bring such bliss to lift my eyes
As thy heart's light, in Kimberley!

Blessed world of the imagination! it is sometimes hard to leave it, even for the fulfilment of high ideals and noble realities!

I felt myself making resolutions to go out, but these seemed to dissolve. I took one moment of comfort more, — then another. Everything seemed to expand, and all the world to be a Christmas Green. The song had such mystic suggestions! It would be sweet to have one true heart, even in far-off Kimberley. It is delicious indeed to go up into this mid-air kingdom, where the soul poises lightly on the twigs of the mysterious tree of life! I resolved not to sleep again. I might miss my appointment.

I recall that, presently, after a strong resolution, I arose, or seemed to do so, put on my hat, and went to the Cheese. I only remember one event on the way; but it was a rather remarkable one. It was in this wise: —

The air was chill — the sunbeams struggled amid a damp envelope of rising fog. I thought I would call a cab, though the way was short; I take cold, and I was susceptible to it now. So I waved my hand to a cabman who was seated on his box, and said, "Cabby."

His eyes rolled up, and his head turned as on a peg, and he made a wide circle with his whip, and drove down the street, as though he had gone mad, crying out, "Where's your legs?" He left the street solitary behind him. It was all very singular. What had he seen?

I seemed to be walking without legs.

I entered the Cheese, or thought that I did. The St. Dunstan Club were there, all in a merry mood. Everything seemed intense.

"Your table waits," I heard the noble Hearl say in a far-away tone.

The picture of the table lives in my mind now.

It was near the outline of Dr. Johnson's wig on the wainscoting. It was decorated with ivy sprigs and little twigs of holly. I heard Mr. Hearl say, bowing, "A Merry Christmas, sir, and many of them, sir, and more, sir. At your service, sir."

There was a sound of a trumpet, and a boar's head was brought in to the Dunstan Club. I had not ordered that, but I found on my table a bill of fare with St. Dunstan pinching the devil's nose upon it.

The beefsteak pie was brought to me, venison as a side dish — a reversal of the common order — and then the steaming pudding.

I began to write. I wrote to the heart whom I best loved and whom I felt loved me best, first. Of course I did. Then I felt in my pocket for the haunted handkerchief to enclose in the letter; it was gone. I must have left it at home. I would go for it.

"I am going out," I said to Mr. Hearl. "I will be back soon. Don't disturb anything."

"Yessir," I heard him say.

"I will give you a shilling now. I will remember you as you merit when I return."

"Yessir."

I went out towards the Travellers' Inn.

Then my thoughts became misty again.

V.

"ROUSE up!" The voice was like thunder. I started. I found myself in my room.

"It was time for you to have gone to the Cheese two hours ago," said the same voice, softening. "What are you dreaming about this time of day? I thought you were going to the inn!"

"I've been!"

"You've been!—the dog's been, and has come back with a look in his eyes that almost set little Miss Squint into fits. Now you come out, and have dinner with us; there's enough left for ten."

"I've *been* to dinner. I'm full; I could n't eat any more."

"You've been to dinner! Hear that now! You haven't been out of this chair since late morning. Don't I know—haven't I flitted past in view of this door an hundred times, and has n't Miss Squint been peeking, and shaking as though she had seen a ghost? What did you have for dinner?"

"The famous beefsteak pie of the Cheese!"

"Did it taste good?"

"Excellent, excellent; don't you see I am full? a thousand crowns could not tempt me to want to eat a morsel more."

"Really—was Shakespeare there, and *them?*"

"I don't remember—the St. Dunstan Club was there."

There was a crash of dishes. Madame ran. The little maid had heard what we said and had fallen in a fit, tray in hand.

Then I recalled that I had come back for the magic handkerchief. I searched for it everywhere; it could not be found.

"I must return to the Cheese," said I to Madame.

"Return, *return?* You must return to your wits; you or I—one of us has gone out of our heads—Heaven forbid that it should be a poor, lone woman keeping Colony boarders, like me."

I returned to the Cheese. It was full of after dinner people, and the "left-hand room," or common room, was somewhat smoky.

The table stood there as I seemed to have left it.

The trusty waiter, Mr. Hearl, appeared.

"'Ave been expecting ye these two 'ours. Been detained?"

"I have not been gone long, not more than a quarter of an hour."

He drew himself up, with enlarging eyes, and his chin fell. He pushed it up.

"You 'ave not been 'ere before, 'ave ye?"

I was startled, but answered, "Yes, I've had my dinner; hav'n't I?"

For the first time doubts of my personality and of my own secret whereabouts began to disquiet me.

"I 'av'n't seen you before to-day, sir, I 'ave not, shooly not, sir. I 'ave been a watching hout for ye," a very disquieting information.

"But I ate my dinner here; beefsteak pie and plum pudding, all smoking."

His chin fell; he rubbed his chin, turned around twice, and asked —

"Who served you, sir?"

"*You*, you — did n't I hand you a shilling when I went out, and did n't I say 'Don't disturb anything, I will be back presently'?"

"Never, sir; you 'av'n't been in the room before, not to-day, sir; no more than Shakespeare has; not alive. A dog, he came; he looked like a ghost-dog. I thought he might be yours, sir, so I let him stay. He seemed to be looking, sir, at some one eating at that table, sir; but there was no one there. I tried to see what he was looking at; but I could not for the life of me, sir. He appeared to see double."

"But you distress me: I dined there, good Mr. Hearl."

"Not in the body, sir. You must 'ave lost your body, sir. The dog was a true dog, sir; if a dog is a dog, his nose is cold; if he is the devil, it is warm. I touched his nose, and I gave him a bit of steak, sir; his nose was cold — he was a real dog, sir."

I was more disquieted than ever.

"What am I to think of these things?" asked I.

"'Even knows, sir. Go and ask any members of the Club,

or the 'ead waiter, or the bar-maid, if you 'ave been 'ere before; if they say that you 'ave, I'll own up that I 'ave lost my wits, sir."

"I feel strangely," said I.

I put my hand to my vest pocket where had been the half-crown that I had intended to give him — it was there.

"This is for you," said I. "How much was my dinner, or how much should it have been?"

"Nine shillings, sir."

I counted him out nine shillings, while he held up his chin, staring.

"Now, my friend," said I, "you will promise me, upon your word and honor, that you will never speak of my inexplicable conduct."

"No, Mr. Penwiper, I never will; you 'ave my word of honor, sir. Some strange influence has possessed you, sir, and all on this green Christmas day. I pity you, sir. Did you 'ave pudding for breakfast, sir?"

I tried to collect my thoughts. He bent over me as in close sympathy, when suddenly I opened my eyes, and in his pocket, distended by his attitude, was my handkerchief — my magic, haunted handkerchief. The blood rushed to my head. I have a quick, hot temper, on occasions. It was roused now.

"You thief!" said I. "You impostor! Give me my handkerchief, there. I *have* been here before. You dog! — you stole it!"

I whipped the magic handkerchief from his pocket, and held it up before his eyes.

His lips rounded, and whistled low.

"Don't get excited, sir. I am an innocent man. You could cause me trouble right 'ere, sir, where I 'ave lived in honor for many years. Hist, hush, softly, sir — that is my 'ankercher, sir. After you showed me yours yesterday, I went out and bought one of me own for Sukey, just for a joke, sir."

"You are deceiving me; I 'll call for a justice. I 'll have you arrested."

He turned white. Then his face suddenly flushed.

"Did you buy two 'ankerchers, sir?"

"No, only one!"

"Did you ever 'ave more than one of that kind of 'ankerchers in your hands?"

"No, never."

"Then what is *this*, sir?"

He lifted from my hat the handkerchief that I had bought.

"But I never put things into my hat," said I.

"But some one has. It was not I, for I 'ave never touched your hat, as you know. It may 'ave been some maid, perhaps. You may 'ave dropped it at home, or left it somewhere when your body was gone, and a maid 'ave put it into your hat. Maids would do that here; it is a custom, sir."

I returned to the Travellers' Inn. The little maid fled when she saw me, and the dog cried. I looked about in a dazed way, when Madame came running to me in alarm.

"And what have you lost, now?" she said. "You do try me so. Not your body, I hope."

"No, no — I 've found that. Your dog is a mystery to me, Madame."

"There are many mysteries in this world — a kind of language of suggestion. That dog follows people's minds — he would follow yours anywhere. I hope that you have had a Merry Christmas at the Cheese."

"I have made a Christmas story of myself," said I. "You have all been very good to me, here and at the Cheese, but if I can get myself together, I don't think that I will stop in London any more."

That night the lights of London went out to me, but never will fade the memory of my Christmas at — where was I? *In soul* at the "Olde Cheshire Cheese."

I moved away for Liverpool in the late hours, on the cars.

Could that have been I?

Here is a subject for the telepathist.

London — the world — the wilderness of whirling atoms of life, receded as the train moved towards the city of ships — Westminster Abbey, where the dusty kings and queens now sleep so peacefully together, the Cheshire Cheese, Cock Lane, and all the city, all the world, the sea light, and the secrets of the night! It is indeed a place for a lone traveller to see sights after the Hallowe'en and Yule Log suggestions, and nowhere else does the imagination afford such kindly helps. Shakespeare's and Dickens' London is a place ideal for the holidays, and old London will never vanish while remains the "Olde Cheshire Cheese."

The story recalled the colonists' boarding houses to many who listened to it, and such houses make long memories.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRETORIA AMID THE HILLS — "THE BECHUANA BOY."

PAUL KRUGER was the soul of Pretoria, — a man of strength of will. The city grew up around him, and fortified itself until it was able to turn its guns on the great power of the world. Few men in history ever turned a strong personality into power like Oom Paul.

We know not whether or not Cecil Rhodes ever put his head into a lion's mouth, but Paul Kruger, like King David, encountered lions in his youth. He shot his first lion when a boy. It is said that in his young days he used to ride on his head, on his saddle, and hold the stirrups in his hand. A volume might be filled with stories of how he faced danger of every kind; he seems never to have known fear. When he had the toothache he extracted the tooth with a knife; when he lost a part of his thumb, and the wound began to mortify, he amputated the member with his own hand.

Dull though he looks, he has prescience, and the quality of being, as we say, "long headed;" he sees, and he executes, and never seems to have feared the face of day. Such was Paul Kruger at the beginning of 1900; and what he was, that also Pretoria became. So also became the national assembly, or Volksraad.

From the beginning of their journey, "Our boys" had heard much of the Hottentots and Bushmen, and of the early missionary efforts to civilize and Christianize these people of the coasts and deserts. We should give you some views of these enterprises, which extended from the coasts to the Transvaal.

THE STORY OF "THE BECHUANA BOY."

THERE was born at Blaiklaw, in 1789, a poet whose work lacked the highest genius, and yet who wrote haunting poems and magic lines,—poems that once read have the haunting quality, and can never be forgotten. He was descended from a simple family of farmers on the Scottish border. He studied hard in youth, became interested in religion as a personal experience, like Kirke White, found public employment, and was led to go to South Africa, where he established a colony, which came to be known as Glen-lynden, on a river which now bears that name.

He saw in Africa the miserable state of the native races who had been reduced to slavery by the English and the Boers, and resolved to give himself to the emancipation of these slaves. He was poor, suffered want, but he had the gift of the pen, which is influence, and the friendship of Sir Walter Scott, which was like a magic key.

His name was Thomas Pringle. He arrived in Africa in 1820, where he went in the benevolent hope of making better conditions of life for his father's family. His whole soul was given from his youth to beneficent plans for the good of others.

He faced the cruelties of slavery there, and his heart espoused the anti-slavery cause. He became the Wilberforce of South Africa. His literary character found him correspondents among the influential people in England. Baxton became his friend, and he became a moral power in the English Anti-Slavery Society.

In the work for the emancipation of the Hottentots, which was accomplished largely by his influence, a few poems, once very popular, exerted no common effect on the mind and heart

of the English public. Some of my readers may, perhaps, recall the lines, —

> "Afar in the desert I love to ride,
> With the silent Bush Boy alone by my side."

His poems were written out of life; they came to him, and forced themselves upon him. "Afar in the Desert" did more than volumes could have done to give the English public a true view of African life.

But there was one poem which went home to the English heart. It was a very simple narrative, like Wordsworth's "We are Seven." It held a place in the English household for many years. It was entitled "The Bechuana Boy."

He thus tells the story of the poem to one whose heart had been affected by it: —

"I am not a little pleased that you like my 'Bechuana Boy.' Your own and your mother's tears are tributes which I highly prize; not from any particular vanity in regard to this little piece, but because it satisfies me that my aim to attain the simple language of truth and nature has not been entirely unsuccessful. *Condensation* and *simplicity* are *now* my great aims in any poetical attempts, for without these I am satisfied that nothing I may write will *live*, or deserve to live, — and many of my early pieces are very deficient, especially in the former of these qualities. The poor, dear boy, whose history suggested those verses, was received by me as a little servant for Mrs. P., to whom he speedily became most affectionately attached; but, as his intellect and disposition unfolded themselves, he exhibited so much amiable and excellent feeling, and good sense and delicacy, that he became to us rather a child than a menial attendant. He accompanied us to England, and we began to think of giving him such education as might eventually enable him, perhaps, to return to his native land in the capacity of a missionary

or teacher,—for which he manifested both the wish and the capacity; but, poor fellow! after he had been about eighteen months in England, he was seized with a pulmonary complaint, which carried him (I feel sure) to a *better world*, for he became, to the extent of his knowledge, a most exemplary Christian, and his death-bed was a scene such as is seldom witnessed for childlike and heavenly innocence. It was a very severe stroke to Mrs. P., who truly loved him as 'her own;' but the remembrance was hallowed and soothed by the quiet, dove-like beauty of his decease. He was still very young when he died, apparently about eleven, or at most twelve, years of age. He did not know his own age, and we could only guess at it from his appearance. Marossi was his father's name, he said. His own (by which he was baptized in his last illness) was Hinza. I have retained the former, because I have not adhered *strictly* to his real story in every point, and have represented him as rather older than he was, and capable of more deep feeling and reflection than he appeared to possess when he *first* came under my charge, though not more than he had attained before he died. The destruction of his tribe and kindred, and his being sold to a Boor, etc., are all as he related; but the *spring-bok*, and his *mode* of joining us, are *poetical licenses*. His expression, when we took him into our waggon, 'I am alone in the world,' was, however, strictly true. Mrs. P. will tell you a thousand interesting traits and anecdotes of him when you see her. We also have a very good portrait of him taken by a lady who was fond of him. Perhaps I may some day add a second part to the poem, or write a little biographical sketch of him in prose, when I can *command a little leisure*. But my poems are generally begun from accidental impulse rather than any distinct plan, as was the case in this instance; and whether I might make the latter part of this little history agreeably interesting may be questionable. So much for poor Hinza Marossi. He was altogether a most interesting child."

THE BECHUANA BOY.

I sat at noontide in my tent,
  And looked across the Desert dun,
Beneath the cloudless firmament
  Far gleaming in the sun,
When from the bosom of the waste
A swarthy Stripling came in haste,
With foot unshod and naked limb;
And a tame springbok followed him.

With open aspect, frank yet bland,
  And with a modest mien he stood,
Caressing with a gentle hand
  That beast of gentle brood;
Then, meekly gazing in my face,
Said in the language of his race,
With smiling look yet pensive tone,
"Stranger, — I 'm in the world alone!"

"Poor boy!" I said, "thy native home
  Lies far beyond the Stormberg blue:
Why hast thou left it, boy! to roam
  This desolate Karroo?"
His face grew sadder while I spoke;
The smile forsook it; and he broke
Short silence with a sob-like sigh,
And told his hapless history.

"I have no home!" replied the boy:
  "The Bergenaars — by night they came,
And raised their wolfish howl of joy,
  While o'er our huts the flame

Resistless rushed; and aye their yell
Pealed louder as the warriors fell
In helpless heaps beneath their shot:
One living man they left us not!

"The slaughter o'er, they gave the slain
To feast the foul-beaked birds of prey;
And, with our herds, across the plain
They hurried us away —
The widowed mothers and their brood.
Oft, in despair, for drink and food
We vainly cried: they heeded not,
But with sharp lash the captive smote.

"Three days we tracked that dreary wild,
Where thirst and anguish pressed us sore;
And many a mother and her child
Lay down to rise no more.
Behind us, on the desert brown,
We saw the vultures swooping down;
And heard, as the grim night was falling,
The wolf to his gorged comrade calling.

"At length was heard a river sounding
'Midst that dry and dismal land,
And, like a troop of wild deer bounding
We hurried to its strand —
Among the maddened cattle rushing;
The crowd behind still forward pushing,
Till in the flood our limbs were drenched,
And the fierce rage of thirst was quenched.

"Hoarse-roaring, dark, the broad Gareep
In turbid streams was sweeping fast,
Hugh sea-cows in its eddies deep
Loud snorting as we passed;

But that relentless robber clan
Right through those waters wild and wan
Drove on like sheep our wearied band:
Some never reached the farther strand.

"All shivering from the foaming flood,
We stood upon the stranger's ground,
When, with proud looks and gestures rude,
The White Men gathered round:
And there, like cattle from the fold,
By Christians we were bought and sold,
'Midst laughter loud and looks of scorn —
And roughly from each other torn.

"My mother's scream, so long and shrill,
My little sister's wailing cry,
(In dreams I often hear them still!)
Rose wildly to the sky.
A tiger's heart came to me then,
And fiercely on those ruthless men
I sprang. Alas! dashed on the sand,
Bleeding, they bound me foot and hand.

"Away — away on prancing steeds
The stout man-stealers blithely go,
Through long low valleys fringed with reeds,
O'er mountains capped with snow,
Each with his captive, far and fast;
Until yon rock-bound ridge we passed,
And distant stripes of cultured soil
Bespoke the land of tears and toil.

"And tears and toil have been my lot
Since I the White Man's thrall became,
And sorer griefs I wish forgot —
Harsh blows, and scorn, and shame!

Oh, Englishman! thou ne'er canst know
The injured bondman's bitter woe,
When round his breast, like scorpions, cling
Black thoughts that madden while they sting!

"Yet this hard fate I might have borne,
And taught in time my soul to bend,
Had my sad yearning heart forlorn
But found a single friend:
My race extinct or far removed,
The Boor's rough brood I could have loved;
But each to whom my bosom turned
Even like a hound the black boy spurned.

"While, friendless thus, my master's flocks
I tended on the upland waste,
It chanced this fawn leapt from the rocks,
By wolfish wild-dogs chased:
I rescued it, though wounded sore
And dabbled in its mother's gore:
And nursed it in a cavern wild,
Until it loved me like a child.

"Gently I nursed it; for I thought
(Its hapless fate so like to mine)
By good Utiko it was brought
To bid me not repine, —
Since in this world of wrong and ill
One creature lived that loved me still,
Although its dark and dazzling eye
Beamed not with human sympathy.

"Thus lived I, a lone orphan lad,
My task the proud Boor's flocks to tend;
And this poor fawn was all I had
To love, or call my friend;

When suddenly, with haughty look
And taunting words, that tyrant took
My playmate for his pampered boy,
Who envied me my only joy.

"High swelled my heart! — But when the star
Of midnight gleamed, I softly led
My bounding favorite forth, and far
Into the Desert fled.
And here, from human kind exiled,
Three moons on roots and berries wild
I 've fared; and braved the beasts of prey,
To 'scape from spoilers worse than they.

"But yester morn a Bushman brought
The tidings that thy tents were near;
And now with hasty foot I 've sought
Thy presence, void of fear;
Because they say, O English Chief,
Thou scornest not the Captive's grief:
Then let me serve thee, as thine own —
For I am in the world alone!"

Such was Marossi's touching tale.
Our breasts they are not made of stone:
His words, his winning looks prevail —
We took him for "our own."
And one, with woman's gentle art,
Unlocked the fountains of his heart;
And love gushed forth — till he became
Her Child in every thing but name.

Pringle returned to England, and became the secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society. He lived and died in poverty, but his simple heart-work for Africa was the means of the abolition of slavery. He worked through men of larger influence. He was

an influence behind the influence, one of the silent forces that build men.

Says his biographer —

"While reflecting upon the circumstances of Pringle's residence in South Africa, I cannot help being struck with what is commonly called the 'injustice of fortune' as regarded him. Whenever the emancipation of the colored races is mentioned, names — glorious names in the history of civilization! — present themselves to the grateful memory; but who recalls that humble emigrant, whose moral influence, spreading like an atmosphere throughout the colony, prepared the minds of men for a revolution, which, remote and comparatively unimportant as was the field of action, can be reckoned nothing less than sublime? Pringle communicated a portion of his *mind* to our African colony; and not merely in the printed essays, and moral struggles of the philanthropist was his advocacy of the eternal principles of nature and religion made manifest, but even the wild strains of his Border muse sent a thrill of generous feeling through many a cold and selfish heart. In his history, in fact, is exhibited the stealthy influence of LITERATURE, unseen in its action, but felt more powerfully in its results than in the fiercest war."

CHAPTER XIX.

TALES OF THE GREAT THIRST LAND.

At Kimberley, Mr. McFynney studied the routes to the great thirst land. He read the few books on the ways to the North Khama's land, the great southern desert and the lake country. He gathered round him travellers and explorers.

One of these, who had travelled with one of the early explorers, related to him certain stories which greatly interested him, the bases of which may be found in the French *Le Tour du Monde.*

AN OGRE IN THE DESERT.

An explorer penetrating into the unknown wilds, and desirous of enriching himself by ostrich feathers, separated himself from his company to go to an ostrich hunt. Night was coming on when he discovered a noble bird; he put chase after her and brought her down, and stripped her of her feathers in the short twilight.

Feeling that he had made a good day's work, he lay down by his gun on the sand, and fell asleep. He awoke; the night was cooling; the moon and stars were shining. He could hear the roar of the lion in the bush afar, but he was not disturbed.

In the early morning twilight, he rose up. The dead bird lay near him, and at a little distance was a bush in the sand.

His mouth was parched with thirst. He refreshed himself from his flask, and was about to lie down again for a little more rest, when he discovered a black head with white teeth, apparently appearing from the bush.

In his excitement of securing the ostrich-plumes in the short evening twilight, he had not noticed anything in the bush. He had shunned the bush, as such places were infested with poisonous reptiles and insects.

"Hallo!" he called in English.

The figure did not reply. It did not move.

THE MUMMY BEHIND THE BUSH.

"I say, Hallo!"

Still no answer or motion.

It was growing lighter. The rays of the Afric sun were lifting like a luminous rainbow in the east over the dark lines of the mountains.

He held up his flask to the figure in the bush, but the figure did not respond. It seemed to stare at him with fixed eyes, and half-open mouth.

THE GREAT THIRST LAND.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

The stony stare unsettled his nerves. He rose up, and went to the place.

What he found filled him with horror. It was the mummy of a native, probably a Kaffir, who had perished of thirst. The sun had embalmed the body, and no beast had disturbed it, as beasts are said to shrink from bodies that perish with thirst.

In the bush was a large collection of rare ostrich feathers, which the hunter took away with those he himself had gathered.

"My poor man," he said, as he raised his flask to his mouth, "if you had had my flask, I would not have had your feathers."

Another story from the same source and suggestion, related to a traveller who detached himself from an expedition to go into the bush, hunting. The freedom of the open country allured him on. His thirst became great, but he carried a nut in his mouth to excite the saliva, and he met with many adventures in the lands of surprises.

At last an unaccountable tremor came over him. He lost his strength and sunk down. Rigors and spasms followed. His blood seemed on fire.

"A spider has poisoned me," he thought. He was able to raise his flask to his mouth, which was followed by vomiting, and relief.

A herd of gemboks rushed by. He wounded one of them at a distance, hoping to get her milk. But bewilderment came over him. Rigors overcame him, and he found himself sinking into unconsciousness.

"Have I came thus far," he said, "to give my body to hawks and the jackals?"

He was roused from his unconsciousness by hearing the howl of his dog, who had not followed him at first, but had found him, seemingly dying in the desert.

The poor animal lifted up his voice so as to pierce the air. He seemed to understand the situation. His voice rang out

over the desert as in an agony for help. It was *his* master that was dead or dying.

The hunter raised his head. He heard at last a cry in the distance.

"His master is dead," said the voice, which was conveyed to others.

Soon human help came; friends from the hunting party surrounded him, and were pouring brandy down his throat.

He recovered, but those terrible moments between unconsciousness and consciousness forever haunted him.

"When relief came," he said, "I could not swallow; the muscles of my throat refused to act. The drink ran down into my stomach as if it were pouring down a throat of clay. I shall never cease to recall those moments; they were as of a dream of a dead man trying to drink."

Other tales, told in the Travellers' Inn, gave views of the deserts and forests in the regions between the Cape Colonies and the Victoria Nyanza, and we present two of the most vivid of these story-pictures.

THE WITCH FINDER'S SECRET.

In the old Hebrew days the "waters of jealousy" were administered to suspected persons. These waters were poison, but it was believed that they would not poison the innocent. It was then thought that a divine power directly interposed.

Certain wild tribes in interior Africa resort to this means to discover innocence or guilt. Some of them seem to take a scientific view of the effects of these subtilely mixed poisons.

There was a young Afric craftsman whose business it was to mix poisons for the heads of arrows and spears. His name was Oka. He was also a witch finder.

A young hunter fell under the suspicion of using sorcery and

committing a murder in the bush. There was no direct evidence against him, but suspicious circumstances surrounded him. He was arrested by a band on the order of the chief, and was brought to the palm village to be tried for his supposed murder.

I was travelling in the country at the time, collecting ivory for a continental firm. I saw the young suspect brought into the reedy village.

He interested me. He was tall, noble-looking, and his form was as perfect as it was lusty. He had not the appearance of a criminal, but of one naturally honest, with the high pride of self-respect.

I shall never forget a certain innate nobleness which seemed to fill his features as he stood there bound in the open circle of the palm shades that covered the conical huts.

I tried to speak to him. He answered me in a courteous tone, but in words that I did not understand.

I pitied him. I thought him innocent of any crime; I hoped that he would not have to suffer unjustly from mere suspicion.

The night after my arrival at the cone-like village his face haunted me. I could not close my eyes in my hammock. As I looked across the circle or square, I saw a light in the hut of the poison-maker and witch finder Oka.

I arose at last, crossed the circle, and said to Oka, in the tribe language, —

"Are you to administer the poison, Oka?"

"Sure."

"Will it produce death?"

"I think not."

"Is it real poison?"

"Sure."

"Would it kill a guilty man?"

"Sure."

"Why will it not kill him?"

His answer was startling.

"There must be the poison of guilt in the blood of the criminal to make the drug effective."

I stared. He added, —

"The consciousness of guilt makes a different condition for the action of the drug from that of innocence."

This in clear English was the idea conveyed by the rude African who was held to be an expert in the arts of African poisons.

"If the young hunter is innocent, the drug that we 'll give him will have no more effect upon him, writer," he added. "Guilt secretes a peculiar poison. There are drugs whose liquors are not poisonous except they unite with other poisons."

Here indeed was a desert chemist.

The day of the trial came. The lusty young man was brought into the village circle, and seated in the midst of the people. The chief came out of his hut and sat down on a mat.

Drums sounded, gourd-like instruments rattled.

The poisoner appeared, cup in hand, — a carved cup, made from some huge nut.

The drums beat again, and the gourds rattled.

The poisoner presented the cup to the young prisoner. The captive seized it with a firm hand, drank it immediately, and stood there like a hero.

The drums beat again.

He did not tremble. Not a muscle moved. The people sat in silence for an hour.

The chief then rose up and asked the poisoner, —

"Is the prisoner guilty?"

"Surely not."

"The gods have borne witness that the prisoner is innocent," said the chief. "Unbind him, and let us dance."

The silver stars were shining in the fiery red fringes of the African twilight, and the great moon was rising in amber circles on the far hills.

The dance followed; the prisoner danced with them.

In the morning I went to Oka.

"Will you give me a vial of the poison that you gave to the prisoner?" asked I.

"Sure; what will you do with it?"

"I will try a few drops on myself."

"That would never do."

"Why? I am guilty of no crime."

"But you have not the resolution that makes the secretion that is an antidote to the poison."

Here was a new idea. The man was not only a desert chemist, but a metaphysician, as well.

"What if I take a single drop?"

"It will not much harm you, but it will make you sick. If it make you sick, I can relieve you."

I took a single drop. In a half-hour I was nearly thrown into convulsions by the drug, and it took the day to afford me relief.

I visited a native missionary soon after, and related to him my strange story.

"It is very remarkable," he said, "but I am compelled to believe that there is some moral chemistry that makes the ordeal of the poison a just judgment in most cases. I am doing my best to prevent its use, and yet there is a mystery underlying it that I do not understand."

THE MOTHER ELEPHANT.

THIS story I am about to tell may be found in part in *Le Tour du Monde.* The African elephant is as easily domesticated as the Indian, but it has not been used as elephants are in India, for lifting heavy bodies, or for common work. The African elephant differs from the Indian only in the size of its ears. One sees but few elephants in the lands south of the Vaal, or of the Zambesi.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, African elephants were sometimes gathered in herds and driven from place to place. They became familiar with this kind of life, and followed the will of their keepers. They were well used, and seldom resisted those who had charge of them.

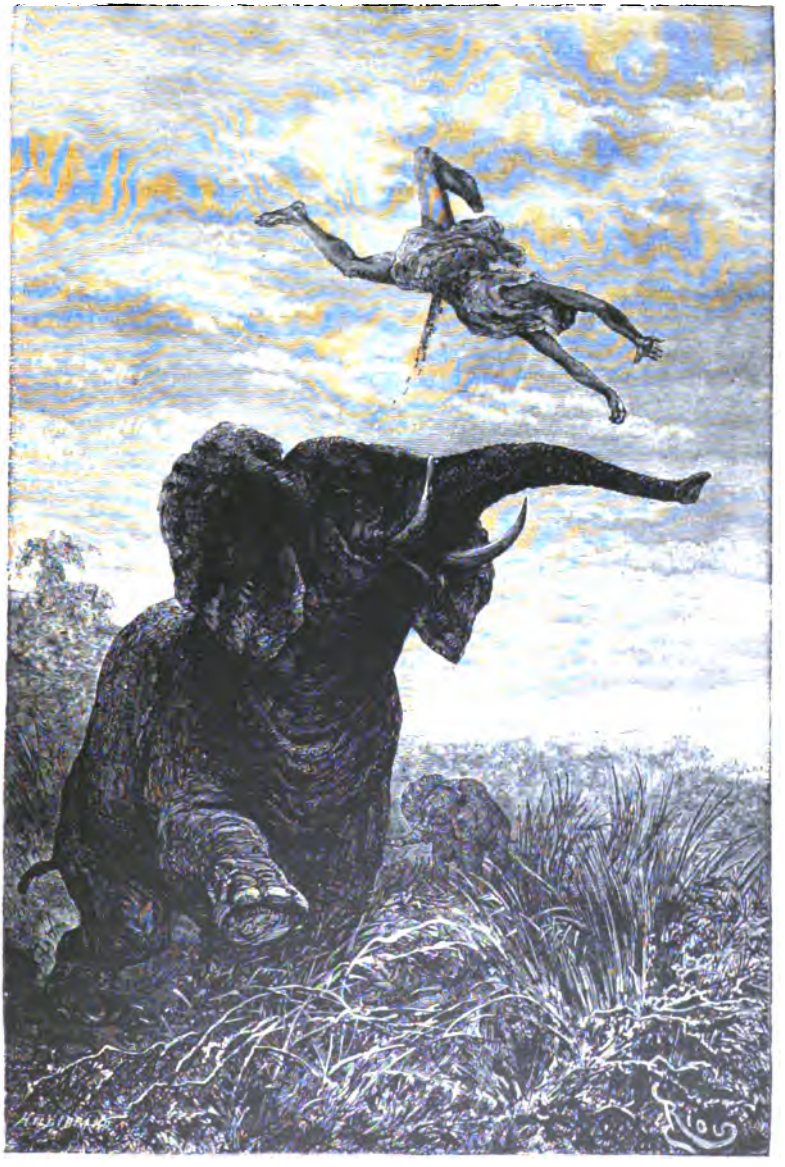
A mother elephant, however docile, will protect her young. She may allow herself to be overdriven or overtaxed, but she will not allow her baby elephant to suffer harm.

A mother elephant with her baby was journeying with a herd across the Veldt in the times before the great animals had so generally disappeared. She seemed to like to be by herself, evidently for the better protection of her little one. She at last became detached from the herd, and wandered away, probably that she might have better care for her baby. She moved slowly, and the baby followed after her. When she stopped the baby would nurse, in the odd way that little elephants do, not with its trunk, but with its mouth, standing in front of the breast of its mother.

A native keeper was sent after her, to bring her back to the herd. She was angered to see him coming. She seemed to want a mother's freedom, and she was not disposed to be driven back. He attempted to turn her. The effort aroused her fury, and she endeavored to attack him, and rushed upon him. Seeing that it was hopeless to try to drive her, he raised his gun to shoot her. It missed fire.

The mother elephant probably understood his design, and she rushed after him again. He fired again, but a second time failed to bring her down. He stepped upon the sand, when she rushed upon him, and, stabbing him with her tusk, threw him high into the air, whence he fell bleeding upon the sand. The elephant made off with her little one.

The keeper was found in the bush in an almost lifeless condition. A mother elephant will have her will. Her little one is the world to her.



THE MOTHER ELEPHANT.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

A railway station for the desert solitudes of South Africa resembles those of other lands. Nearly all buildings are in part constructed of corrugated iron.

The colored policemen about these stations and in the desert towns are intelligent, kindly-looking men. Everything in the lands of the desert wears the appearance of unwelcome civilization — Africa was never meant to be the land of toil.

KAFFIR POLICEMAN

The greater part of the bush country of South Africa, between the Cape and the Vaal, is a blazing monetary. The dark outlines of mountains relieve the scene in many of the public ways; there is bush everywhere where wild beasts once made their lairs, and from which the elephant and lion have disappeared.

Ant hills appear here and there; little worlds where wars wage, factories thrive, policemen keep order, roads and tunnels are made, and the mimic world goes on doing the same things now that it has done for a thousand years, and will do for a thousand years to come. Of these busy, fate-controlled insects, Wood says,—

"The Termites, or White Ants, as they are very erroneously called, belong to the Neuroptera, and are therefore not ants at all. These insects live in large societies, and build edifices, sometimes of enormous size, and almost as hard as stone. Twelve feet in height is quite common, so that were we to com-

pare our works with theirs, St. Peter's in Rome, and St. Paul's in London, fall infinitely short of the edifices constructed by these little creatures. The common Termite inhabits Africa. Not only does it build these houses, but runs galleries underground, as, curiously enough, although blind, it works either at night or in darkness. In each house or community, there are five different kinds of Termites: — 1. the single male, or king, whose life is very short; 2. the single female, or queen: these are the perfect insects, and have had wings, but have lost them soon after their admission into their cell; they also have eyes; 3. the soldiers or fighting men: these possess large jaws, do no work, but repel adversaries and watch as sentinels; 4. the pupæ, who resemble the workers, except that they possess the rudiments of wings; and 5. the larvæ, or workers. These do all the *work*, i. e. they collect food, attend to the queen, and watch over the eggs and young, and build and repair their castle. These are more numerous than all the other kinds.

"On the approach of the rainy season, the pupæ obtain wings and issue forth in swarms. Few, however, survive. Myriads are devoured by birds, reptiles and even by man; and many are carried out to sea and perish there. Those that do escape are speedily found by the laborers, who inclose a pair in a cell from which they never emerge. The male soon dies, but the female, after rapidly increasing to nearly three inches in length and one in breadth, continues to lay eggs unceasingly for a very long time. This cell becomes the nucleus of the hive, and round it all other cells and galleries are built.

"These insects are terribly destructive, as they eat through wooden beams, furniture, etc., leaving only a thin shell, which is broken down with the least extra weight; and many are the occasions when an unsuspecting individual, on seating himself on an apparently sound sofa or chair, finds himself, like Belzoni in the Pyramid, reposing among a heap of dust and splinters."

CHAPTER XX.

IN AN AFRICAN TREE — VERT.

M. Farini, in *Le Tour du Monde*, relates a remarkable tale of a Night in an African Tree. The narrative appears in some articles entitled "Eight Months in Kalahari," and the adventure occurred in the region of lake N'gami.

A company of French explorers were making an expedition among the native tribes, the Mapaurs, the Dwarfs, and Bastards.

Their wagon could be extended into a tent, and under the uplifted tent cloth they could entertain the very interesting natives who were pacific.

They were in the country of the giraffe, an animal found only in South Africa, and which has the characteristics of the antelope and of the camel.

The giraffe is an innocent and beautiful creature. It has large eyes, a wonderful tongue, and certain projections from the head, called horns.

This company came upon the track of a giraffe, and a cornet led some of the men after the animal. They found the place where he had rested.

"See," said the cornet, "the sand is warm from his body."

Presently the animal appeared, running with a swaying motion. The men shot at her, and wounded her. She seemed to be in great agony; her long neck, in her convulsions, looked like a huge serpent in the air.

The men approached her. The explorer says that she bent an appealing look upon him, and seemed to say, with her eye,—

"Why do you injure me? What have I done?"

She began to strike her feet on the ground, as if laboring to support her heavy body. She presently fell over, and another shot ended her misery.

The men wished to preserve her body until the travelling carriage should arrive, as giraffe-steak is good food. To keep away birds and jackals, they covered the body with twigs and leaves, and the explorer decided to spend the night in a tree near it, until the travelling carriage should arrive.

In the sunset, or after, he saw a speck appear in the sky: another, and another, and many. Presently the air was full of wings, and a shower of vultures descended.

The men had disembowelled the animal, and the huge birds began to devour the entrails. The explorer had set up a white signal, as a scarecrow, but the birds did not heed it. They feasted eagerly, and one of the largest of them began to uncover the body. The explorer killed the bird, and drove the flock away.

Night came. The cry of the jackals arose in the air. These cannibals of the desert had scented the dead giraffe. They gathered about the place, but were held at bay by the explorer's rifle.

The hunter passed the night in the tree guarding his steak from many foes.

In the early morning he saw a vermilion, far in the east, and thought that his release was at hand. The sun would soon arise in dazzling splendor, and the travelling carriage appear; the travellers would enjoy their steak under the tent cloth.

But some giraffe birds were in a commotion at a distance. They seemed to be following some objects in the bush.

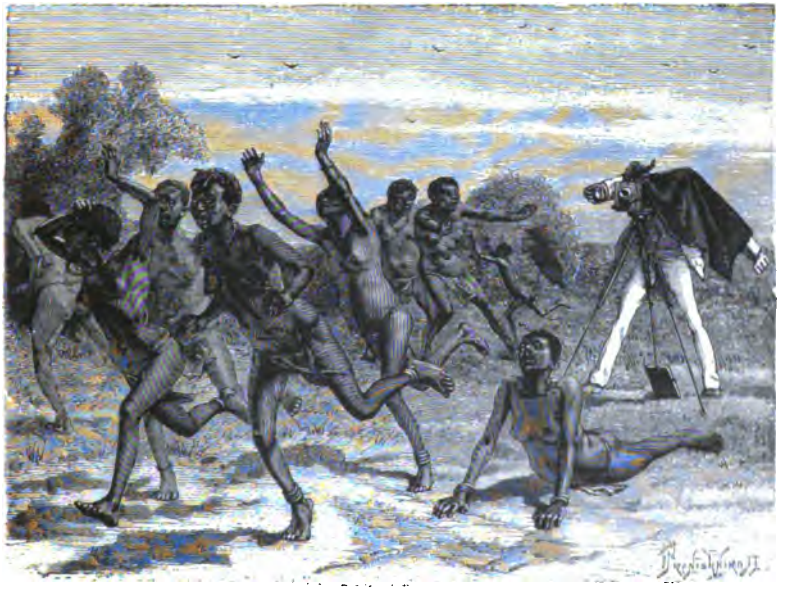
A roar made the morning air tremble; it seemed to shake the tree where the explorer was resting.

Three lions appeared, one of them a giant. They came out of the bush, and began to uncover and devour the giraffe.

The morning sun began to burn with African fire. The explorer looked into the distance, and saw the carriage approaching.

It was hard to see the morning meal of the travellers devoured by the lions. But he must await the arrival of the company before attacking the beasts.

Presently he heard a rustle in the branches behind him, and turned in new alarm to see what was there.



PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

It was one of his bushmen, who had run through the bush on all fours, and climbed the tree, bringing his rifle with him.

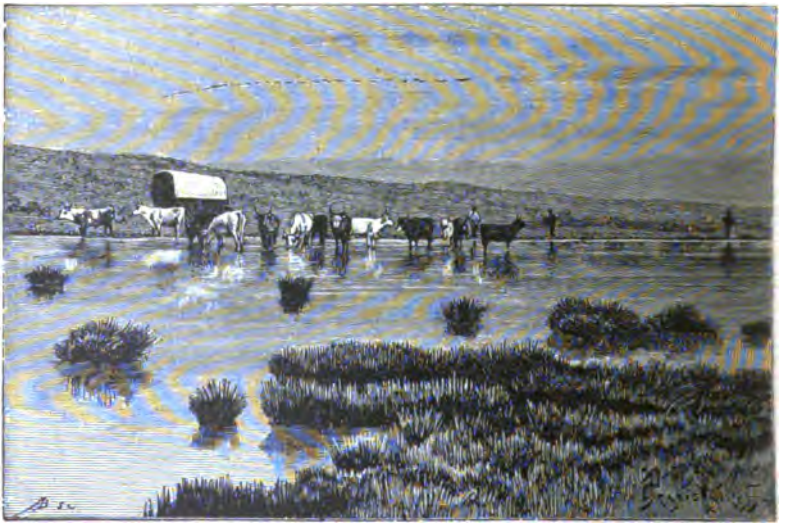
There was a photographer in the party. He used to try to photograph interesting groups of natives, but as often as they saw his head sink behind the dark cloth that covered the lens, they would become greatly terrified, and try to escape.

This desert artist, seeing that lions were under the control of the rifle in the tree, and that the company was well defended,

alighted from the carriage, and made the lions immortal by a picture, which came greatly to interest his own countrymen.

The lions were shot at, and the steak recovered.

The country on the borders of the desert abounds in lakes, some of which have a very curious formation. The water is

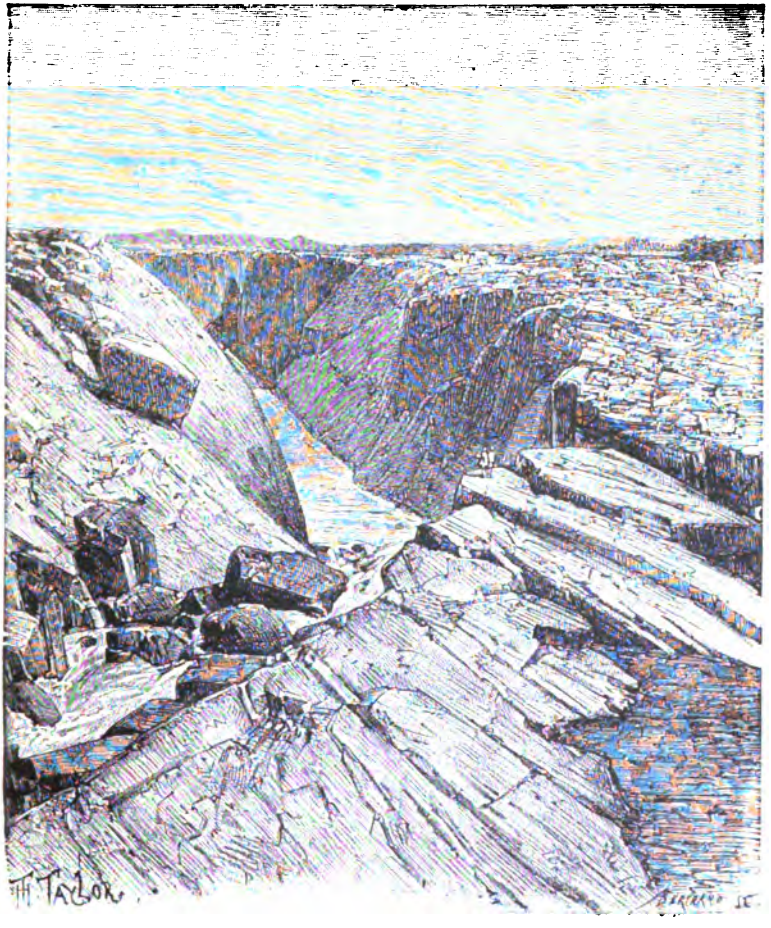


A LAKE NEAR THE BORDER OF KALAHARI DESERT.

imbedded in barren rocks, and falls here and there in picturesque cascades.

Ruins of some unknown and extinct civilization are found here, of some people who had a sense of art, and a love of creative beauty, and who left behind them memorials without a name.

The lakes in level lands are picturesque and pleasant, and it is a delight to the traveller to outspan his horses and cattle, and to rest by the placid surfaces where the common dangers of the deserts disappear.



THE DESERT COUNTRY.

The timid and beautiful antelopes of which there are said to be some eighty varieties, wander in great herds over South Africa, and constitute much of the food of beasts of prey. They sometimes cross the path of a caravan, and owing to their great numbers are thrown into confusion when they discover their

A HERD OF ANTELOPES.

peril. They present a fine sight at a distance in their harmless wanderings.

The attachment of Mr. McFynney to Vert was often commented upon by our young travellers. One day Mr. Goldstein said to the elderly man,—

"It is not often that one is so devoted to the interests of a boy not his own, as you seem to be to Vert's; the lad must have some unusual gifts."

"Strange as it may seem to you," said Mr. McFynney, "our friendship began in politics. After the loss of my family, I was very lonesome, and I gave myself to reading politics. I was a Liberal, an advocate of home rule in Ireland, and of the freedom of the colonies everywhere. I became an intense partisan of Gladstone, whom I held to be a god of the new democracy.

"Vert was but a boy then, but he caught my spirit, only he was more radical than I: he found his ideal in Chamberlain, who at that time was the champion of the rights of all men, and of the peace of the world.

"Gladstone sought to extend suffrage to the Irish people in a larger way than Chamberlain, as you know. Chamberlain had begun to hedge, as it were, and I can never forget the boy's grief as he followed the change. When Chamberlain became a Tory, he actually wept; his flesh failed, he so took the matter to heart. He had come to regard Chamberlain as the young leader of a new era of the welfare of the world.

"When Chamberlain suddenly reversed his political ideas, Vert seemed as one who had lost his dearest purpose in life. He came to me for relief. I used to talk for hours with the boy politician. In these interviews I found such noble qualities in his nature, such clear, bright, and independent thought in his reasoning, that my heart went out to him, and it has never left him.

"He wished to study engineering, that he might advance the progress of Africa in civilization in that way. He never seemed to think of himself. He wished to learn how he could best help mankind.

"'I might be a lineman,' he used to say. 'It would be a small thing, but a useful one. A boy must choose for his work in life, not that which brings him most money, but that which will make him most useful to others. One can only be happy when he is doing that which he is called to do.' That was the heart of Vert: that was Vert."

The young travellers were not all Liberals in politics, but this picture of the boy won the hearts of all, whether Liberals or Tories. They all hoped that the old man would find his "boy politician," of the Gladstone school, who had developed such high and inspiring ideals.

Such a character as Vert may seem unusual, and yet it is hardly so. The biographies of most eminently useful men disclose a period in youth, when life fell under the influence of some ideal character and was absorbed in it and governed by it. This has been especially noticeable in the early lives of men who became eminent in creative work, and in the arts and sciences. In religion, such has been the rule of life. The experience is like the pattern of the Tabernacle which Moses saw in the mount. It is they who have such visions who themselves became leaders of men.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SEARCH FOR VERT IN THE KALAHARI—THE LAKE COUNTRY.

FROM Kimberley, the white "tin" city, the Golconda of South Africa, Mr. McFynney set out on an expedition into the desert of Kalahari, the so-called "great thirst land," in search of Vert. His journey was to be taken in a mule team. Mr. Goldstein and the boys made the journey with him from Kimberley to Campbell, and the Vaal River.

"Our boys" wished to visit at Campbell the old mission houses associated with the work of Moffat and Livingstone. They had seen the tomb of Livingstone in Westminster Abbey. His early, hard struggle for an education had won their hearts, and they had come to take the view that Africa might better have been civilized by Livingstone's method than by war.

"The missionary method is the true way of civilization," Mr. McFynney used to say. "The world will see the true way when the greater light shall come. No people ever were conquered until their hearts were won. There is nothing that can be accomplished by war that cannot be better secured without war."

The old mission houses where Moffat began his work in the hope of christianizing Africa still remain, though somewhat dilapidated. Here Livingstone met lovely Mary Moffat, who so won his heart that he made her his wife, although he had resolved not to marry.

They were entertained at a house at Campbell that had long been noted for its hospitality.

Mr. McFynney related many stories of the early missionaries to the Cape and the "regions beyond," in this house, and in that of the early missionaries.

The missionary period of South Africa was largely supported by the money and influence of the London Missionary Society. We are sorry to say that the Boer farmers, although Bible-reading people, did little to assist these humane efforts to make peace-loving men of the native tribes.

We give two of Mr. McFynney's stories told in the ruins of the buildings where efforts were made to advance civilization in a manner worthy of the human heart. We will choose the most curious of the benevolent-hearted man's narratives.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S PET MONKEY.

In H. H. Johnson's Life of Dr. Livingstone, in which the explorer's work is treated from the scientific point of view, is given in the open text and footnote an account of an anthropoid ape of the Manyema's Land, that very closely resembles the human species.

The writer says: —

"There is also present in these forests an anthropoid ape, which Livingstone describes under its Manyema name of *Soko*. From all we know about this interesting beast, it would seem to be either a somewhat larger variety of the common chimpanzee or a very closely allied species.

"The color of the skin is a pale yellow, as in the common chimpanzee, and not black, as it is among the other species of anthropoid ape in West Africa. The *Soko*, which is probably identical with that form of chimpanzee found by Emin Pasha farther north in the Mombutu country, is also said to extend its range southwards to the vicinity of Lake Moero and along the

banks of the Upper Congo. According to Livingstone, these creatures often walk in an erect position, but steadying their bodies by placing the hands on the back of the head. He presents this beast as being of great intelligence, and so cunning that it is difficult to stalk him in front without being seen, and therefore when he is killed it is usually from behind. The Manyema people frequently string a number of nets round some enclosure in the forest and drive the *Sokos* into them and spear them. Brought to bay like this, they will frequently turn on their assailants, and will snatch their spears from them and break them, and perhaps also bite off the ends of the men's fingers. As a general rule, however, they seem to be far from ferocious; indeed, there is a strong element of playfulness in their nature. They will stalk the men and women who are at work in the forest or in the plantations, and occasionally seize them, but after grinning and giving vent to a shrieking kind of laugh, will leave them unharmed. They will also kidnap children and run up the trees with them, but can be lured down, however, by being tempted with bananas. The ape scrambles down the tree to seize the bananas, and in doing so looses its hold on the child, who is then recovered. Occasionally the children they catch are pinched and scratched, and swung backwards and forwards by one arm, but not seriously hurt. If a *Soko* encounters a man who is unarmed, he grabs hold of him possibly, but does him no injury. Should the man fight with him, however, or wound him, he will seize his wrists and bite off his fingers (which he spits out), buffet his cheeks with backhanded slaps, and scratch him. If the *Soko* has been wounded in his encounter with the man, he endeavors to stuff leaves into the wound to stanch the blood. These chimpanzees live in communities of about ten, and are monogamous, If one male *Soko* attempts to seize the female of another, the rest of the community all unite in punishing him with buffets and bites. The female *Soko* usually brings forth twins. Both father and mother

show great affection for their offspring, and if the parents are crossing a bit of dangerous open country with their child, the father carries it until they have arrived at a safe place, and then hands it over to the mother. Their food is principally wild fruits, and they are peculiarly fond of bananas. At times the *Sokos* collect together and drum with their fists on the trunks of hollow trees, and accompany this performance with loud yells and screams, which seemed to Livingstone to offer some resemblance to the singing of the Manyema.

"A young *Soko* which was given to Livingstone as a pet seemed instinctively to take to him as a friend, and would sit quietly on the mat beside him.

"If he went for a walk she insisted on coming too, and would hold up her hand to him that he might take her with him. If refused, she hung down her head and made grimaces of the most pathetic human-like sorrow. She would not only wring her hands, but sometimes her feet too, to make it appear more touching. She would gather grass and leaves about her to make a nest, and resented any one meddling with her property. She would endeavor to untie a knot in the cord which bound her to a post, and when interfered with by a man, raged at him, and tried to beat him with her hands. In attacking him, she put her back against Livingstone's legs, looking upon him instinctively as a friend. She covered herself with a mat on going to sleep, and would wipe her hands, when dirty, with a leaf."

When the party reached the Vaal River, the boys wished to see the desert; so they crossed with Mr. McFynney whom they were loath to leave.

Their method of travelling was by a public conveyance, a covered wagon which was a kind of hotel in itself. At the river the vehicle was driven onto a floating bridge, which was towed across to the opposite shore. We have given from *Le Tour du Monde* an illustration of the method of travelling.

The way became fearful. The burning sun, the lairs of beasts, the sense of wideness, and the want of water, the sand, sand, sand, into which the wheels ploughed, made the wilderness as terrible as the cheerless sea.

The few people that they met at this stage of the journey were riders on cattle. They guided the cattle that had sharp horns by cords attached to a ring or rod in the nose of the beast.

They encountered one storm which none of them ever will forget. The clouds for a time hung black and silent in the lifeless afternoon air. Then fitful winds tore the trees and bushes, and the eagles flew screaming towards the mountains.

Presently thunder shook the earth and heavens. Rain began to fall in sheets, accompanied by wind that only rocks could resist. Their tent pins were lifted out of the earth and they were left to the fury of the storm.

But how glorious was the night when the rolling clouds passed, and the winds subsided, and the moon came out on the glittering bushland! The morning that followed was like a red sea of splendid light. Few scenes of nature are as glorious as an African morning after a night storm.

The bushes seemed singing. The birds from the mountains came flying back, looking for the bodies of cattle that the monster of the air had left dead. Human beings, wherever they were, sought to repair the ruins of the night.

The old guides told stories along the way, in the desolate encampments.

We will relate some of these; they will help picture the route towards the Congo Free State through a part of British Central Africa, a country that may disappear from public interest, but which is more likely to grow and become an Austral empire.

A BABOON THAT CAME TO CHURCH.

It was Sunday in the Bush. The sun rose like an orb of fire, round red; a torrid heat filled the air, the far mountains gleamed in the clear, still sky.

I had pitched my church tent outside of the stockaded village among some cool palms.

It was merely a covering suspended on the trees.

The great beasts had long ago been driven away from the district. There were no elephants here now; few lions, and few crocodiles, river giants, as of old. Civilization had been making its way along the Crocodile River.

But the baboons remained. The trees were as populous with these natives as ever. The great palms on which I had spread my tent cloth were full of these grinning, wondering, imitative creatures. They would hide from me while I was lifting and tying the ropes, but their strange human faces would appear again whenever I dropped from a tree to the ground.

There was one old patriarch of the tribe that recalled the face of a philosopher. He ventured near me often, but if I looked up to him he waved his arm, and lo, all the baboons who were venturing out of the green fans of the palms, vanished behind them.

There was one lively baboon that evinced a great curiosity in what I was doing when I suspended the church tent cloth. She watched me as I held the strings. As I saw her curiosity I made the knots tight, and gave a sharp whistle which caused her to disappear.

There were to be two sermons, one in the cool of the morning, and the other in that of the evening.

The morning service was well attended by the people of the village. The congregation sat down in the shade, and not an

eye seemed to have been taken from me and my interpreter during the discourse.

There was but a single interruption. The lively baboon at one point of the Gospel discourse came down a tent rope and looked in under the awning, in a very curious and comical way. She excited no special attention, however; such things were common. She behaved well, although she winked, and blinked, and wondered, in a way that would have seemed very comical to a company of American young people.

When the little organ began to play the closing hymn tune, she disappeared.

The meeting appointed for the cool of the evening was more largely attended. Nearly all the people of the village were present. The lively baboon came, too. The people came early; she did. She sat down quietly in the green space beside the little organ. It was a bold act and unusual, but no one disturbed her. The people's thoughts were not given to trifles. The natives had come to hear. It was a silent congregation.

The little organ introduced the service. The baboon sat in demure and imitative silence till the people began to sing lines, as they were given out, to very simple music. She then stood partly up, made grimaces, which no one but myself and my reed organist cared to notice.

As the interpreter rose the people crowded close to the rude platform, and the baboon leaped upon the organ.

This did not cause a smile. Anything imitative was to be expected from a partly tame baboon.

I began to speak, and the interpreter to interpret, when the baboon took a further interest in the services by leaping upon the platform, climbing up the little Bible desk, and seizing the Bible mark which she held up to the people.

"Take the animal out," said the interpreter in the native tongue.

One of the villagers, an old man, rose to obey. As he put

out his hands to take her, she leaped down, ran up the ridge-pole inside of the tent, and began to make mouths and to jabber.

When the interpreter continued the discourse she imitated his movement, and jabbered in a very odd and rather spiteful way.

The old man who had attempted to remove her took a pole and hit her gently. She uttered a hurt cry, leaped down, and ran out of the place, and up a palm tree.

"We are sorry to have to turn any being out of church," said the interpreter, to recall the people's eyes to him.

He was indeed, ere long.

For, a little while after the service had gone on, one of the natives gave a sudden scream.

A great shadow broke upon the twilight illumined air. There was sudden wind, for a cloud lay black across the splendors of the fading sunlight, and, with the breeze, the tent cloth came flapping down, except at one corner, covering the interpreter, the congregation, and myself.

We crawled out from under it. The heavens were darkening. We went to the grass houses.

As we turned to go, there was heard a chuckle in the trees.

It came from the baboon. She had seen how the knots were tied, and she had worked three of them loose, and left the cloth to the will of the wind.

At Campbell, the old man one evening lay down under the trees, and twirled his knife in silence. An old sailor who had long lived at the place, flung himself down behind him, and asked whether he was "trekking."

"It bothers me to tell," said Mr. McFynney. "I may be going to Central Africa, to the Desert, and to the Lakes."

"And, my friend, you must have been all over the world. How does it happen that you speak in such an uncertain way?"

"I am going in search of a lost heart, my friend, and I shall turn in the way where I seem most likely to find it."

The old sailor looked greatly surprised when Mr. McFynney told him his story. The latter showed him the knife, and said,—

"You never saw that before?"

"No, but I once saw a boy such as you describe. He rested here with some prospectors who were going either to the Namaquarland or the Buchannaland, they would not tell me which. Are you a prospector, and is your name Mr. McFynney?"

The old man started.

"Where did you hear that name?"

"The boy used it—the boy's name was Vert. He said to me, I remember, 'If I fail, Uncle McFynney will be true to me still.' He said that Mr. McFynney was an old English gentleman who had always taken a great liking to him."

"Is that all you know? Think."

The old sailor thought, but said,—

"That is all I know."

They were now in the land of the lion. Afar in the herb mountains were his dens, and here were his hunting grounds, and here lurked his prey.

On the bushy borders of the glaring solitudes of these lands of rivers without water, the nests of the sociable grosbeaks appeared. The colonies of these birds made cities of trees, with populations of thousands. Their beaks are very hard, so that they can crush the hardest seeds and stones of fruits. They are a happy family of the air—communal birds.

The lion hunts by night. But in places where he has become very bold he sometimes seeks domestic animals and human prey by day. This usually occurs after he has been emboldened by a successful maraud on a traveller's or hunter's camp.

A story is told in *Le Tour du Monde*, of a company of explorers who were making their way through the wild wastes of

the lions' lands. They had come to a halt in the bush, and had made their encampment between two wagons, where they had built a fire for safety and had prepared their evening meal.

The men were lying down at a little distance from the fire, resting and talking, when one of their number went to the fire to light his pipe.

A huge lion was evidently watching the camp in the bush. The figure of the man lighting his pipe must have prescribed a tempting morsel to him. He gave a bound. The men were terrified to hear a heavy body fall in their midst, and to find that one of their number was covered by the body and paws of an immense lion. They rushed back with staring eyes. One of them hid or sought protection under the wagon.

How were they to release their fallen comrade, whom they expected to see the lion take up, and shake, and carry away?

One of them with instant presence of mind threw fire-brands under the beast's feet and then managed to toss coals on his back. The fire caused the lion to start up, and to suddenly fall upon the shoulders of another man who was trying to rescue the first.

The men now got their guns, and one of them shot the lion in his eye.

Every effort was now made to save the life of the first victim. The man's flesh was found to be severely bruised and torn, but the wounds were bound up, and he recovered after the best medical treatment that his companions could give him.

But cases of lions attacking a travelling party after building a protecting camp-fire are not common. Notwithstanding his great size and roar, the monarch of the desert is a cowardly beast. He may be easily frightened, and when he falls under fear he is either lost, or loses his prey. He turns his tail, and seeks refuge in his lair, or den, and becomes cautious.

Gillmore in his most interesting "Great Thirst Land" relates a like incident of the Kalahari desert, where the lion is said to

attain the greatest protection of any part of the world except in the Atlas mountains.

It was the wet season, when lions travel most. One afternoon Mr. Gillmore's party approached the Notawaney river. The trek had been long amid thorny bushes. The King of the Felidae in this region had become so bold as to hunt by day. The company moved cautiously. Among their number was a native Macalaca who had been to the diamond fields and there earned the money to buy a gun.

The party sought a place to outspan near sunset, when it began to rain. It is said that lions roar on light nights, but hunt on rainy ones.

In the expedition were a very fine black and white ox, and a fine bay horse with black points.

The outspanning place was among the trees on the open veldt near the river, whose boughs so interlocked as to form almost a roof.

As the men were preparing for the night, a cry arose.

"Taou!" which is the Bechuana for lion. There was great confusion among the camp people and the cattle, all seeking a place of safety.

Mr. Gillmore went out into the darkness to discover the cause of the alarm.

"Stop!" said one of his native followers. "The lion can see you in the dark, but you cannot see him."

A night of terror followed. It rained, and the dogs barked wildly, indicating that the place was beset with lions. The cattle that were tied made desperate efforts to break loose. They seemed to be aware of dangers that their drivers could not see.

Morning broke. Some of the men had hidden in thorn trees and passed a terrible night there in the darkness, rain, and thorns. These came down from the trees and claimed that many lions had been lurking about during the night. These re-

ports were true, for the spoors (tracks) of several lions were found. The men, now resolved to shoot some of them, spoored them for miles.

The Macalaca claimed that he had shot a lion. It proved to be the great black and white ox.

The fine horse had disappeared. The Macalaca followed a spoor until he came upon a lioness amid some rocks of a coppy, that was devouring the leg of a horse, which proved to have been the spotted animal.

While he was preparing to shoot her, two lions rose up among the rocks of the coppy, and walked away.

The lioness stopped eating, and fixed her eyes on the hunter, and laid her head flat on the ground, her tail moving to and fro.

He waited to see her ears twitch, then fired, and she rolled over dead.

A "LION'S MAIL."

In one of the spaces of the great thirst land, where the travellers had outspanned for the night, Mr. McFynney, who had been looking over the ground for lions' spoors, received sudden intelligence which caused him a wakeful night. The native servants had built fires about the encampment as a defence against the wild beasts, and the whole company had lain down in the short glare of the twilight.

In some hardy bushes near by a butcher bird was flying to and fro, as busy as a butcher arranging his shop for a holiday morning trade. The bird had killed a little animal, had cut him up, and was hanging his bloody parts on some thorns on the bushes. This led one of the men to relate an incident that he had heard, of some travellers who had seen a similar sight.

"Blast a bird like that," said one of the latter travellers. "I'll put a bullet through him. A bird with no mercy in his heart ought to die." He raised his pistol.

"Hold!" said a naturalist in the party. "He is only laying up a store of food; how does he differ from an English butcher?"

"But the conduct of a butcher is unbecoming in a bird," said the other.

The incident was ready and sympathetic, and at once interested Mr. McFynney in the man.

"We expect lions to do such things as that," said the latter, "but hardly light-winged birds. Both kill for food, or for defence; man only takes life for sport."

Mr. McFynney expressed doubt of this last opinion.

"A lion has been known to attack a mail rider, and to spare the man, and strike down the horse, thus enabling the man to escape with his mail-bag," said the naturalist.

"Have mail-bags ever been found when both the horse and rider were killed?" asked Mr. McFynney.

"Yes, some years ago, a Christmas mail-bag sent from an outpost was found among some rocks. It had been torn by a lion. The rider had been killed, and the mail-bag, owing to the firm leather, had lain undisturbed for a long time, possibly years, before it was found. Some of the letters addressed on one Christmas reached the end of the direction three years afterwards. There was a play that was popular at the time, called 'The Lyons' Mail,' and this story received the same name though spelled somewhat differently."

Mr. McFynney's mind began to dream. Might not the rider's fate have been the fate of Vert?

He believed in the boy's honor, but it would be comforting to him to know that his confidence had not been misplaced.

It was an African night. A sudden coolness filled the shadowy air. In the far distance at times rose the roar of a lion. It is said that the roar of the king of beasts will cause the earth to tremble. It seemed to do so in the hours that followed. The moon, broad as the sun, sunk in the dusky air, and morning was felt to be near.

TRAVEL IN THE LAKE COUNTRY.

A roar arose near the encampment and the air seemed to tremble. The native servants awoke, and renewed the fires. The roar was repeated, but farther away.

In the morning the butcher bird returned to his shop in the thorn bush. The lion, owing to the fires, had not as well provided his larder in the desert den.

"I did not sleep well last night," said Mr. McFynney. "I dreamed that the world was the far country of the butcher bird, and, after the lions began to roar, I fancied that a boy who belonged to me was pursued by a lion as he was riding with a mail-bag."

An African morning is one of the most glorious on earth. A roseate splendor floods the clear transparent air. The sunrise on the desert is like that on the sea.

The oxen were inspanned and the travellers moved on. The vultures followed them, waiting for a living being to fall. Everything that dies in the wake of the caravan becomes food for the vultures.

Mr. McFynney rode forward into the dazzling light: into the treeless land without rivers.

By noon everything seemed a blinding glare, like a high noon on a tropic sea.

The desert of Kalahari once filled a large part of the map of Central Africa, as the Great American Desert at one time occupied no small portion of the middle Southwest of our own country. It was a vast region without very definite boundaries, and is now being mapped with new names.

Beyond it, lies the lake region, which begins in Lake Nyassa near Mozambique, and extends from the Zambesi to Victoria Nyanza, the long lake of Tanganyika lying between.

The travel in the lower regions of the lakes was once exceedingly perilous and difficult. Ten women made the journey beyond the Zambesi, and they travelled over old trade and missionary ways in a kind of hammock called a machilia or "tenga-tenga."

The way to the north by the African lakes was as perilous as by the desert way that the railroad has now covered. But there was a picturesqueness in the boat travel that did not follow the desert.

"Our boys" wished to visit the Tanganyika region, and, except "Doing," expected to return to Kimberley and to spend some

VILLAGE IN THE LAKE COUNTRY

months there, and at Johannesburg, studying mining in the fields of mines. "Doing," the American boy, was more independent than the others. He wished to see as much as possible of the disappearing desert and of the mid-Africa lake country.

The villages in the lake country consist of round houses of bamboo and grass, in circular enclosures. The marshes of the

lakes are in some places filled with gigantic vegetation, through which it is difficult to pass.

In the marshy lakes gather swarms of flies. A rising wind

GIANT REEDS.

carries them before it to the land, where the natives gather them and make "fish" cakes of them, which are deemed a luxury.

The natives who carry travellers in a hammock sing as they go. Their songs praise the country, or the passenger.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ARROW MAKERS' DEN IN THE DARK TREES—VERT AGAIN.

THE bushmen poison their weapons in a very mysterious and subtile way, and "Our boys" became curious to learn how this was done.

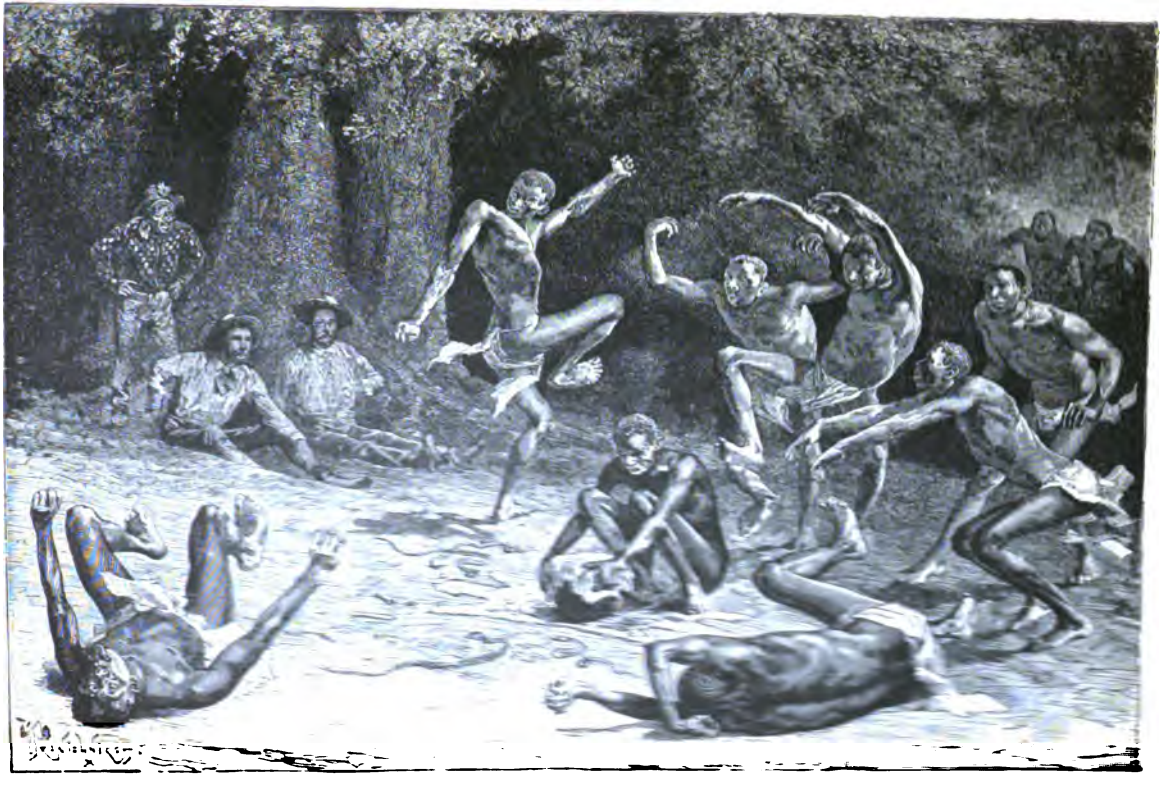
M. Farini, in *Le Tour du Monde*, relates a story of how some men of his expedition penetrated into one of the dark recesses of the forest, and found the makers of poisoned arrows at work at their trade. The place was a region of Lake N'gami,—a tree cavern of semi-darkness under thick trees.

The arrow makers, or, rather, the manufacturers of *deadly* arrows, had collected bulbs of the poisonous lily, which resembled onions, poisonous spiders in reeds or reed-tubes, and the fangs of the most poisonous snakes.

They had put this deadly compound into a pot, and had heated it. The serpents whose fangs had been used were lying on the ground. The compound was cooling, and they were in the midst of a most extraordinary scene, when the explorers came upon them. They were indulging in "orgy" or pantomime, or sort of a devil-dance.

The explorers sat down under the trees to witness it.

The purpose of the dance or "orgy" was to express all the agonies that a man or an animal would feel on being wounded with the poisoned arrows. The poisoners did this in such a realistic way that the visitors could determine what animal was represented in the contortions of each of the able actors.



THE POISON DANCE

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

The revellers avoided the sun. According to their superstitions, had a sun-ray fallen upon the poison pot it would have destroyed the effect of the poison.

When this story was told in the company of "Our boys," after the natives had outspanned their teams, Mr. McFynney began to talk of Vert.

"The boy used to say," he said, "that Africa must be civilized without war. That was a clear vision for a boy. He used also to say that 'Science was the new army of Christian truth,' and that he would like to follow that army, if it were only as a camp follower. He read the books of Moffat and Livingstone, and Stanley's Livingstone, and he desired to become a medical missionary. 'Science is the new way of God to men,' he said. 'The Gospel must go to the ignorant by the means that help men.' I think he was right. Do you wonder that I loved a boy like that? He simply followed his spiritual intuitions and instincts; to do that is more than it would be to possess the diamond mines of Kimberley, or the gold mines of Johannesburg."

"Our boys" had come to South Africa to study practical mining. But the influence of the invisible boy Vert, through Mr McFynney, began to change their views of the purposes of life.

Would they ever meet this remarkable boy, who held that to live a life of silent good influence was more than to possess welfare?

"'It is for welfare, not for wealth, a man should live,' Vert used to say," said Mr. McFynney, often.

As Vert was under twenty years of age, he must have been a thinker who would win the regard of one who studied life.

"Our boys" talked much of him, and of his views of civilizing Africa, in their long, hot, desolate journey through the regions known as Kalahari.

The old man quoted Vert constantly.

"'One must have a right purpose in life, and live in his purpose,' Vert used to say," he one day said to "Doing," the Amer-

ican boy, "'else he will need to be troubled about his character. A man with a high purpose need not think of character; to do right, and to be right, is his native air.'"

Such quotations as this led "Doing" to take a lively interest in the search for Vert. He offered to accompany the old man as far as possible in the attempt to find him.

"I will be your Stanley," he said. "Such a boy is another Livingstone; he deserves to be rescued from the African wilds. I myself must have a purpose, and live in my purpose. I would like to become one of the linemen that guard the wires.

"To do that would be to enter the army of civilization and science. It is those who build and save that help the world."

"Vert used to say that," said the old man, "or words like those. He used to say, 'I must choose my work in life so as to be a builder of men.'"

We have friends whom we have never met. Vert had found an unseen friend in "Doing," if the boy were yet alive.

"I would hazard my own life," he said, "to find a boy with such a soul; and to lead him out of the wilderness we would go hand-in-hand together."

All the boys, after hearing of Vert's purpose, desired to become linemen, to carry the lines for the surveyors, to run the lines for the telegraph and telephone, and to guard the lines in the forest and desert.

It requires education, character, and purpose to do such things well. The soldier of the new army of science must have large equipment for his work. The men who would leave the forests and deserts a garden must to-day make an adequate preparation for their silent and beneficent work.

The boys, under the suggestion of Vert, through Mr. McFynney, began to study how they could do something in the future for the welfare of Africa.

They all hoped to meet Vert, and to greet him as a brother, if he were yet alive.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RHODESIA, A LAND FULFILLING A DREAM.

THE restless brain of Cecil Rhodes dreamed of Rhodesia, and it was he who brought it into existence. The two provinces of Rhodesia are Matabeleland and Mashonaland, and the Lebukine River flows between them. Mashonaland was occupied in 1890, after Mr. Rhodes' pioneers had obtained certain concessions from the natives.

Mr. Rhodes, or his representatives, applied to the crown for a charter to occupy these unclaimed countries on the Zambesi.

Then Bulawayo was founded, which now has a railway and is pointing towards the land of the Pyramids. It is said that Cecil Rhodes thinks in continents, but in the view of the philosopher, whose views usually are final, there is a lack of conscience in this thinking; it does not follow moral gravitation, which in the end determines the worth of all human schemes.

So the famous Chartered Company arose, and out of it has come Rhodesia, and a railway already costing $2,000,000, pointing north.

Rhodesia is 750,000 square miles in extent. The Chartered Company has sunk money there, but the prospect is that mining will make it rich, — the farming value of the territory is but little known.

Ten years have now passed since Mr. Rhodes' company obtained the Royal Charter giving them control over the Zambesi region of unexplored and untrodden Africa. The provinces became a great private trust, under the supervision of the Imperial Government, obtained much as certain colonists of North America received their charters from Charles I. and Charles II.

The charters in each case practically conveyed the tribes to which the property belonged, with their lands, though enforced, or influenced, treaties were wrung from these who had the natural right to their inheritance. It is believed that the Chartered Company will one day transfer this territory, rich and civilized, to the Imperial Government.

The conscience of a Cato, a Phocion, an Alfred, a Robinson of Leyden, or of a Lincoln or Gladstone, would have frowned on the conduct of some of the acts of Mr. Rhodes' company, which, if not immoral, were unmoral. That the Livingstone way of civilizing Africa was the true one, no one with moral sense can doubt; but in Mr. Rhodes' view, whatever tends towards civilization is right, even though the methods themselves be uncivilized. It is true that few things can be accomplished by the diplomacy of a robber, or by the shedding of blood, that could not have been better secured without them; but it will require centuries of moral education to impart to mankind the true conscience of this truth.

So, overcrowded England moves into the hinterland of Africa, and the African who resists the march perishes.

A STORY OF THE INDUBA.

After Cecil Rhodes' plans had failed in the Vaal, he gave himself to the founding of Rhodesia, or Northern Africa, on the Zambesi. His first work in this "untrodden hinterland" was the pacification of the tribes. From his first visit to the country he gave himself to this work with great genius. An Induba is a council with the natives. Mr. Rhodes' autobiography gives a view of one of these Indubas on some hills, or kopjes, in the northern hinterland of the Zambesi, where the armed Matabele warriors had consented to meet Mr. Rhodes. He went to the council unarmed.

MOUNTAIN CASCADE, RHODESIA.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

"At last Mr. Rhodes stopped their complaints by sternly advancing the most serious charge he had against them. 'I am not angry with you for fighting us, but why did you kill our women and children? For this you deserve no forgiveness.' It was, as Mr. Colenbrander warned Mr. Rhodes, dangerous criticism in such a place, — an unarmed white man boldly accusing the chiefs of the Matabele nation of their worst wrongdoing, while crowds of armed warriors looked on from the kopjes and boulders around, and the lifting of a hand would have brought them down like wolves on their prey.

"Then Mr. Rhodes, impatient at the long discussion of nonessentials, came to the point. 'All this is of the past,' he said. 'Now for the future. Is it peace, or is it war?'

"One of the Indunas at once took up a stick and held it above his head. Then, throwing it down at the feet of Mr. Rhodes, he cried, 'See! this is my gun; I throw it down at your feet. This is my assegai' (spear), repeating the action; and all the Indunas loudly assented.

"Then Mr. Rhodes explained the situation. The cattle were all dead. The time for sowing had come; the rain was at hand. Let there be peace now, or they would have famine soon. To this argument he added the assurance, 'I will remain with you in the land, and you can come to me with your troubles.' This promise was received with encouraging applause.

"Then the Induba summed up: —

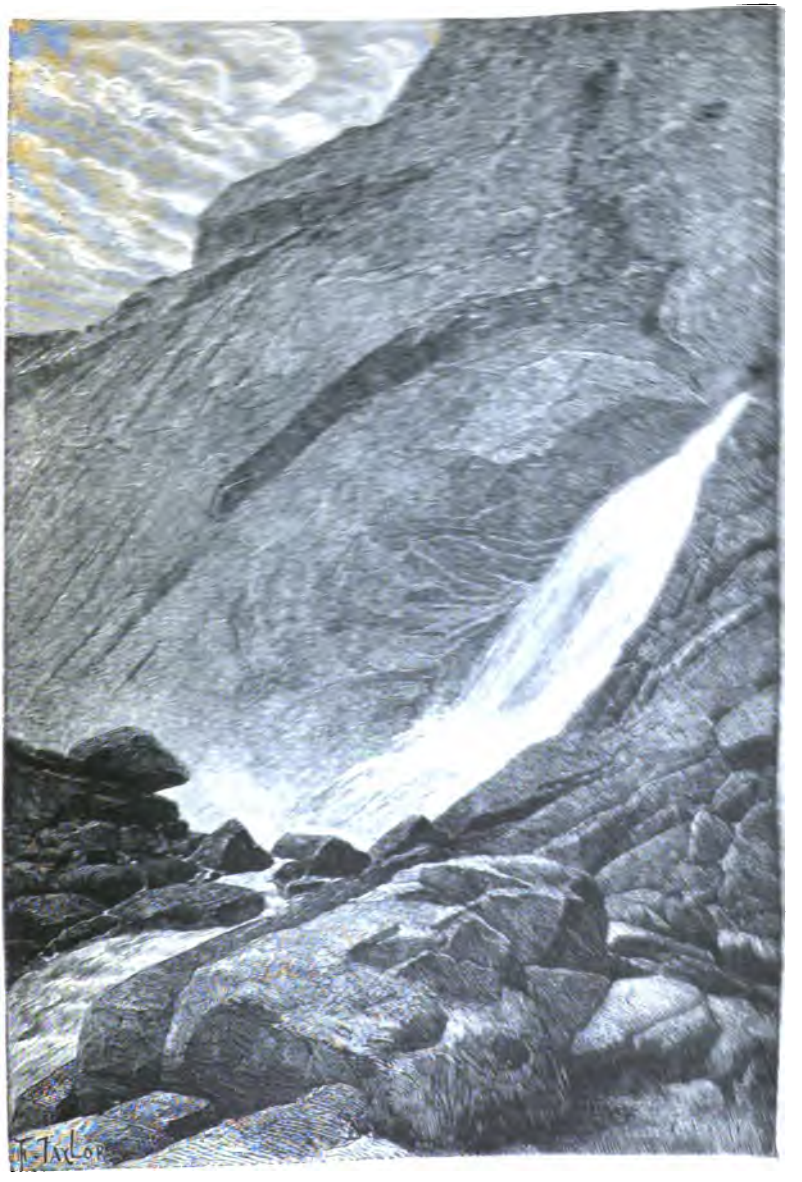
"'It is good, my father,' said their speaker, 'that you have trusted us; and we have spoken. We are all here to-day, and our voice is the voice of the nation. We are the mouths and ears of the people. We give you one word; it is "peace." The war is over. Your road to Tuli is safe. Try it. We do not break our word. We have spoken.'

"The Council had lasted more than four hours; and the sun was slanting low on the kopjes when Mr. Rhodes, by rising, gave the sign that it was over.

"Then came another moment of suspense, but not to Mr. Rhodes, who felt that he had won. The natives crowded in on the whites, entreating them for tobacco, which was given them, and down from the kopjes well-armed young warriors began to stream into the amphitheatre. The horses stood close by, and Mr. Rhodes' horse had caught its feet in the reins. But anxious not to break the spell by any hasty movement, he waited till his party were ready to start. Then, while the Indunas, with lifted right hands, shouted 'Farewell, Father and King,' Mr. Rhodes turned his horse's head, and made his way slowly back to camp, conscious that the big work he had set himself was done, and that the Chartered Company was safe, and Rhodesia delivered.

"Thus was an enterprise of great pith and moment greatly carried through. Dull must be the imagination which cannot picture to itself the grandeur of this scene, where one of England's worthies comes, unarmed and unguarded, into the lair of a savage race, at bay, well-armed, and desperate; and overawes them by his perfect fearlessness and dignity, and wins them by his fairness and generosity. 'One of those scenes in life which make it worth living,' was the comment of the hero of the scene himself as he rode away. The peace thus won for Rhodesia proved, as Mr. Rhodes was convinced it would, to be permanent. The Indunas kept their word, and the Matabele loyalty to the chiefs is of more than feudal firmness."

Stories, as we have shown, are pictures, and let us picture by stories, derived from the best sources, the wild life in this central African region, which is opening its dark gates to the enlightened world.



DIAMOND FALLS.

[illegible]

A MERRY KING.

In 1886 M. Victor Girand contributed to *Le Tour du Monde* some very picturesque articles on the region of the Lakes of Equatorial Africa. A part of the history of this expedition is interesting to-day and is likely to be so for years to come, for the country between the Zambesi River and the Congo Free

THE VILLAGE OF CONDE.

State, indefinitely known as British Central Africa, and a part of it as Zambesia, or Rhodesia, is being explored with a view of settlement, and may become again a matter of contention between the English and the Boers to the political enslavement of the native races. The wrong done to the natives in the name of civilization is likely to go on here, but though wrong-doing

under any name will fulfil its own laws, the movement will tend to enlightenment. It may be that Great Britain may come practically to possess the whole of Africa and so fulfil the uncompromising visions of Cecil Rhodes. Spain pled the church when she ruined instead of uplifting the native races of South America. Her wrong-doing brought ruin to her; she sunk amid her gold to a second-class power, and into poverty; but some things which she did for South America led up to the republics through the Creoles, and whatever nations may do, they rise by moral power; and injustice towards others, as in the cases of Persia, Rome, and Spain, brings decay to the invader. With nations as with men character is everything, as witness the conditions of the peaceful lands of northern Europe. The world would gain justice if men in elective communities would vote their conscience always. We must have the early American ideal to make a just world, and, until we have justice human blood will flow.

The expedition of which M. Victor Girand wrote went to the village of Conde, a place of round huts built to be a perfect shelter from the sun, wind, and rain. It was, for the lake country, a somewhat ideal place. We give a picture of it taken from the Frenchman's narrative.

The first of the lower lakes is Ngassa which is now reached from Mozambique.

The travelling in the lower lake country was made slow and difficult by rushing rivers which were for long distances perilous to pass. The men sometimes made bridges by felling trees on either side of the stream — so that the tops of the two would meet in mid-water.

Girand illustrates the perilous water by the story of a native attendant named Farrazalah, who was thrown from his feet by the current, and was obliged to cling to the branches of an overhanging tree, till rescued.

In the Ngassa country the explorer was welcomed by Makala,

CROSSING A TORRENT.

LIBRARY

a native chief, who brought presents to him. He was a giant who might have been made a grand man by the virtues of civilization, without its vices.

The village of Makala, like that of Conde, was picturesque with its round basket-like huts, and overhanging vegetation.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The explorer pitched his tent there, and met with the usual adventures that befall one in an African town in the land of the Koodoos and lions.

The Koodoo of South Africa is a beautiful animal with graceful horns, which it guards in the thicket by turning them back on its head. These horns are some four feet in length, and are spiral, with a ridge that follows the curvature. They are very heavy.

The Koodoo is a wonderful swimmer, and takes to the water for protection when attacked.

AN ANGRY RHINOCEROS.

THEY were not only in the land of the lion, but of the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus. The latter is supposed to be the behemoth of Job: —

"He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed and fens.

"The shady trees cover him with their shadow; the willows of the brook compass him about.

"Behold, he drinketh up a river and hasteth not; he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth.

"He taketh it with his eyes: his nose pierceth through snares."

This animal furnishes salt bacon to the natives. His hide is used for whips.

His head is peculiar, with small eyes and great nostrils. It is able to lift it just above the surface of the water and to breathe and see at the same time. Thus it may live under the water for a long time.

The teeth of the hippopotamus were once thought to be invaluable to the dentist. This ivory is very hard, and long retains its whiteness.

The rhinoceros is a stupid, sluggish animal, but it has a furious temper, which is easily aroused.

It seems to regard packages and utensils, such as are used by travellers, as having feelings, and dives against a well-filled bag, in its fury, as though it were a human body.

Its organs of scent are very acute. It lifts itself on the banks of rivers suddenly, and with a great noise, as though it were a rock blown out of the mire. It is hostile to whatever invades its domain. Its anger flashes up, and it rushes stupidly upon it.

[illegible]

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

An account in *Le Tour du Monde* furnishes the framework of the story I am about to relate of camp life on the African plateaus. An explorer, with his caravan, was penetrating into the almost nameless and untrodden ways of the interior of the south, when he came, towards night, to a place of abandoned huts. It was too late in the day for him to make a defensive encampment, and he planned to quarter his men in the abandoned huts.

The towns in the vicinity of the place had recently been filled with terror by the bold ravages of lions. People had been caught and carried away by the huge, bold beasts, as mice are seized upon by cats. The people living in huts on the outskirts of the basket-like villages, were easy prey to the lions.

One poor woman had been seized in her tent, and carried away, and when her friends went to look for her on the following day, they found only one of her limbs.

The explorer, having made his preparations for the night, fell asleep in the abandoned village. He was suddenly aroused by great outcries: —

"The lion! the lion! Get your guns!"

He went out of the hut, and saw a great fire at a little distance, and two natives of his party, leaping over a field of flames.

The men looked as though they had become mad. The fire was spreading and crackling, and sending up volumes of flames. How had it been kindled? How happened it that it spread over so large a surface of ground without being discovered?

On came the two natives leaping, and crying, —

"The lion! the lion!"

They saw him, and rushed towards him, and dropped at his feet.

"What has happened?" he asked.

They were at first too exhausted to answer, save to cry, —

"The lion!"

"Where did you see the lion?" he asked.

"He beat against the hut," was the answer.

"Why did you not give an alarm?"

"We could not speak; the lion stopped our breath."

"How came the fire?"

"We kindled it."

"In your own hut?"

"We made the fire to get fire-brands to throw into the face of the lion, if he burst in. We could not stop it—it spread; it ran. We dared not come out until it had filled the open space. We might escape from the fire, but not from the lion."

They had let the fire spread until it made a safe way towards the camp. They were scorched by the fiery field, but they could save their lives by leaping, and the danger of fire is small when compared to that from the lion's jaws.

This caravan, which carried cattle, met with many curious experiences. The explorer was riding ahead of the men and wagons, one day, when he heard the growl of a large rhinoceros. The creature seemed bent on making an attack, so the man turned back to the caravan. He found that the men were fleeing in all directions: that quite a number of them had been disabled. The rhinoceros had turned suddenly from him and rushed towards his men, overturning their baggage, wounding those who had tried to defend the supplies, and making himself, for a time, the master of his invaded territory.

In the caravan was a native servant who cared for the cattle. He seemed to have a great influence over his charges. He was so careful of them that they used to show their affection for him by licking his crispy hair. There is good in the hearts of all creatures, if only one know how to find it and enlarge it.

From the lake regions beyond the Zambesi, Mr. Goldstein and the English boys returned to Kimberley, where they expected to

THE FIERY FIELD.

begin the study of mining, and perhaps to meet their old Dutch story-telling friend again.

"Doing's" heart had more and more gone out to Vert, the boy politician, whom he had never seen. The American boy, with Mr. Goldstein's consent, followed the hazardous ways of the true-hearted Mr. McFynney, in the latter's search for his young friend. They all expected to meet after some weeks in Kimberley. Would Vert be with them?

CHAPTER XXIV.

VERT.

AFTER a long zigzag journey amid deserts and lakes, Mr. McFynney and "Doing," the American boy, came to Salisbury, then commonly called Fort Salisbury, which promised to become one of the important towns of Rhodesia, or British Central Africa. It was like an oasis in a vast desert then. The great territory around it was a menagerie. There roamed the lion, and jackal; and the burning blue sky was specked with wings of birds of prey, whose clear eyes watched everywhere for death in the sands below.

They reached the military town late one evening, after a journey of many days in a port conveyance, among the forests, bushes, and sands.

They were made welcome at the post inn; ate a late supper, and retired to their rude rooms. The heat had been terrible, and it was followed by a night of terrific rain, such as we have described as occurring in the lower parts of the torrid country.

Morning came, a floodlight of splendor after the rain. Everything seemed wet and cool.

The two slept late, the refreshing air filling their rooms.

Mr. McFynney arose first, and went out into the bright, life-breathing air.

He sat down under the fan-like roofs.

No one seemed astir, and there in the vast solitude, a possible place of fame at some future time, the old man sat and twirled his knife, which at every turn revealed the name of *Vert*.

He laid down the knife on a bench; and went to call "Doing."

"Oh, let me lie here," said "Doing." "I never knew before such a rest as I have had to-night. It was worth a journey of a hundred miles to rest like this. Let me turn over once more in this superb air, and dream of home."

"Well, have your will; you must be tired; and only the weary unto exhaustion know the luxury of sleep. Turn over and sleep your sleep, and I will call you again."

He went to the door, and surveyed the sky. The world seemed ablaze.

He thought of his knife, and stepped out of the door. A young soldier, thin and brown, wearing a cap and cape, sat on the bench where he had laid down the knife. His face was partly hidden. He had picked up the knife and was turning it in his hand.

He looked up to Mr. McFynney as the latter stepped out of the door.

"This is a blazing morning, my young friend," said Mr. McFynney; "what will the day be — a red sea of fire, I fancy."

The young man choked, but did not answer. He bent down his head.

Mr. McFynney wiped his flowing face, and continued, —

"Did I leave my knife here?"

"I think not," said the young man, in a hesitating way.

"But you have it in your hand, my friend."

"I beg your pardon, my elderly friend, I have not your knife, but *my* knife. This is my knife."

He turned the knife, with a tremor.

"You are at fault, my young soldier. That is my knife. I left it here not ten minutes ago. I care little for knives in general, but I would not part with that knife for an hundred crowns."

"You would not," said the soldier, starting up again, and dropping his head. "Why do you place such a value upon it? Who carried it before you? It is my knife, and how could you have come by it?"

"Why do you say that it is your knife?" asked the old man.

"My name is on the handle."

"Is your name Vert?"

"My name is Vert."

The young soldier placed his hand on the old man's knee, and said, —

"Are you seeking for a young Scotch Englishman by the name of Vert, who once owned the knife?"

"That, my young soldier, is what brings me here."

The soldier choked, assumed a rigid look, and said, —

"Then I am your man. I suspected it when you came in last night. Don't recognize me here. Don't think me ungrateful. I have never changed towards you. I came here in danger of arrest, but not in any dishonor. They trusted the mail to me; I was attacked by a lion in the bush, and lost the mail. I wandered here and enlisted, lest I should be arrested for having stolen the mail."

His hand crept down the old man's arm, towards the old man's hand.

Vert was choking under restraint. He pressed the old man's hand with reserve, and said, —

"Don't let's talk of it now."

"But," said Mr. McFynney, "you have changed towards me. I would not have thought it of you. Why did you not write to me? O, my heart's friend!"

"I have not changed. Why did I not write? Because I would rather that you should think that I was dead, and that I died true to you, than that you should have been led to believe that I was a thief."

A bugle blew.

"I must go now," said Vert. "I will see you again in the evening. I will meet you under the shed by the well — there, you see. It will be cool there. I will tell you all."

"Vert, when can you leave this place with me?"

"In a few weeks. But do you believe my story? If you do, our hearts are of old, if not, the world lies between us. You do not know what I have suffered since that day—"

"What day, Vert?"

"The day the lion leaped out of the bush, and fell upon my horse and struck me senseless.

"I must tell you a little more to ease your heart to-day.

"The lion gorged himself with my horse, and then came to me. But he did not seize me—he seized the mail-bag.

"I saw him in the sunset looking back to me over the hill, with the mail-bag in his mouth. Then the thought that I would be some day arrested as a thief came to me. Then my heart turned to you. What would you say? I asked. You had made my life your own.

"I resolved to become a soldier, and I hoped that you would think me dead. I would rather have died than to have suffered as I have from the danger of seeming dishonor. You do not believe my story."

"Yes, yes, my boy I believe your story. I have never doubted your true heart for a single moment. But how did it happen that the lion left you and took away the mail?"

"I was parched with thirst. Wild beasts shun those who are found dying with thirst. The lion must have thought that there was something living in the bag."

The bugle blew again. Vert tore himself away, saying, "To-night."

The night came after a burning day.

The two met in each other's arms.

"My heart is the same," said Vert. "If the mail-bag could be found, my honor would be safe. The bag contained many letters, and some valuable presents of gold.

"Let me remain here for a time. If you can find the mail-bag, I will return to you as soon as I can procure my discharge, and I will never leave you again. I could not be happy with

you while any suspicion rests upon me. Those who had letters in the bag in England must have suspected me. Go to Kimberley, make inquiry about a lost mail-bag in the mission stations, for it was there it was lost. The lion could not have eaten the bag, and the bag might have remained in the bush for years. Do not recognize me as an old friend here."

The next morning Mr. McFynney said to "Doing," —

"I have received intelligence of Vert. We must return by the first post-carriage to Kimberley. I think I may learn more about him there."

The two returned to Kimberley.

Mr. McFynney had not only a tender and a loving heart, but a faithful and believing one. He saw events through sympathetic eyes, and dreamed of them with feelings of pity.

Night after night, he could see in his mind's eye the scene after the lion's attack that Vert had briefly described to him. He could fancy the boy lying helpless in the bush, his horse being devoured by the lion, and Vert himself expecting to share the same fate.

Then he could imagine Vert gaining consciousness, hearing the lion approach near him, and sniff the air. Then he saw in the same sympathetic vision, the lion seize the mail-bag, and rush up the side of the hill with it in his mouth, turn about on the opposite ridge, and look back in the red and black sky of the sunset. Tears would fill his eyes as he recalled that in that hour of suspense and agony Vert thought of him.

He would picture the scene over and over again, and say, —

"My boy, oh, my boy!"

He went into the wilderness, near which the adventure had occurred. One day in his wanderings, he heard a story of a mail-bag that had once been found in the bush. He traced it, and endeavored to prove it to have been the one that Vert had lost.

CHAPTER XXV.

VERT DESIRES TO BECOME A LINESMAN.

VERT returned to Kimberley.

"Our boys" met him there as though he were a brother.

He was almost stupefied by the greeting, the warm hands that held his.

What did it mean? He had been but a solitary wanderer in the forest.

"Your words have kindled in me a new spirit," said "Doing," the American boy, to the forest wanderer as they parted at Kimberley. "I met your influence before I ever saw you: good influence has many ways."

There had come into the experience of Vert a new vision of life.

"Father McFynney," he said one day, "I now have a true sense of honor, and I have you: I have more; there is a divine *ought* in every man; you do not understand me. The law of right-doing is born within us; if we obey spiritual law, there will kindle a light within us; it will glow and grow, and guide us.

"I *ought* to be an explorer.

"Take the map of Africa, and let us look at it together. What is the new way that steam and electricity must take? that the Christian religion must take? that human progress must take?

"Let us fix our eyes on the Victoria Nyanza. Civilization is marching from the Orange River to the Nile: let me call out the encampments on the line of march:

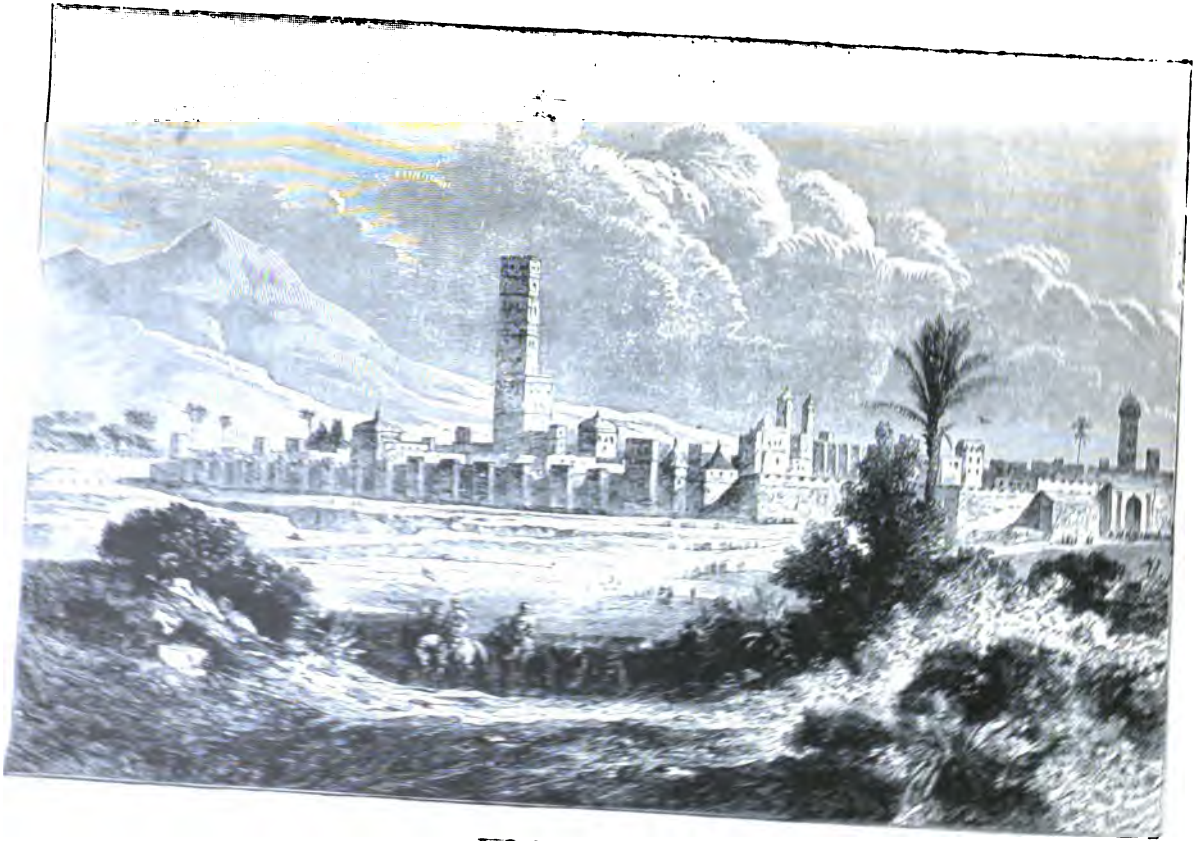
"Zambesia, or Rhodesia.

"The Congo Free State.
"The Lake Country.
"British East Africa.
"The Nile.
"Egypt.
"He is a missionary of civilization who will help to make

RUINS OF KARNAC.

any part of equatorial Africa more clear to the world. I wish to become a linesman; it is the linesmen now who map the world, and I want you to go with me; it is the best that we can do."

"My boy," said Mr. McFynney, "the dream of civilizing Africa is as old as Hanno the Carthaginian, or more than five hundred years before the Christian era; it is almost as



THE CITY OF [illegible]

old as the [illegible] of Egypt. It was the [illegible] of the [illegible]-aries of the Crescent. [illegible] Mecca. It is a [illegible]

"Hamed, with a city [illegible] and [illegible] the pillars of Hercules and the desert of Sahara to the mouth of the Senegal where St. Louis was.

"St. Louis, like Mecca, like [illegible] and the palms, but only as a port. Africa is Africa still on the Senegal.

REMAINS OF ROMAN AQUEDUCT, CARTHAGE.

"Go to Northern Africa: the deserts abound on the ruins of the old civilizations, but the African is African still.

"The emperor Adrian filled a part of the northern desert with aqueducts; you may find their ruins there, but the natives do not rebuild them. The cacti cover the ruins of the once colossal amphitheatres.

"Think of the palaces and temples that once faced the Nile! Look on the pictures of the ruins of Karnak! or on the ruins of Philae, the Holy Island of Egypt. The native African still lives in his reed hut among them all. He little studies the Bible, or the Koran. He creates nothing new. He simply

exists. Nations rise and fall around him, and he hews wood and draws water."

"But Moffat made men of barbarian chiefs."

"Yes, by spiritual power. A man who has spiritual life after the Gospel teaching may become a higher order of being. But has not England abandoned that ideal?"

"No, no," said Vert. "There are two Englands, and Christian England will never surrender the highest ideal!"

The boy's face glowed.

Mr. McFynney felt inspired by it. But he was resolved to test the young enthusiast.

"Let me read you two pictures of present events," he said. "The first is written by one of the most eloquent pens of the century; both of the pictures suggest some of the moral results of wars of conquest: —

"'I suppose it would be quite impossible for the soldiers to shoot all male South Africans who appeared in arms against them. It might not be easy, a great many might fall, but a great Empire could always import more to take their places; we could not import more, because it would be our husbands and sons and fathers who were falling, and when they were dead we could not produce more. Then the war would be over. There would not be a house in Africa — where African-born men and women lived — without its mourners, from Sea Point to the Limpopo; but South Africa would be pacified — as Cromwell pacified Ireland three centuries ago, and she has been pacified ever since! As Virginia was pacified in 1677; its handful of men and women in defence of their freedom were soon silenced by hired soldiers. "I care that for the power of England," said "a notorious and wicked rebel" called Sarah Drummond, as she took a small stick, and broke it, and lay it on the ground. A few months after, her husband and all the men with him were made prisoners, and the war was over. "I am glad to see you," said Berkeley, the English governor, "I have long

MOORISH CEMETERY IN MOROCCO.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

wished to meet you; you will be hanged in half an hour!" and he was hanged and twenty-one others with him, and Virginia was pacified. But a few generations later in that State of Virginia was born George Washington, and on the 19th of April, 1775, was fought the battle of Lexington — "Where once the embattled farmers stood, and fired a shot, heard round the world," — and the greatest crime and the greatest folly of England's career was completed. England acknowledges it now. A hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand imported soldiers might walk over South Africa; it would not be any easy walk; but it could be done. Then from east and west and north and south would come men of pure English blood to stand beside the boys they had played with at school, and the friends they had loved; and a great despairing cry would rise from the heart of Africa. But we are still few. When the war was over the imported soldiers might leave the land — not all; some must be left to keep the remaining people down. There would be quiet in the land. South Africa would rise up silently, and count her dead and bury them. She would know the places where she found them. South Africa would be peaceful. There would be silence, the silence of a long exhaustion — but not peace! Have the dead no voices? In a thousand farmhouses black-robed women would hold memory of the count, and outside under African stones would lie the African men to whom South African women gave birth under our blue sky. There would be silence, but no peace.

"'You say that all the fighting men in arms might have been shot. Yes, but what of the women? If there were left but five thousand pregnant South-African-born women, and all the rest of their people destroyed, those women would breed up again a race like the first. Oh, lion-heart of the North, do you not recognize your own lineage in these whelps of the South? We cannot live if we are not free!

"'The grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the men who

lay under the stones (who will not be English then, nor Dutch, but only Africans), will say, as they pass those heaps: "There lie our fathers or great-grandfathers who died in the first great War of Independence," and the descendants of the men who lay there will be the aristocracy of Africa. Men will count back to them and say: "My father or my great-grandfather lay in one of those graves." We shall know no more of Dutch or English then; we shall know only one great African people.' "

"If that were true," said Vert, "then is Alfred's England, Simon de Montfort's England, Hampden's England, yet loyal to the Cross! No, no, no — civilization is not retreating; it is advancing."

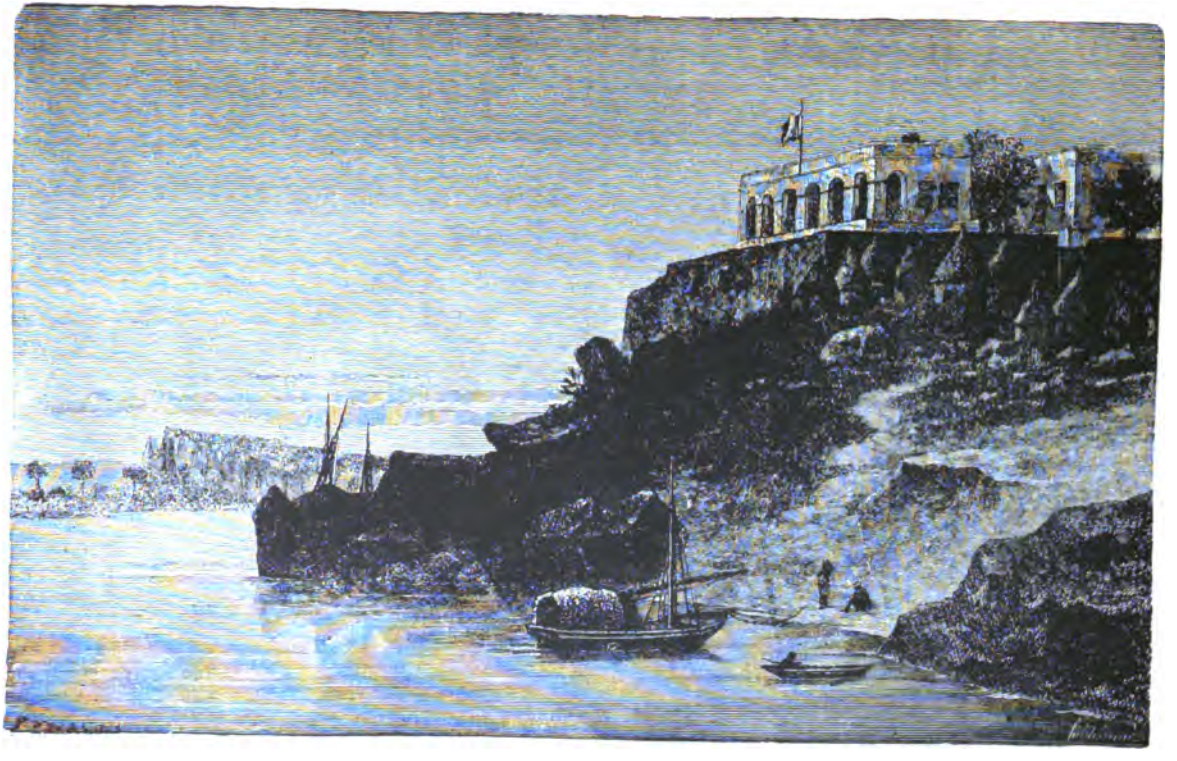
"Here is my other picture," said Mr. McFynney:

"'We were out looking after the wounded at night when the fight was over, when I came across an old, white-bearded Boer. He was lying behind a bit of rock, supporting himself on his elbows. . . .

"'I kept my eye on the old chap. But when I got near I saw he was too far gone to raise his rifle. He was gasping hard for breath, and I saw he was not long for this world. He motioned to me that he wanted to speak, and I bent over him. He asked me to go and find his son — a boy of thirteen — who had been fighting by his side when he fell.

"'Well, I did as he asked me, and under a heap of wounded I found the lad, stone dead, and I carried him back to his father. Well, you know I 'm not a chicken-hearted sort of a fellow. I have seen a bit of fighting in my time, and that sort of thing knocks all the soft out of a chap.

"'But I had to turn away when the old Boer saw his dead lad. He hugged the body to him and moaned over it, and carried on in a way that fetched a big lump in my throat. Until that very moment I never thought how horrible war is. I never wanted to see another shot fired. And when I looked



ON THE NILE.

round again the old Boer was dead, clasping the cold hand of his dead boy.' "

"That is war," added the old man.

"It is a terrible thing that any such thing should happen at the end of the 19th century," said Vert; "but I have faith in the future, as I have faith in the Supreme."

"So have I, my own noble boy. I will follow your young feet wherever you may elect to go."

"Doing," the American boy, had followed the two friends in their wandering so largely as to enter into their purpose.

"In America," he said, "at the World's Columbian Exposition, on the 4th of July, or Independence Day, the flags of all nations were raised on the flag-staffs of all nations, over Lake Michigan. The bugles blew. Hundreds of thousands of people assembled under the flags.

"There came out of the city of Chicago a woman, escorted by the city council. She bore a white-bordered flag of democracy. She stopped at the administration building, and, seizing a cord, raised the white flag of peace and amity over all the flags of the nations."

"So it will be in the future," said Vert. "That flag was a prophecy. I must serve the future in my unknown life, as a soldier of things that will forever last, by being a linesman. The acts that best serve humanity will never be lost in forests, or sink into deserts, nor will men like Moffat ever fail in the harvests of the seed they sow."

Vert had resolved to be a linesman, or one who carried a line. But this employment was only to be the beginning of an education in the school of science and nature, in one sense the highest of the schools of the arts. From a linesman he would be a line-runner, or a guarder of the lines; from that he hoped to become a "constructionist," and it would fill the measure of his ambitions to arise at last by merit to be appointed a director of the lines.

He related his hopes in this wonderful field to "Our boys."

"In my view," he said, "to be a director of the lines, the telegraph, the telephone, and to command the movements of the rolling world of the railway and steamships, — all of them mingling people for their good, and compelling the building of churches, schools, and libraries, would be a nobler position than that in any other army.

"We are standing on the threshold of new events that await higher and nobler influences. To follow spiritual law is the first step in life, and to form the habit of doing this in the right direction. Then let one follow beneficent science."

Mr. McFynney's face glowed.

"Vert, my boy," he said, "I have something to tell you. I have found the mail-bag that you lost. There can never fall any suspicion on your honor."

"Did ever a boy have such a friend!" said Vert, with tears. "Now I am soul-free, and I will give all that is best within me to the best interests of the African world."

These were resolute words for a young man. They sunk into the hearts of "Our boys," and led their convictions. They, too, in like spirit, resolved to learn as much as possible from the schools of the mines, to devote it to Africa's welfare.

TRAVEL IN THE LAKE REGIONS.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN

CHAPTER XXVI.

BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA — THE LAND OF DESTINY.

THE old maps of Africa present to us Cape Town, or Cape Colony, the country of the Hottentots, and that of the Bushmen, extending to the Orange and Vaal rivers, the Bantu land, with Natal on the coast, and a great unknown territory beyond the Vaal.

This map is obsolete now. The English points remain, but it is the great English territory beyond the Vaal, or the English Chartered Company's territory, that is likely to become very interesting in the future, and especially so should gold or valuable ore be found there.

Look at the map of Africa to-day, and note the change. Study the line of the march of the new civilization.

Cape Colony,
The Boer Republic now under the English military power,
Bechuana land,
The British Chartered Territory,
Rhodesia,
The Congo Free State.

On one side of these new divisions lies German southwestern Africa (in which is Namaqualand), also called Demara; on the other side, Portuguese Africa and German East Africa. To the west of the Congo Free State is French Congo.

If Dutch Africa is finally to disappear as an independent power, three questions confront us.

Is Great Britain to occupy the vast regions of the Chartered Company and Rhodesia?

Will the Boers seek to re-establish themselves in this claimed territory?

Will Germany, with her great territories, consent to English occupation of the vast region that the Chartered Company claims?

How did the English secure the territory known as English Central Africa? The Boers claimed it, and desired to expand as a colony in this field of tribal agitations.

Look at the map again. The territories of the British chartered country lie in the direct roadway to the Congo, and the Congo is the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, the Amazon of South Africa.

The story of South Africa begins with the Colonization, 1486–1557. Then came the period of the Dutch and the Hottentots, and the decline of the Dutch East India Company. The British rule began in 1806, and was followed by the Missionary period, which was the golden age of ideas, philanthropy, and morally right directions. Had the Christian countries in Africa followed the suggestions of Moffat, Livingstone, and Pringle, it would seem that Africa might have been civilized by the teachings and arts of Peace.

The emigration of the Dutch farmers was followed by the Kaffir wars. The Boers accepted the British suzerainty, then declared their independence. Diamonds were discovered at Kimberley, as we have shown, and gold at Johannesburg.

This is the line of march of the new civilization which we hope our story has made clear.

It is the English "Protectorates" that may interest us now, for here are the lands of the future, unless new events shall cause the Boers to recover their liberties.

A British protectorate was established in Bechuanaland in 1884–85. Paul Kruger, then in the beginning of his great influence, agreed to the establishment of a protectorate over the Bechuana tribes. He afterwards sought to annex a part of this country to the Transvaal. But the Bechuana land had become

AN OASIS IN THE GREAT DESERT.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

Cecil Rhodes' path to the rich uplands of Matabeleland and Mashonaland.

England needed this way for her scheme of northern expansion, and she sent a military force there, under Gen. Charles Warren, to protect her claim.

In 1887 it was reported that the Boers intended to make settlements in the upper countries. To prevent this, a treaty was made between the great African chief, Lobengula, and the British, that he would allow no colonization without British consent. The British obtained from this chief a concession called "The Budd Concession," which gave a basis for the forming of the Chartered Company, of which Cecil Rhodes was the controlling influence.

This association received the favor of the English government, and in October, 1889, a charter was bestowed upon it under the name of "The British South African Company."

The object of the association in applying for a charter was "To extend northward, railways and telegraph systems, in the direction of the Zambesi."

The history of the northern movement of the English towards the Zambesi and Congo follows the purpose of this charter.

The first section of the northern railroad was completed from Kimberley to Vryburg in 1890; the second section, from Vryburg to Mafeking (see map), in 1894; and the third section, which unites Buluwayo with the coast, a distance of 1350 miles, in 1897.

It will be seen how progressive the Chartered Company has been, and we hope that this brief account, which is in part repetition, may make clear to the reader the history of the events that are opening the inland world of South Africa to the civilization of Europe and of the west.

It is a chaos still, but the outlines of the future are becoming clear. The most progressive people, as a rule, [illegible] govern the progress. It is the triumph of the highest [illegible]

everywhere, and nothing can stay the course of that which is best.

The thoughtful, unselfish man will wish that the methods of the early missionary and of Gladstone could have led the way, rather than war and schemes of public and private gain. But the ideal that that which is best for all is best for the individual nation, makes way slowly in the world. There is an England of conscience, as well as of ambition, and this England seems destined in the end to dominate the African world. The true heroes of South Africa are found and are likely to be found in this succession. To do right and to be right is more than any other thing.

To the study of the regions of sources of the Nile, the party at Kimberley now devoted their spare hours. The story-telling continued, but it took the form of travellers' tales of the great country in the heart of Africa.

THE IVORY HUNTERS—THE PIGMIES OF THE CONGO FORESTS.

SWEEP your eye over the map of Africa in the semicircle of the Congo. A generation ago this region might have been painted white. To-day you see the Victoria Nyanza, and the Albert Nyanza, and the vast independent region called the Congo Free State. Beyond the Victoria Nyanza to the west are the great forests of the Congo, of which the works of Speke and Stanley give us some account.

It is an equatorial wilderness, where the Arab adventurer hunts for ivory, slaughtering the native races who oppose him.

Stanley has made famous a place on the Ituri River in the region of the Albert Nyanza, which he calls Ipoto. He made it a place of encampment, and here learned much concerning the dwarf tribes, and the methods of the ivory hunters.

Diamonds and gold are not the only treasures of the African deserts and forests. Ivory led adventurers to the Cape points ago, and it disappeared with the inward march of civilization. It vanished from the south when the diamonds opened their eyes on the world at Kimberley, and gold was found in the sunken rock-reefs of Johannesburg.

But the Arabs to-day hunt for the precious product in the vast forests of the Congo. Stanley in "Darkest Africa" devotes a chapter to the ivory hunters, which is entitled "With the Manyuema at Ipoto."

These Arabian adventurers began their work of murder and destruction here about the year 1887. They turned the settlements of the natives into ashes; men and home were the same to them.

Their use of the gun made them the lords of the forests. The life of rude tribes had no sacredness to them compared to tusks of ivory. They killed men and women, but preserved the children as slaves.

In these Congo forests is the country of the Bolessi. Their villages are surrounded by fallen forests, so one approaches them over the boughs of trees, as it were in the air.

The Bolessi country, a region of nearly the size of Scotland, is inhabited partly by the dwarfs, or pigmies. The men are between three and four feet high, scarcely larger than monkeys, and weigh less than one hundred pounds. The children are mites.

The little men are very cunning, cruel, and malicious. They hunt with bows and poisoned arrows, and are experts as collectors of ivory. Though their bodies are scarcely larger than monkeys, their wits are very sharp.

They set bow-traps and traps in the air which have poisoned darts with weights attached, to fall upon the roaming elephants. For one of these little hunters to secure a tusk of thirty or more pounds is to make a fortune.

The little men exhaust a part of a noble forest, and then move to another place. Wherever they go they carry destruction, by which the Arabs often profit.

The tribes of giant natives seek the services of the little men who, in some crafts, are mentally their superiors.

The pigmies live in little houses indeed, oval structures, scarcely larger than covers of burrows, with doors from two to three feet high. Near each village is a sentry house, large enough for two little men.

The dwarfs seek to steal everything. When a caravan crosses their track, the goods disappear as by magic; no one sees the little thieves at work; they come, they multiply, they jabber, they go, and the goods are gone.

Their little wives collect fuel, and cook, and do the work in the houses, while the men hunt and smoke, and talk of their small affairs. The children practise with axes, and bows and arrows, which is their school. Of the great world they know nothing; of civilization and religion, nothing. With mental capacities far above the range of the animals, they live an animal life.

They are skilled in poisons, and by the use of subtle poisons are able to collect vast stores of ivory.

Mr. Stanley conjectures that one of their poisons is made of crushed red ants and palm oil.

Terrible are the effects of these poisons. A man pierced with one of the dwarf's poisoned arrows will die almost immediately. A woman who had been thus poisoned died within a distance of a hundred paces. The poison may be immediately sucked from a wound; this is the only remedy.

The little people keep dogs, and a hunting party is indeed a curious sight.

What will the future of these little men be? A people so skilled in poisoning are capable of being trained for some useful work in the service of mankind.

CAPTURING A CANNIBAL.

WE were making an expedition, relates a traveller, into the unexplored forests of Central Africa, penetrating farther and farther like ships of early navigators on uncharted seas.

A flight of arrows, like upward lightnings, glinted in the air, and fell among us.

"The cannibals!" said our native guide.

Another flight glimmered in the air. It rose from tall grass-fields in the distance.

We watched the fields, and presently saw the grass waving, parting here and there. We knew that stealthy foes were crawling away like serpents; they had become cowardly, seeing that they were discovered.

The grass wavered and glimmered.

Our leader called together his men.

"The musket is master here," said he. "These are no dwarfs; they are the giants of the forests. There will be no safety for us here until they hear the crack of the rifle. Follow them and capture one of them if you can."

Some thirteen or more men set forth. They felt able to cope with an army of giants, on account of their rifles.

They came to an African village of reedy, conical structures. The natives were alert to meet them. Crack, crack, crack, rang through the forests. Several of the tall foresters fell; the rest fled with cries of terror, save one. He stumbled, and when he saw our guns pointed towards him, he rushed towards them for safety, and not from them.

He was seized by our men, and made to understand that if he would not resist us, he would not be harmed.

Under the cover of our guns, he was bound with cords. His eyes were distended, and his muscles became rigid as knots. He

thought it might be that we were binding him to make a meal of him, for such he would have made of one of us, had he captured us.

He was a giant forester, with a head like a satyr.

We led him away; he must have thought that we were taking him to a place of execution.

Our guides tried to talk with him, but he would not answer. He probably had but two thoughts, — one of escaping, and the other of submitting to fate. He belonged to a cannibal tribe, and there can be no doubt that he himself was a cannibal.

We brought him into camp, which he must have thought was an execution ground. He felt as must feel a captive animal.

Our leader caused him to be fastened to a stake in the ground of the enclosure, and then endeavored to converse with him through native interpreters.

He may not have been able to understand the dialects of the natives. He sat silent, and would not reply to the questions, even by a motion.

"We will not harm you," said an interpreter.

He did not comprehend, or did not believe what had been said, probably the latter, for why should we not punish him when he was one of the tribe who had attacked us?

"We want you to show us the way," said the interpreter.

No answer and no sign.

"We are not your enemies," said the interpreter.

He deigned no answer. He probably thought that the fact that he was a prisoner was sufficient evidence that we were his enemies.

He did not struggle to get free. We offered him food, and he ate it as one bewildered. Did he think that we were fattening him? That we were treating him well for any benevolent reason, he could not have at first believed. His own people exercised no such magnanimity.

The next day we again gave him food, and showed him

CAPTURING A CANNIBAL.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

many kindnesses. He slowly began to see that our spirit was friendly.

At noon our leader asked him, through an interpreter, if he would go with us as our guide. He looked up to him, and answered, —

"As far as I know the way, I will go."

The giant became our guide. We came to a part of the forest of which he was uncertain, and he shook his head, and his honesty appealed to us all.

"I will now unbind you," said our leader.

"And set me free!"

"And set you free!"

He looked bewildered.

Our leader took the cords from his arms and feet. He pointed to the forests.

He looked bewildered. Then the latent human feeling arose within him. He bowed to us one by one, moving cautiously away.

He went into the forests, but he stopped after a few uncertain steps, again and again turning his head to see if our guns were turned towards him.

He saw our friendly looks, and called back, —

"I will tell my people the white folks are their friends."

He moved farther and farther away, where the wood thickened and the shadows deepened. Suddenly he disappeared, and we cannot doubt that his feet flew as soon as we were lost to view.

Cannibal that he was, I can never forget the human look that came into his face when he saw that we were sincere in offering him his freedom. To have changed his whole life into the spirit that then animated him would have been work worthy of a missionary. When a savage becomes a cannibal he still retains the latent instincts of the man, and circumstances and environments will give to the inward man the dominion over the beast.

When the savage turned his head for the last time, and saw that we were not following him, he presented a transfiguration

that I shall never forget. There is a saving remnant of humanity in every heart, even a cannibal's.

The travellers parted at Kimberley. "Our Boys" returned to the Cape, and thence to England by the way of St. Helena, at which island they passed some days.

Before parting they spent an evening in exchanging views of the present political condition, and the future prospects of Africa.

Said "Being," —

"Liberty and trade follow the English flag. England will extend a protectorate over all Africa."

"And whatever she claims for herself she will give to others," said "Going." "She has only claimed that the Boers should give to the Uitlanders the same rights that justice extends to all colonists, and that she herself gives to all people in her colonies."

"Had she any right to expect that the Boers should give to the English miners unrestricted suffrage, after the Jameson raid?" asked "Doing." "Would her colonists have extended such rights to others, after such an invasion?"

"But England did not organize the Jameson raid," said "Being."

"Nor endorse it," said "Going."

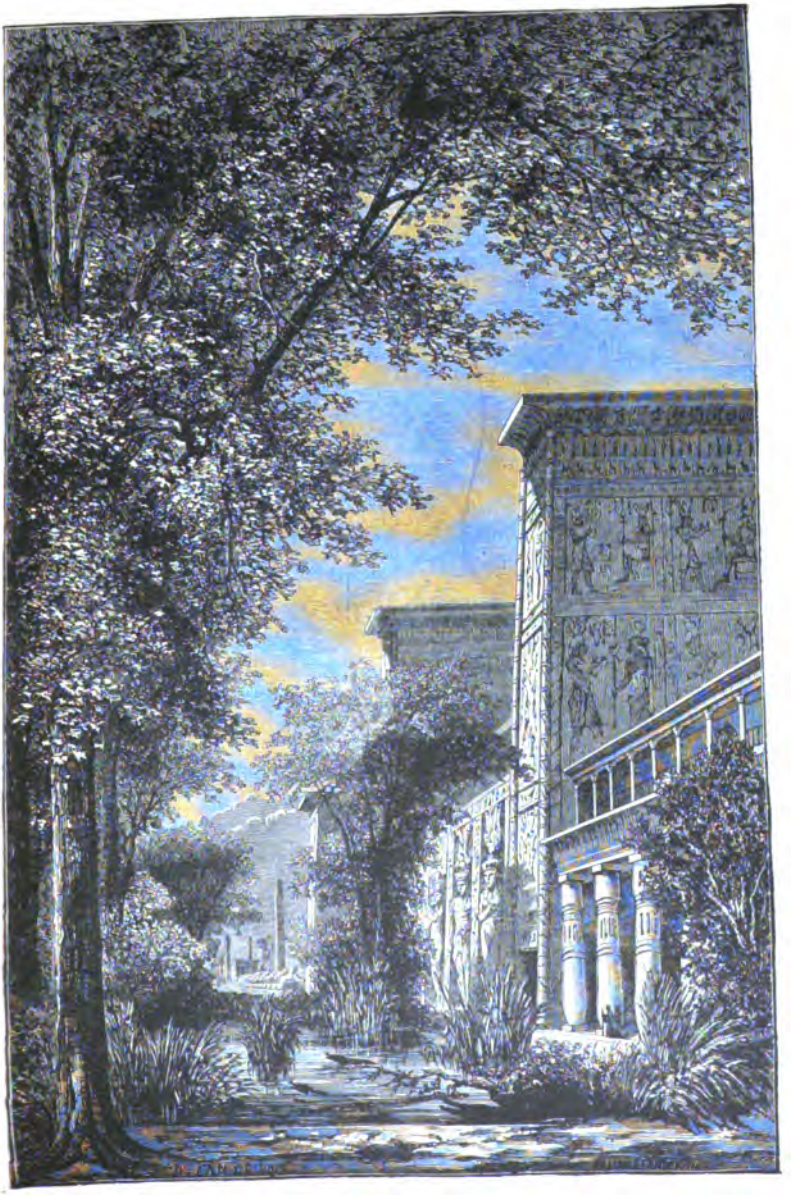
"There would have been no war," said "Doing," "had the Gladstone policy been followed."

This view caused a sudden excitement among the little company, but "Doing" was not to be silenced. He was in heart a follower of Thomas Jefferson, and he continued in a manner that caused his English friends to leap upon their feet: —

"Had England followed Gladstone, she would have become a democracy, and formed an alliance with Anglo-Saxon America, and the Anglo-Saxon race would have led the world to civilization, justice, and peace."

"Hear! hear!" shouted "Being."

"And had America and England followed the trumpet call of the Czar for the disarmament of the world, no further blood



EGYPTIAN GARDEN AND TEMPLE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

would have been spilt in any civilized land. The people blame their rulers for the slaughters that redden the earth, and for the taxes ground out of their toil to enrich the rich who call for these slaughters. O ye people, it is not your rulers who are most to blame, it is you, you who vote for any who will lead nations into uncalled-for wars! O ye who vote, it is you who sow the world with the seed that perishes!"

The whole company was becoming excited, and Vert said,—

"Who has been the cause of this revival of war?"

"I will tell you," said the old Dutchman, who had come to bid good-bye to his fellow travellers.

"Who?" asked "Being."

"It was Joe."

"Joe Chamberlain?" asked "Going," sharply.

"No, no; that other Joe. Joe — Joe — Johannesburg — that was he; now I have it. It was Joe Hannesburg."

"No, no, no," chorused "Being" and "Doing." "England has never set gold above the birthrights of men," said the latter.

Each one held to his own views, as my reader will, and, having taken together some side-lights on a dark topic for another century (1900) we will here part. The struggle for the birthright of man will never cease until all men be given their birthrights, which era will one day come.

Science, led by the spirit of broad Christian men, will liberate Africa, and the country will take a no unimportant place among the nations of the earth.

Americans regret the Boer war; many of them condemn Joseph Chamberlain. But this great leader took an heroic stand for the rights of the Boer, immediately after the Jameson raid, and he will carry this conscience, or others will, into new events. Says Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, in an article on the future of the Boers:

"The Dutch are the bulk of the young South African nation; they will not only increase rapidly and more and more dominate

the country, but they will gradually be joined by ever-increasing numbers of British South Africans, who share with them a profound love for South Africa as their mother-country, who hold that South Africa must be left severely alone to manage her own internal affairs."

This may be a partisan view. The world would rather see England bind Africa to her own heart, after the suggestions and example of Livingstone, whose body she so proudly placed in her Abbey of the illustrious dead. As a rule, civilization and equal rights of citizenship follow the English flag.

"Our Boys," or Mr. Goldstein, and "Being," and "Going," made the last visit of their journey, some months after their studies in the mines, to —

ST. HELENA.

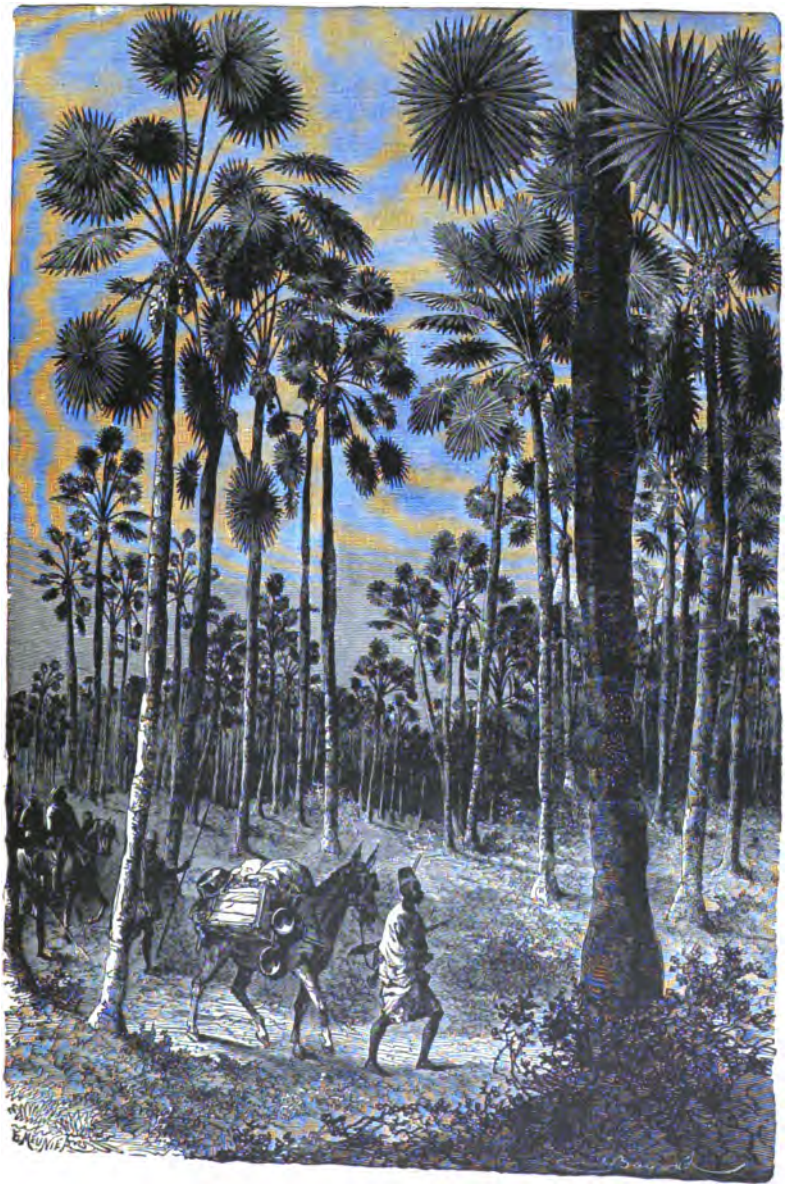
ST. HELENA is a mystery of the sea, of volcanic origin, in the midst of the South Atlantic ocean, 1140 miles from the African continent, on one side, and 1800 miles from South America, discovered in 1302 by Commodore John of New Castle; it was yet found to be a garden of forests and flowers, to be inhabited by sea birds. It was called St. Helena because it was discovered on the birthday of that Saint.

It has been an island of exiles. Its first known human inhabitant was an exile, Fernandez Lopez, a deserting nobleman from an Indian expedition. He was marooned here with a few slaves, and goats, and poultry, after being mutilated. He here led a Robinson Crusoe life for four years.

He brought to the island the orange, the lemon, and fig.

The Portuguese continued to visit the place and left men there.

The climate there was found to be the most beautiful on earth. Here were no torrid heats, nor frigid waves; no thunder storms, typhoons; no pestilent diseases, no fevers; the sky was



FOREST NEAR SENEGAL.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

usually bright, the sea serene, and the air an everlasting spring-time of balm.

In 1591, a Capt. Kendall, commanding an expedition to India, landed a man there. It was at that time a place of tropical fruits and European animals.

The man began to feel the loneliness of the far land of the sea. His experience was what Cowper describes Alexander Selkirk's to have been on the island of Juan Fernandez.

> "O Solitude, where are the charms
> That sages have seen in thy face?
> Better dwell in the midst of alarms
> Than to reign in this horrible place."

This man, landed by Capt. Kendall, we may suppose to have been marooned. One of Capt. Kendall's ships, commanded by a Capt. Lancaster, returned to the island.

The marooner saw the sail.

Would it take him home again?

Would he see his friends again?

The intense hope of getting away began to fill him with joy.

When the ship came to land, the good captain said to the poor exile in this ocean paradise, —

"I will take you back again."

The promise so filled the man with joy that he could not sleep. A week passed and his brain could get no rest from its delirium of joy. His joy consumed him, and he died of the anticipations that were so happy that his brain could not rest.

The English East Indian Company took possession of the island about 1651 and planted a colony there. To the English it was a kind of mid-ocean inn. In 1815, the island became universally famous as the place of banishment of Napoleon Bonaparte, and from that date it has awakened a great interest in the historical world.

Napoleon here lived the life of a philosopher. He reviewed

here his career. He died here of cancer in the stomach, a disease of which his father died, and that was inherited by another member of the family, May 5th, 1821.

He was buried in a little retreat that he had loved, and a willow was planted over his grave.

In the summer of 1900, Gen. Cronje and six hundred Boer prisoners shared the fate of Napoleon at St. Helena. The Boer General's quarters were near the house where Napoleon died.

The state prisoners were kindly treated on the far rock of the sea. Their reflections can hardly have been those of Napoleon.

At the end of this instruction book of stories and pictures of Africa, in which we have sought to make our young readers more intelligent in regard to Africa's politics and prospects, may we not add a poem by the editor, which expresses his own conscience in regard to the peace principle that should more and more govern the votes of enlightened people, and restrict war to the field of the defence of the right?

FLAG SONG.

Read in part at the Youth's Representative Congress, Chicago, July 17, 1893. Revised and extended for Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, July, 1900.

I.

To-day the birthright of her hopes the younger nation sings,
As on the pinions of the light the banner lifts its wings;
To-day the future on us smiles and studious labors cease,
To sing the flag that makes the school our fortress-wall of peace.
War bugles old, storm-beaten drums, and veterans scarred and true,
Young heroes marching for the States, mid roses wined with dew;
Behind ye thrice a hundred years, before a thousand grand,
What says the past to you to-day, ye young hosts of the land?
What are thy legends, O thou flag, that gladdenest land and sea?
What is thy meaning in the air amid the jubilee?
Flag of the sun that glows for all,
Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all,
Flag of the school that stands for all,
Flag of the people, one and all.
The peaceful bugles blow and blow, White City by the sea,
What is thy meaning in the air? O banner, answer me!

II.

No azure pavon old art thou, borne on the palmer's spear,
No oriflamme of red cross knight or coiffured cavalier;
No gold pomegranates of the sun burn on thy silken cloud,
No shamrock green, nor thistle red, nor rampant lion proud;
No burning bees on taffety in gold and crimson wrought,
No eagle poising in the sky above the ocelot.
No gaping dragons haunt thy folds as in the white sun's spray,
When westering vikings turned their prows from moonless Norroway;

No double crowns beneath the cross are on thy hues unfurled,
Such as the Prophet Pilot led toward the sunset world;
No artist's vision, circlet-crowned, such as with knightly pride
Old Balboa threw upon the air o'er the Pacific tide.
Not e'en St. George's cross is there that led the *Mayflower* on,
Nor old St. Andrew's cross of faith — the double cross is gone.
The peaceful bugles blow and blow across time's silver sea,
What is thy meaning, O thou flag, this day of jubilee?
Flag of the sun that shines for all,
Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all,
Flag of the school that stands for all,
Flag of the people, one and all —
What is thy meaning in the air? O banner, answer me!

O children of the States, yon flag more happy lustres deck
Than oriflammes of old Navarre, of Cressy or Rosebeq.
The Covenanter's field of blue, caught from the clear sky, see,
And Lyra's burning stars of peace and endless unity.
The morning beams across it stream in roses red and white,
As though 'twere outward rolled from heaven by angels of the light.
All hail to thee, celestial flag, on this prophetic day!
That mingles with the light of heaven the morn's eternal ray.
The peaceful bugles blow and blow across the inland sea,
And speakest thou to every soul the great world's jubilee.
Flag of the sun that shines for all,
Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all,
Flag of the school that stands for all,
Flag of the people, one and all —
What is thy meaning in the air? O banner, answer me!

III.

Flag of the battlefields, with pride beneath thy folds I stand,
While gyveless freedom lifts to thee her choral trumpets grand.

Thou stand'st for Monmouth's march of fire, for Trenton's lines of flame,
For rippling Eutaw's field of blood, for Yorktown's endless fame;
For Cape de Gatt, and fierce Algiers, and Perry's blood-red deck,
For Vera Cruz, and Monterey, and white Chapultepec;
Thou stand'st for Sumter's broken wall, as high above Tybee
The shouting forts uplift again the stars of unity;
(Thou stand'st for Dewey's moving ships upon the China Sea;
Where thunders made the far Antilles the islands of the free;)
Thou stand'st that all the rights of men may every people bless,
And God's own kingdom walk the world in peace and righteousness.
The silver bugles blow and blow across time's silver sea,
And so thou speak'st to every soul this day of jubilee.
Flag of the sun that shines for all,
Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all,
Flag of the school that stands for all,
Flag of the people, one and all —
What is thy meaning in the air? O banner, answer me!

IV.

The flag of peace, O Liberty, peace follows hard thy feet,
They fought for peace who fought for thee, and we their work complete.
War folds her tent; humanity unites the races, and for thee,
O youth, the silver bugles blow through yon White City by the sea,
Where float for peace all banners free!
Achievement nobler fields commands than Charlemagne swept or Bayard won —
The future education rules,
Peace beckons thee with lifted hands
Upon the hilltops of the sun,
To set the flag of stars in white on Time's new plumelet of light,
To lead the armies of the arts, to lead the armies of the world,
To final victory.

Halt, young Knights, halt! reverse, and go,
The Knights of God, with fronts aglow,
From yon White City of the sea,
Into the century supreme,
Fulfilling prayer and prophecy,
And every bard's and hero's dream!

O my America! whose flag peace thrones amid the sky,
Beneath whose folds 'tis life to live and noblest death to die;
Great not in armies, giant grown,
But great in faith in needing none,
Strong in the people's arm of might,
The world's defender of the right,
I hear the morning bugles blow across the silver sea,
And bless my God my palace stands a cottage home in thee!

So speak the voices of the Past, ye children of the land,
Behind us thrice a hundred years, before a thousand grand:
Such are the legends of yon flag that gladdens land and sea,
Such is the Hand that scrolls the air this day of jubilee!
Flag of the sun that shines for all,
Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all,
Flag of the school that stands for all,
Flag of the people, one and all —
The flag that leads the march of Peace.
Youth! — face the age to come!